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IS THE WRONG COP IN JAIL?

Convicted of
helping to brutalize
Abner Louima,
harles Schwarz may
spend most of his
life in prison.

CITY OF NEW YORK
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But a reexamination
of the case
shows that he may
be, in some sense,
a victim, too.
By Craig Horowitz

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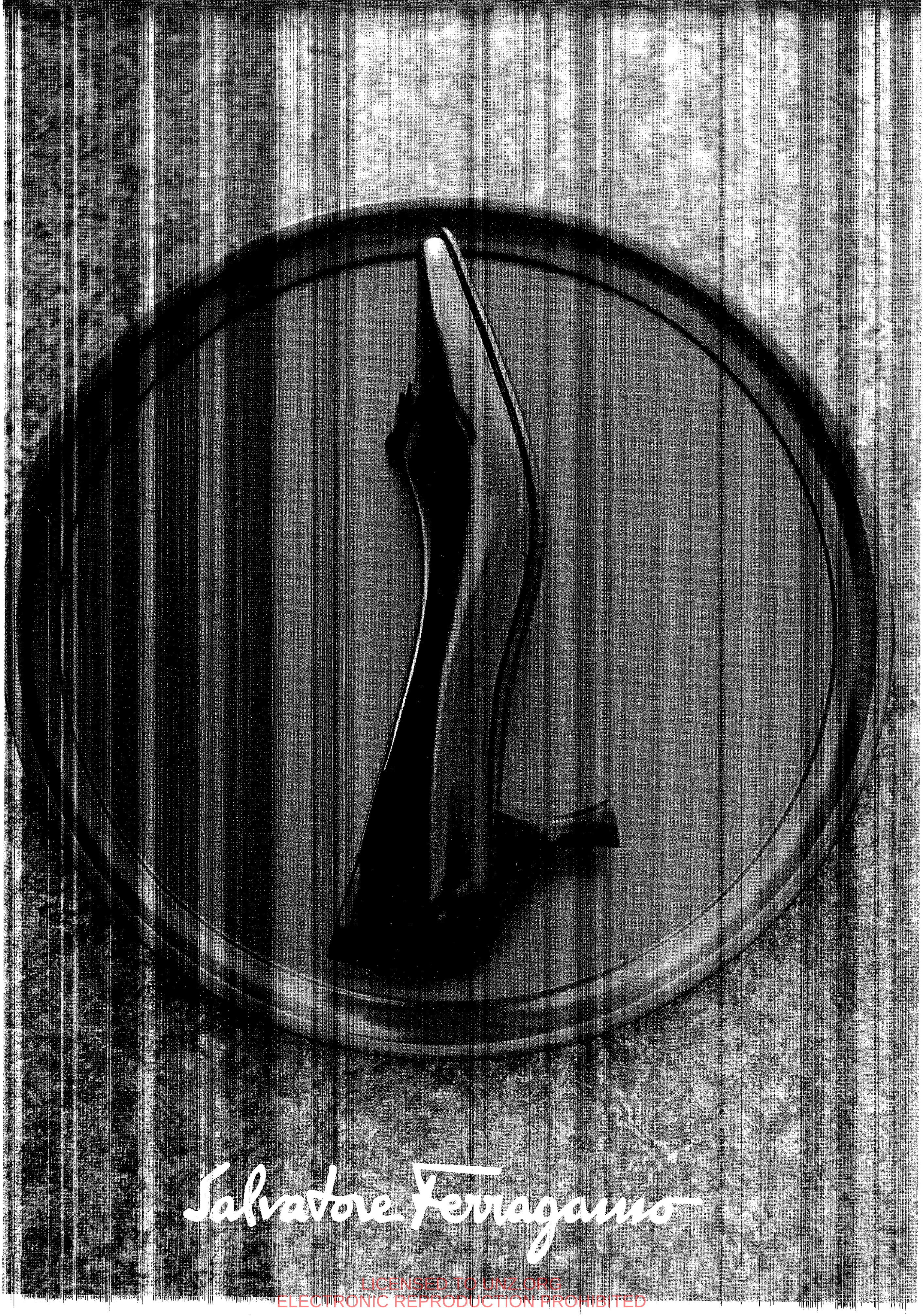
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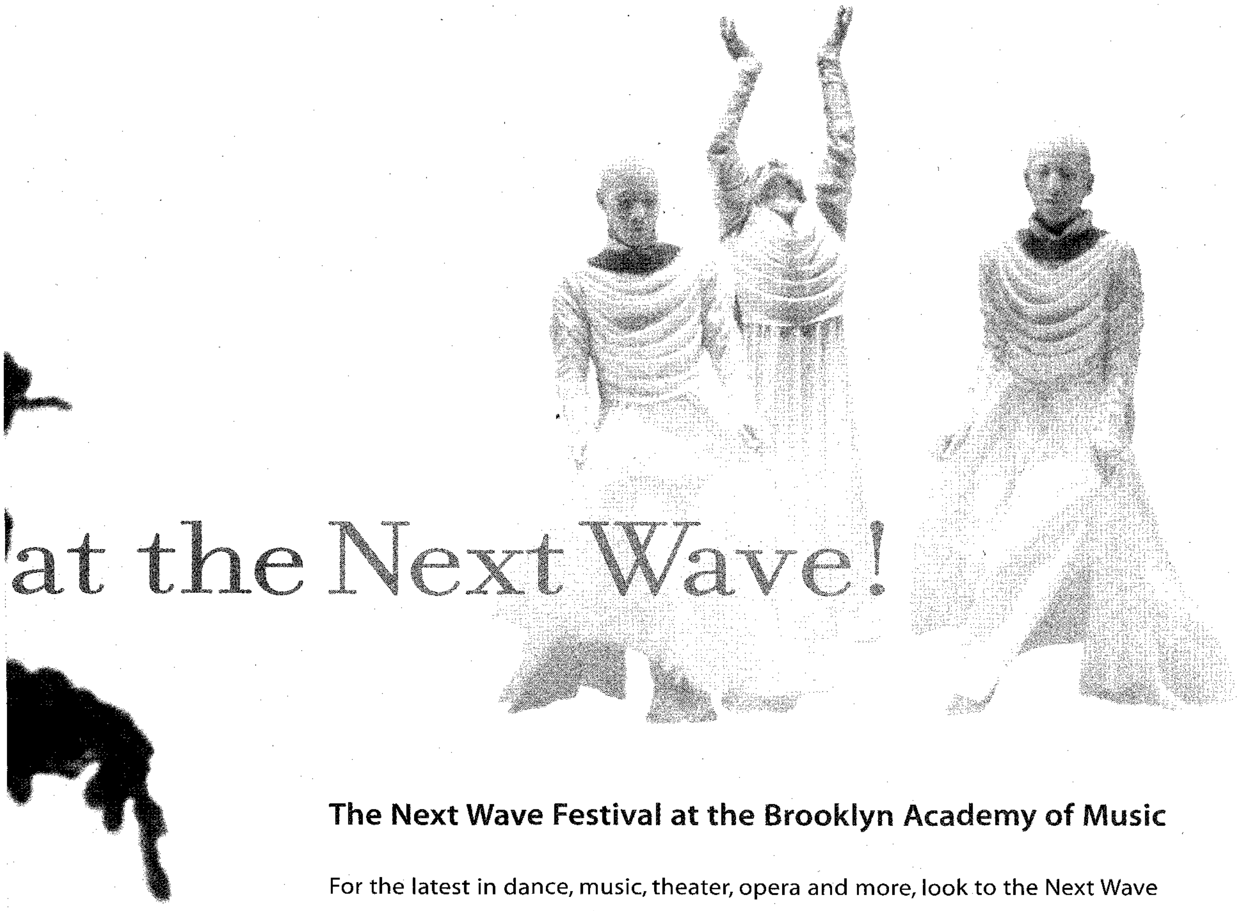

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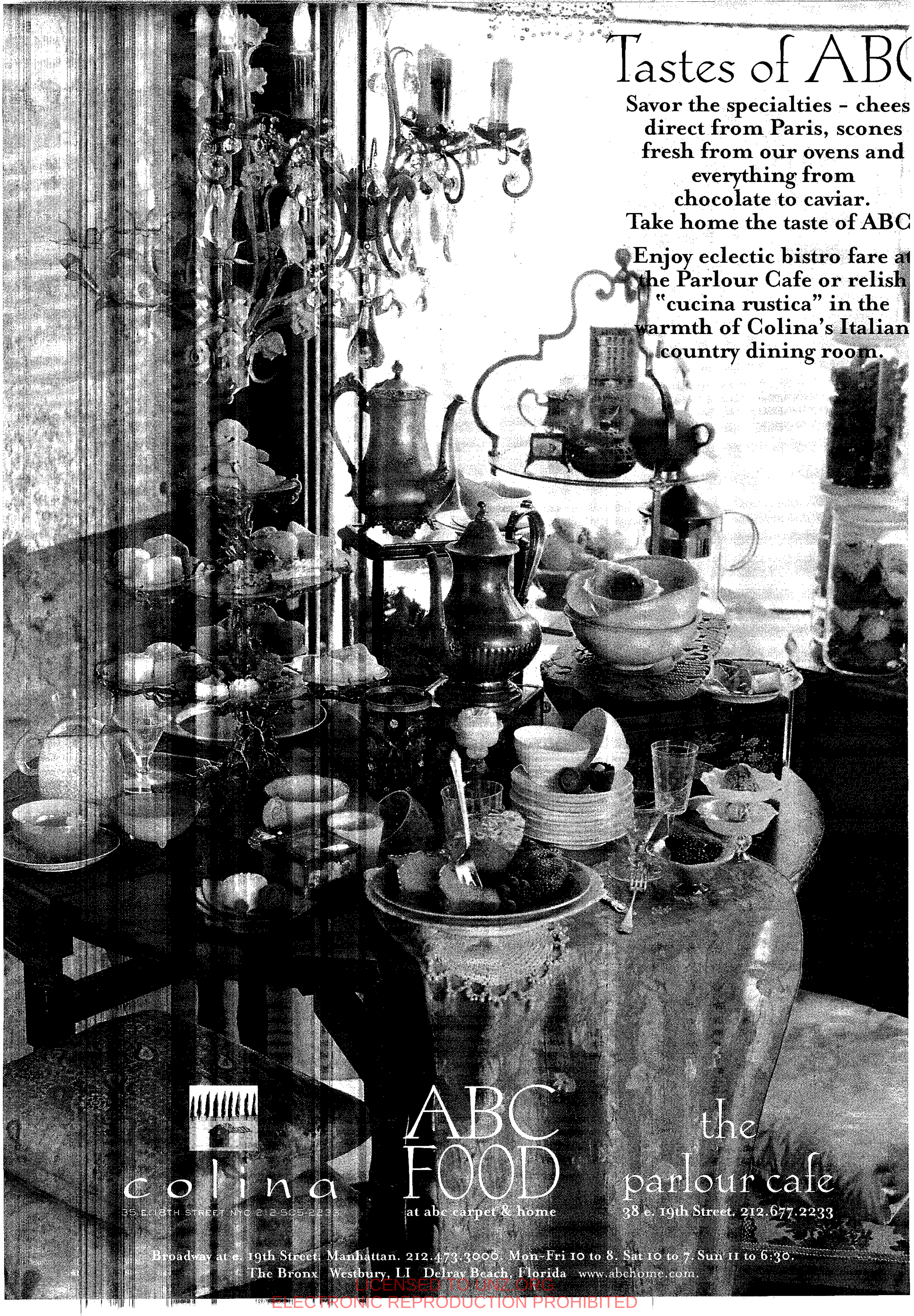

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> *There's no doubt in my mind that Chuck Schwarz is innocent."*
>
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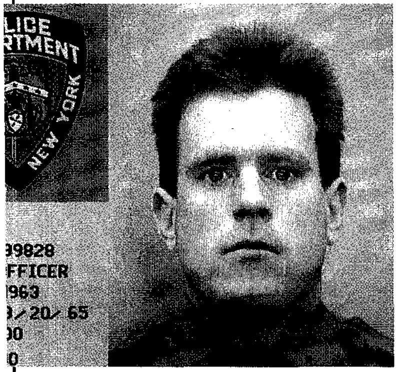

36 Unsolved Mystery

By Craig Horowitz

In the four months since a jury found Charles Schwarz guilty of assisting in the precinct-house torture of Abner Louima, deeply troubling questions have arisen about whether the wrong cop is behind bars. Louima himself never identified Schwarz, and another officer claims *he* was at the bathroom door when Justin Volpe attacked Louima. Take a highly charged trial, add a pair of defense lawyers who openly loathe one another, and the result is a case that is anything but closed.

44 Merry Prankster

By Ethan Smith

Spike Jonze, director of sly videos, is also Richard Koufey, director of a small community dance troupe—that is, when he's not Adam Spiegel, catalogue scion and Sofia Coppola's husband. Whoever he is, with his recent performance in *Three Kings* and the upcoming release of his first feature film, *Being John Malkovich,* this elusive individual is about to become a household name (or names).

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By Daniel Kunitz

New Yorkers who love lines love Killington. New Yorkers who love skiing know a secret: You can fly to Salt Lake City in the morning and be on some of the world's most pristine slopes by lunchtime. And what you spent on airfare, you'll save on lift tickets that go for half the cost of the eastern resorts.

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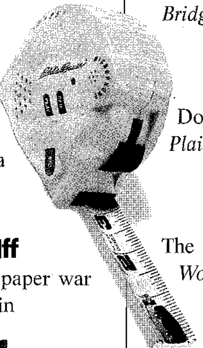

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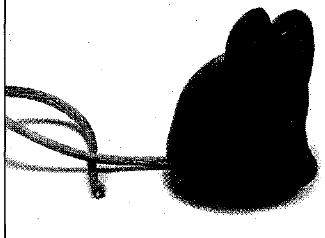

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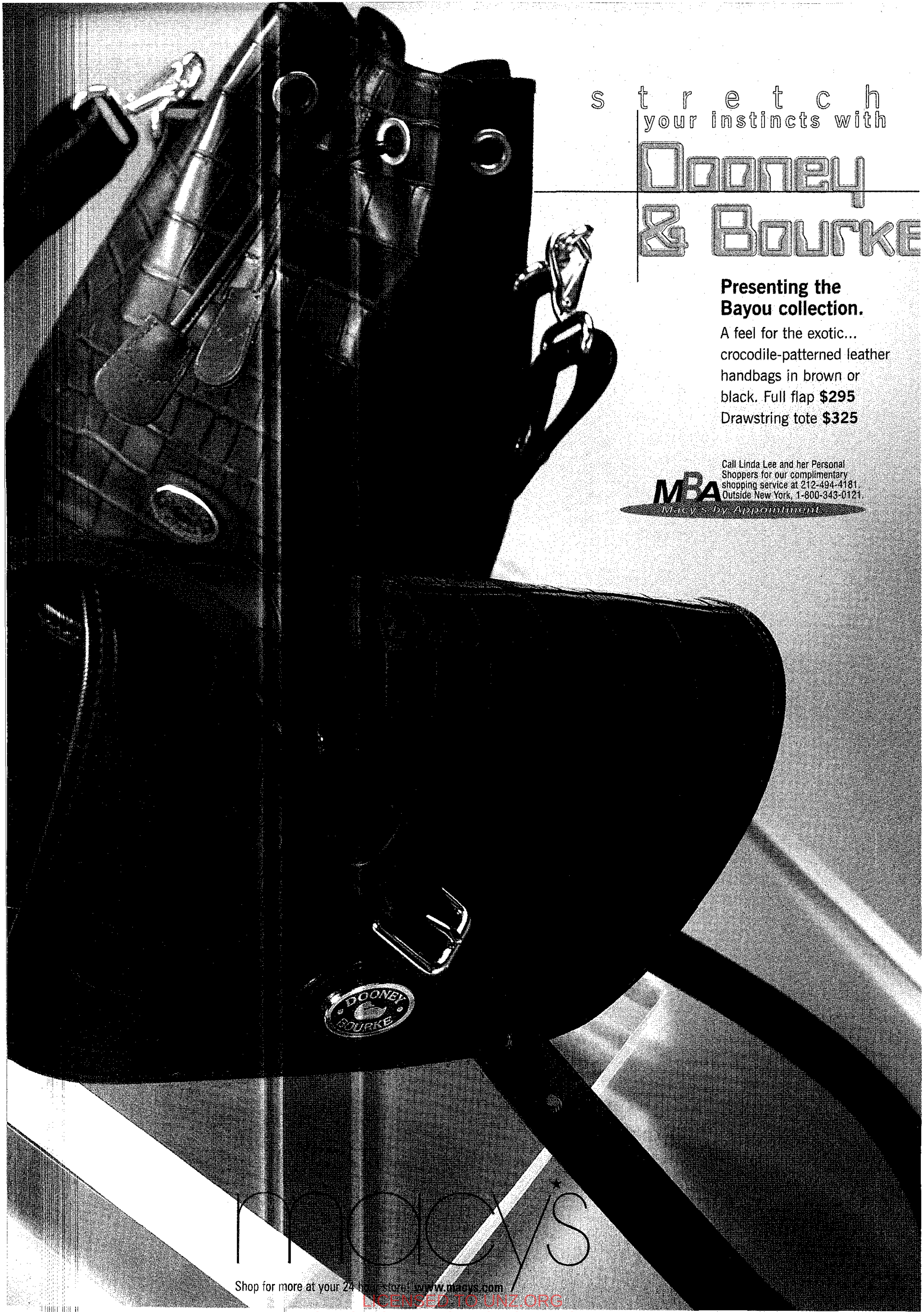

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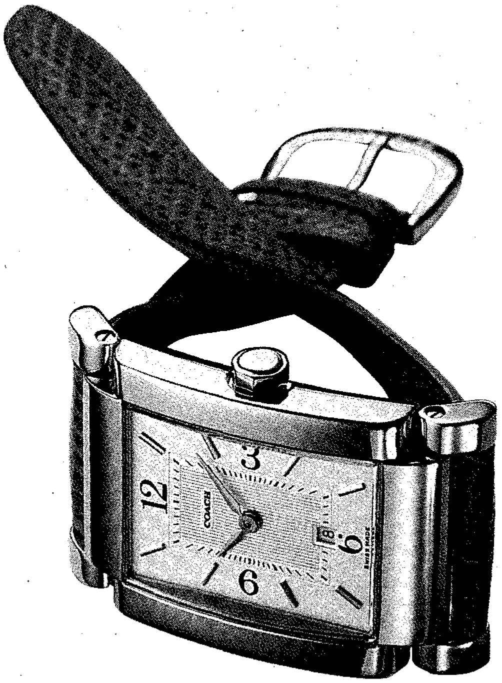

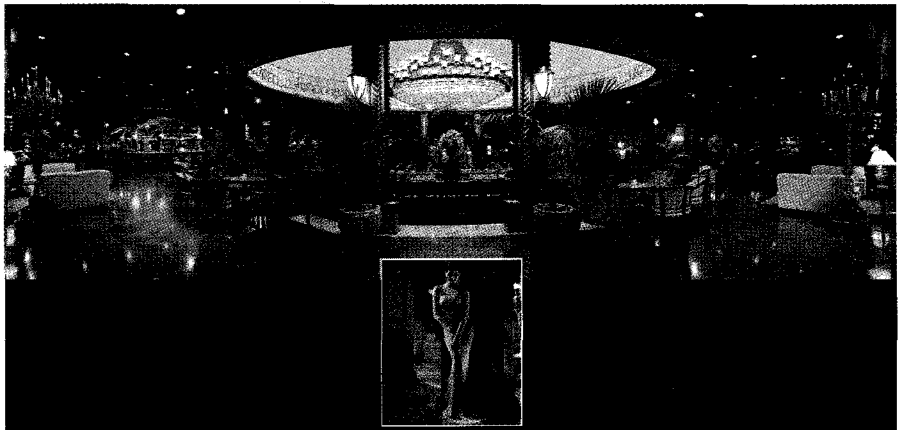

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LETTERS OCTOBER 25, 1999

Same Old Joe

For the record, Joe McGinniss is still a man; NYSE specialists deserve every penny they make; good clubs don't make good neighbors.

THANK GOD JOE MCGINNISS RETURNED the $1 million advance for the O.J. book and then hopped on the plane to Italy ["Media: Publish and Perish," by Michael Wolff, October 4]. How could anyone question that decision for even a second? Did we need another book about O.J.? Also, how can Mr. Wolff state that one of the things McGinniss had going against him, right from the start, was that he "didn't speak Italian"? That was part of the charm of *The Miracle of Castel di Sangro*. The readers learn Italian along with McGinniss as he learns from the players. The verbatim exchanges between McGinniss and the various characters in the book are wonderfully funny, and touching.

Barbara Hannah Grufferman
MANHATTAN

THREE YEARS AGO, I HAD THE GOOD FORtune to meet Joe McGinniss, who was spending the year traveling the Italian peninsula with the Castel di Sangro team. Since my wife grew up in the Abruzzo, we visited Joe and the team there, shared a meal with them, and attended the extraordinary championship game with Pescara that McGinniss describes so brilliantly. Wolff's petulant and airy dismissal of his book ("obsessive . . . rather than universal . . . too much Italy, too much soccer") is almost comic. How can a book set in Italy have "too much Italy" in it? As for "too much soccer"—well, Wolff just didn't get the point.

William E. Coleman
FOREST HILLS, N.Y.

IN HIS COLUMN ABOUT ME, MICHAEL WOLFF wrote, among other things, the following: "His American publisher has abandoned him, his English publisher has snubbed him, and his Italian publisher has dumped him." My publisher in England hardly "snubbed" me but in fact laid on two intensive days of publicity, a plan that went awry because of an editor's having left the country at an inopportune time and the entirely unpredictable and quite serious illness of the publicist. They chose not to reschedule, a decision with which I disagreed, but "snubbery" was never an issue. The Italian publisher paid me in full for the book, expressed enormous enthusiasm for months, set up its own publicity tour, then at the eleventh hour—from fear of litigation arising from Italy's New Fascists—chose not to publish. Whether this was a "dumping" or an act of moral cowardice on a larger scale is a complex issue with which Mr. Wolff chose not to deal. Also, Wolff describes me as a "crazy lady" and writes that I "did not really know how to use e-mail"—the proper use apparently involves subterfuge and deceit regarding those to whom copies are sent. While I readily admit to not knowing how to use e-mail in the underhanded manner, I'd like to assure everyone that (a) I've not had a sex-change operation, and (b) while I might be "still crazy after all these years," to quote Paul Simon, I am far from "disintegrating" and "self-destructing" in the wake of having written a book that Wolff finds "eccentric" but that has earned me the finest reviews I've ever received. Yes, I remain guileless, and a nonpractitioner of literary politics—still the same old Joe—though I do confess to having grown just a wee bit obsessed with Italian soccer. Wolff's problem may be that his only acknowledged recent passion was for great wealth, and that having failed to achieve it, he resents those of us who have turned our backs on it.

Joe McGinniss
WILLIAMSTOWN, MASS.

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Greed Is Good

IN "THE BELL TOLLS FOR THE BIG BOARD," [October 4], David D. Kirkpatrick writes that "specialists are allowed . . . to make as much money trading their assigned stock as they can." This is true, but let's not forget that specialists also assume quite a bit of risk, particularly during market free falls, when they are obligated to maintain as orderly a market as possible, which can mean buying stock that will be lower in price moments later. As an institutional broker who uses DOT (an electronic order system that routes orders to the specialists) dozens of times a day, I have found that the executions I receive from specialists are generally fair and in many cases in the favor of my clients. Often I receive executions at better prices than the market bids and offers, when, technically speaking, a "market" order could simply be executed at the current bid or offer in the market. Likewise, I am frequently "stopped," or guaranteed a specific price on an order, which means I will do no worse than the stopped price but might do better. This rarely happens in the over-the-counter markets. Specialists certainly serve their own interests, but the auction system anchored by specialists serves investors better than any other system currently being used.

Steven Morris
GREENWICH, CONN.

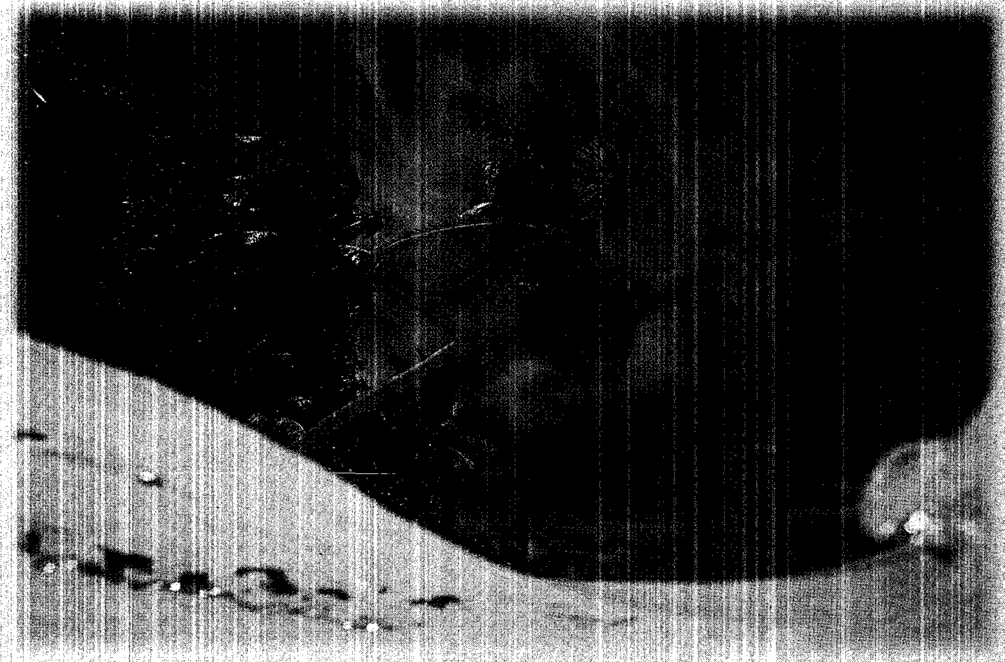
THE U.S. BULL MARKET IS CLOSING ON ITS third college generation since the '87 crash. Ballooning trade volumes and rising asset prices have groomed an entire varsity and junior varsity of industry professionals, adept at using the latest electronic-trading gadgets yet woefully inexperienced in dealing with a sustained market decline or deep market shock. A sharp market downdraft will not only add a little scar tissue and white hair to the financial workforce but expose any flaws that may be hiding in electronic-trading systems. Until the markets present an opportunity to observe these systems under duress, investors are not unwise to pay extra for the comfort of knowing that their trade-execution chain includes a human component.

Charlie Langalis
ROWAYTON, CONN.

What Kind of Life Is This?

LIFE MAY HAVE ONCE BEEN "ONE OF NEW York's hottest hangouts for models," ["Gotham: Tough Life," by Ethan Brown, October 11], but it is now a bridge-and-tunnel nightmare that spews hordes of drunk and high people onto the residential streets that intersect Bleecker. The corner of Sullivan reeks of stale beer and urine, and when the club is in full swing, the sidewalk is impassable. This just isn't an ideal neighborhood for a club of this size.

Kim Ray
MANHATTAN



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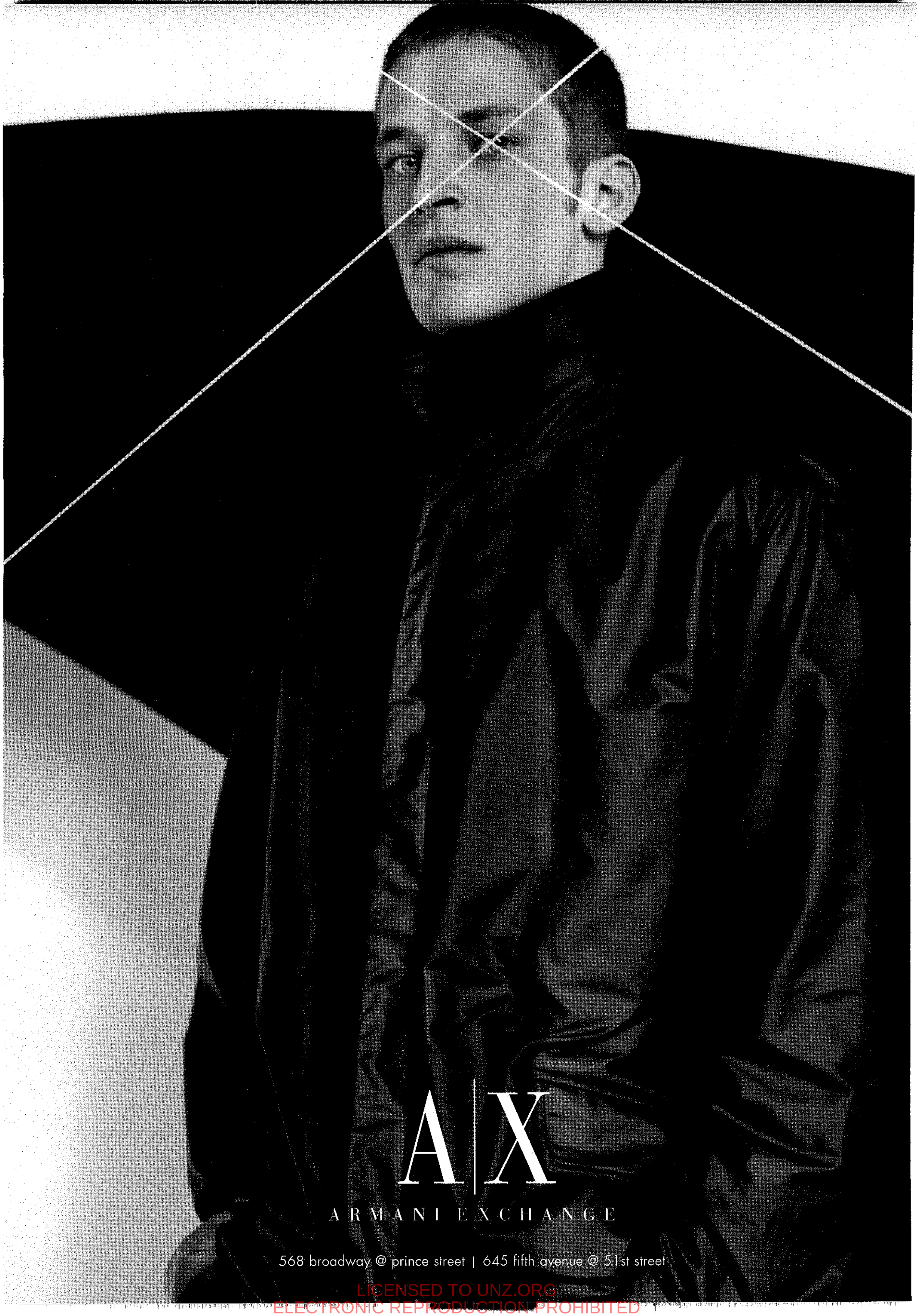
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INTELLIGENCER

THE WAR OF THE ROSSES

How bad is the blood between former lieutenant governor **Betsy McCaughey Ross** and her estranged husband, financier **Wilbur Ross**? Pretty bad, judging from the court papers she just filed. Not only is Betsy asking the court to nullify the postnuptial she signed, but she's also claiming that the $2.25 million Wilbur contributed to her gubernatorial campaign in 1998 was in promissory notes for the Penn-Dixie Leasing Company, which "might be a shell company [that] may be under his dominion and control," according to her court papers. In other words, she claims that her then-husband may have used the promissory notes "to perpetrate a fraud" on her and her campaign committee. On the evening of August 27, 1998, "as they got ready for bed, Ms. Ross told Mr. Ross that the Campaign Committee needed to redeem the notes immediately to pay for television ads for the final two weeks of the primary," according to her legal filing. "He looked her straight in the face and told her he did not have the notes." A few days later, she says, she discovered that the notes had, in fact, already been signed over to her then-husband. "These false allegations are motivated by nothing more than misplaced anger," retorts Mr. Ross. "I am sorry that Betsy is angry, but after everything, I put about $2 million into her election efforts. I did the best I could and am sorry that the marriage failed."

FOR HARVEY WEINSTEIN, *TALK* SURE AIN'T CHEAP

When it comes to movies, Miramax chieftain **Harvey Weinstein** is a notorious skinflint. But as a nascent publisher, he seems to be a lot more generous. Weinstein is backing editrix **Tina Brown**'s request for additional funds for her beleaguered *Talk* magazine, according to publishing sources. The word is that Brown made an impassioned plea to her board for another $5 million on top of her first-year budget of $12 million. "She made the argument that she just didn't have enough money to put out the kind of magazine that they wanted to put out," says one publishing source. The two Hearst representatives on the board were unmoved by her appeal, says the source, but Tina and her publisher, **Ron Galotti**, won the day when Weinstein agreed to ante up the cash. Brown's spokeswoman confirms only that there are regular management meetings, while Hearst's **Cathleen Black** would say only, "We are 3,000 percent behind Tina." But it's evidently not the first time the roly-poly mogul has lent the struggling magazine a hand. **Gwyneth Paltrow** (right) admits in the next issue of *Premiere* that she agreed to be on the cover of the start-up's first issue only "when Harvey asked me to do it." A Miramax insider insists that Brown asked Weinstein to approach the starlet. Still, Paltrow told *Premiere* why she agreed to pose like Barbarella: "It wasn't about 'Hey, everyone, check this out.' It was more 'Here's another thing Harvey's making me do. So let's not do Grace Kelly pictures; let's try something different.' "

NEW DOS AND DON'TS AT WCBS

Have you noticed that they've been having some bad-hair days over at WCBS News? During recent staff cutbacks, one of the things that got shaved was the hairdresser for on-air staff. "It was pretty awful," says one newsroom insider. "Some of our people have hair that *really* needs help." Well, thanks to new vice-president and general manager **Tony Petiti**, the likes of anchors **Dana Tyler**, **Stephen Clark**, and **Lisa Cooley** will be a little more **Frederic Fekkai** and less **Lyle Lovett**. Petiti proved himself fashion-forward, bringing back the on-set hairstylist to primp up his staff as one of his premier managerial amendments. The insider also reports that Petiti is leaning heavily towards getting rid of the virtual set, a costly device that uses a blue screen to superimpose the news crew inside a cyber-set. Says the insider, "We all thought that virtual thing was silly anyway." Although a CBS spokesman wouldn't comment on the status of the set, he did point out its fashionable advantages with some bureaucratic humor: "We were considering implementing virtual hair for the folks that don't have any."

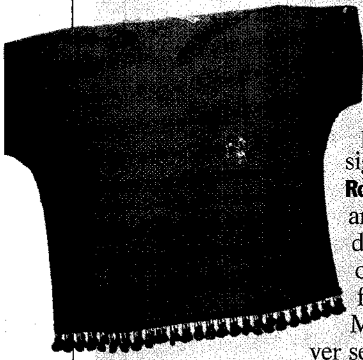
MAGIC FOOD; GIRLIE MAG'S DOUBLE TAKE

GRAND DELUSION: He can pull a rabbit out of his hat, but can he cook it up too? **David Blaine** may have one more trick up his sleeve: The underground magician recently announced at Chez Louis that he's thinking about entering the restaurant game. Nothing too fancy,

David Blaine: Deal-a-meal

otographs: clockwise from bottom, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; Robin Platzer/Twin Images (2).

CELEBS DOCTOR HOSPITAL SCRUBS

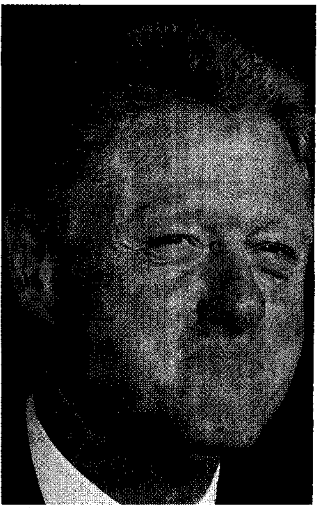


New Jersey may not be a fashion capital, but it's now home to the chic-est sick people in the world. A few months ago, Hackensack University Medical Center made headlines by commissioning **Cynthia Rowley** to design sleek cotton hospital gowns to replace the staidly standard johnnies. Merging style and stethoscopes once again, the hospital has put together a celebrity-stocked design team including **Ricky Martin**, **Julia Roberts**, **Susan Sarandon**, **Cindy Crawford**, and **Kelsey Grammer** to create unique designer scrubs that will be auctioned off to raise money for the Institute for Breast Care. For his creation, Martin sewed on his initials using silver sequins and added some Latino flair with crimson tassels (pictured). With infants on her mind, Crawford used black marker to draw a baby in utero on her gown. In keeping with the celebrity vibe, the silent auction, set to be held this week, will be hosted by *Chicago Hope*'s **Mark Harmon**, who isn't a doctor but plays one on TV. Though most celebs contacted by the hospital were happy to participate, organizers say one notable exception who showed little interest in breast awareness was . . . **Pamela Anderson**.

Blaine said—more like a "fun" gastronomic party zone. But he got no encouragement from Chez Louis owner **David Liederman**, who considers restaurant ownership the *real* tricky business. Quipped the jaded restaurateur, "I told him, 'Follow me around for eighteen hours a day, and if you're not nauseous by the end of it, maybe you *should* do it.' "

WRITING WRONGS: Move over, **Linda Fairstein**. The Manhattan prosecutor turned best-selling novelist is inspiring copycats—even among defense attorneys. **Richard Golub**, who has represented **Denise Rich** and **William Hurt**'s ex-girlfriend, has written a novel, *The Big Cut*, that St. Martin's Press will publish next March. A thriller set in Manhattan's Surrogate's Court, the novel features a fierce attorney named Johnny Ocean, who (not unlike Golub himself) lives and works in an Upper East Side townhouse and employs a loyal Sikh butler named Mr. K. "I'm clearly going after the system," says Golub, "which Linda Fairstein is not doing." Golub says this is his third novel; the first two were never published. Now he's working on a sequel. But, he adds, "if it doesn't sell, I'll be back in court—getting my ass kicked for what I said in this book."

BILL CLINTON'S ONLINE EXCITE-MENT: **Al Gore** claims to have invented the Internet, but it's **Bill Clinton** who is making the most of the medium. Just weeks after ceremoniously kicking off the successful NetAid worldwide fund-raiser, Clinton will preside over a virtual meeting with Democratic leaders participating in a fireside chat room. The political powwow, organized by the Democratic Leadership Conference, will be broadcast in early November through Excite's Internet delivery service, Excite@home. The hour-and-a-half-long interactive event will be directed by **Marc Scarpa**, who also produced the Webcasts of the Tibetan Freedom Concert and Woodstock '99. Says Scarpa, "This could be the way government officials communicate in the new millennium. It definitely beats a conference call." So, Orrin . . . what are you wearing?



Bill Clinton: Excitable

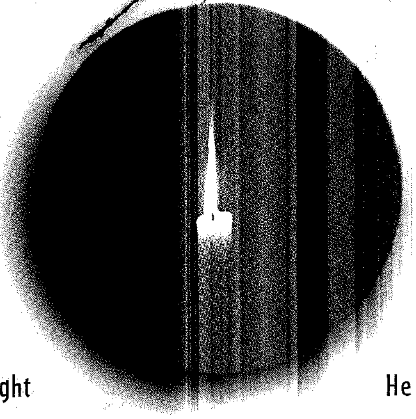
ALL ABOUT ADAM: Not even in the porn business does it pay to double-dip. The ironically named **Adam Slutsky**, a freelance writer and former arms dealer, is finding himself under the gun this month after almost identical articles by him about extreme fishing appeared in *Maxim*'s beer-and-babes sister, *Stuff*, and its raunchier competitor, *Gallery*. "*Stuff* said they didn't care if I went to *Gallery*," says Slutsky. "I just *would* have preferred if the pieces didn't come out in the same month." But the people over at *Stuff* have a different take. "We were pretty shocked when we saw Slutsky's piece on the newsstands," says executive editor **Mike Hammer**. "We are definitely not thrilled with the situation." A *Gallery* spokeswoman says she was dismayed by the duplicity, but adds that given a choice between the two mags, "people should read us—at least *our* girls are naked."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Suny Sehgal.

KELLI'S NOT IN ANYONE'S CORNER

If a Republican man were to run against a Democratic woman for, say, the Senate, you'd think that pro-choice activists like **Kelli Conlin** would have a relatively easy time making an endorsement. Guess again. "It personally gives me great angst, this race," sighs Conlin, the conflicted head of New York's National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League. "I've known the mayor for many, many years, and he's taken some bold, courageous stands." Conlin praised Mayor **Rudy Giuliani** in August when he reaffirmed his opposition to a ban on late-term abortions, and she has been appointed to several mayoral committees. **Hillary Clinton**, on the other hand, publicly supported the parental-notification bill her husband signed as governor of Arkansas. Even so, Conlin calls Clinton "the kind of woman I got into politics to work with." Conlin attended a Rudy fund-raiser last May, but adds that if both candidates maintain a firm pro-choice stance, her group "may not make an endorsement" at all. In fact, NARAL's New York chapter didn't endorse either candidate in 1997's Giuliani–**Ruth Messinger** race, though the organization infuriated many abortion activists by supporting Republicans **Susan Molinari** and **Bill Green** over Democrats **Sal Albanese** and **Carolyn Maloney**.

Photograph: (top right) Corbis Sygr



He swore to himself he'd never leave the cabin without a daypack. This was wild country out here, nearly eight thousand feet up in the Sequoia National Forest, and too many things could go wrong. He pictured that daypack now, the sort of thing that might contain matches, a compass, flashlight, granola bars, a tarp and groundcloth – better yet, a cell phone. It was dusk, temperature in the teens, and there was a mountain – or maybe two mountains – between him and the cabin. Worse: it had begun to snow, a hard piling snow that drew a screen over the visible world. He didn't need a little voice whispering in his ear to know he was lost.

Two hours ago, he'd got up from his desk, shrugged into his parka and wandered off into the woods. He didn't tell anyone he was going (Maggie was on the couch with a book, a very dull book, judging from the sound of her breathing and the weight of her eyelids), and it was no big deal – he'd gone out and followed his feet just about every day since they'd rented the place. It cleared his head. And it brought him close, in spirit at least, to John Muir, the subject of the biography he was working on.

But he was no woodsman, no rapt visionary who would climb up into a tree in the middle of a blizzard just to feel what a tree must feel, and he liked to take nature in comfortably sectioned pieces, an hour or two at a time. What did the snow taste like? Like frozen air, air made concrete, and he let it coat his tongue and drift across his upturned face. He wasn't cold. And he wasn't panicky. Not yet.

Then it was night, night like a succubus, steaming up out of the ground to meld with the pale sky, and still the snow kept coming. He could see nothing. He was breathing hard, slashing through drifts that were knee-deep, going up, going down, going nowhere. People die out here, that's what he was thinking, and he could feel it – death, as palpable as the cold – seeping into his fingers and toes. He thought vaguely of building a shelter, pine boughs, layers of snow, some sort of lean-to, but when he pictured it, in the abstract, it looked too much like a grave.

Later, much later, when he was so sapped he could barely lift his feet, he blundered into something in the dark, something that wasn't the wall-like trunk of a sequoia or ponderosa, but a wall in fact. And as he felt along the wall, he came to a door, and the door opened to his touch. A moment later, he was in front of the fire, the embers there, a handful of kindling, another log, and the light quavered and rose and he saw Maggie stretched out on the couch, in the moment of waking, the book collapsed like a big insect on her chest. "Hey," she said, "you're all snow. Been out for a walk?"

"Something like that," he said, and it was as if he were the one who'd been asleep and dreaming. "But listen," and he was already moving away from the fire, the familiar bottle in his hand, the two glasses, a squeeze of lime, the rejuvenant smell of the Absolut, "how about a drink before dinner? To celebrate." ▮

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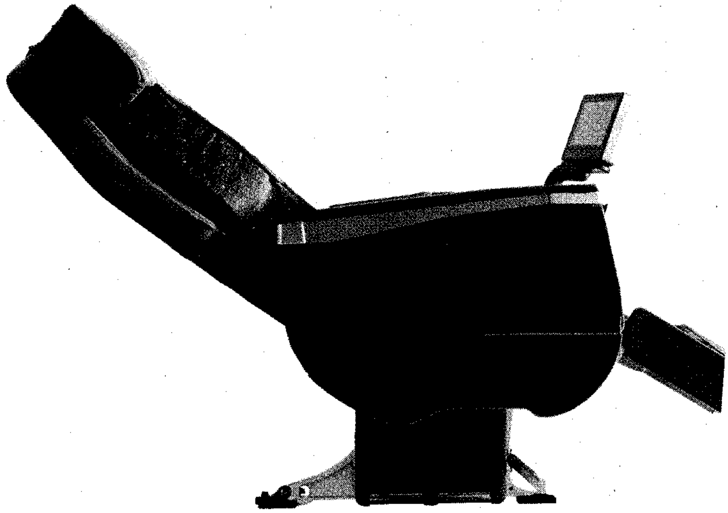

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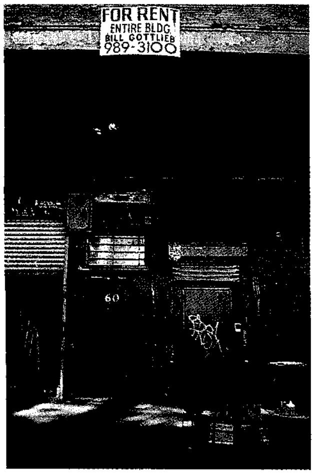

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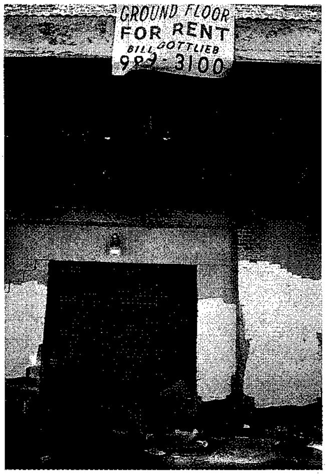


Property Values

'he landlord who controlled the meatpacking istrict wouldn't rent to just anybody.

ON OCTOBER 5, THE MAN who owned more acreage in Manhattan than Lew Rudin or Sam LeFrak, had a ine-figure fortune, and was ıe central figure in the gentrication of the meatpacking istrict died from an aneurysm t age 64. But aside from a ɜw small paid notices, he idn't even get an obituary in ıe New York *Times*.

Bill Gottlieb's death was bout as low-key as his life: Vhile Donald Trump famous- travels in his private 727 jet, ottlieb drove around town in n old station wagon with lown-out windows. He lived lone in a modest West Village partment and wore his one uit only on rare visits uptown. ut the unassuming landlord ad between 165 and 200 uildings in his portfolio—including some of the most deirable real estate in town.

"His death will probably put a hold on the development of the meatpacking district," predicts Mark Strausman, whose restaurant Chinghalle opens on Gansevoort Street early next year. Though Gottlieb brought many such high-profile tenants to the neighborhood, negotiations were an ordeal. "I had to have coffee with Bill every week for a year before he would even discuss giving me a lease," says Keith McNally, whose restaurant Pastis is due on Little West 12th Street in November but whose plans to open a revival-house cinema in the same building in partnership with Gottlieb are now stalled. At a recent meeting with Gray Kunz, formerly of Lespinasse, about a space on Gansevoort Street, Gottlieb was put off when the four-star chef arrived with his lawyer and designer, and wouldn't proceed until he came back without his entourage.

"He hated any kind of pretense," explains McNally. "He was the worst-dressed man I'd ever met, but I think he dressed that way to disarm people."

"I met with him once," recalls Landmarks commissioner Jennifer Raab, "and he came in with very important documents that he was carrying around in a plastic D'Agostino bag." "Bill didn't have much use for money," agrees Earle Kazis, who met him in the fifties, when both were brokers at Helmsley-Spear. That's when Gottlieb began buying downtown property—which he almost never sold.

"Whenever people heard he was my landlord, they would say, 'Oh, that must be a nightmare,' because he was eccentric and tough to make a deal with," says Sam Martinez, who rented space from Gottlieb for the restaurants Rialto, in NoLIta, and Habana, in the West Village. "But he was so concerned about our succeeding. He would say, 'Do you really need banquettes? What's wrong with tables and chairs?' "

Gottlieb's death, which comes in the midst of the meatpacking district's commercial boom, leaves its future uncertain. "Maybe it was his desire to never sell anything that maintained the district's character. Now who knows what will happen?" says Mark McDonald, a tenant and owner of the Gansevoort Gallery.

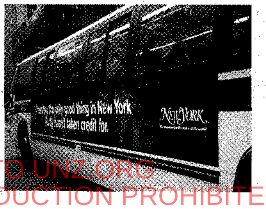
"He definitely had a vision of what the district should be and was so happy to see how Keith was transforming that old building," says Martinez. "It's just a shame after all those years of investing in it that he won't be here to see the real change."

BETH LANDMAN KEIL

Rudy to City: Pay Up and Shut Up!

Somewhere down in lower Manhattan, city lawyers—their salaries paid by you-know-who—are frantically racking up man-hours trying to come up with an argument to support the mayor's notion that he can defund a museum when he doesn't like a painting it hangs. We know these crusades cost money, but we never get a chance to find out exactly how much—until now. Howard Gotbetter, a First Amendment lawyer, happened to be at the federal courthouse on the day in December 1997 when *New York* Magazine's case against the MTA over its bus ads (POSSIBLY THE ONLY GOOD THING IN NEW YORK RUDY HASN'T TAKEN CREDIT FOR) went to trial. His dander raised, Gotbetter decided to sue Giuliani as a taxpayer, claiming the mayor was wasting his money. Before his suit was tossed out of civil court, Gotbetter was able to subpoena Skadden, Arps, Slate, Meagher & Flom, the firm the MTA hired, and find out just how much the city was billed. "I just felt the people should know how much of their money was pissed away," he says. The Skadden, Arps tab—which doesn't include the money spent on the city's *own* lawyers—came to $195,868.

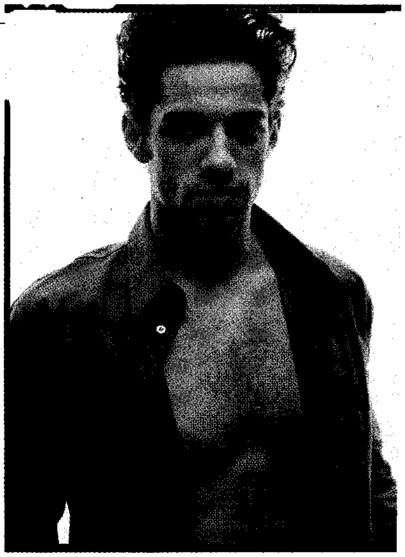
MICHAEL TOMASKY



›graphs: top, Michael Schmelling (3);
m, Frances M. Roberts.

Fever Pitch

James Carpinello's quixotic quest to become the next Travolta—eight times a week.



YOU CAN TELL BY THE way James Carpinello uses his walk that he's a woman's man, no time to talk. The city's breakin' and everybody's shakin' and he's . . . just drinking a cup of coffee.

The star of Broadway's new *Saturday Night Fever*, which opens October 21, is sitting in a Times Square diner in front of a sign that reads COME UP TO THE REGISTER! DON'T JUST LEAVE YOUR CHECK AT THE TABLE! His gray, long-sleeved T-shirt bulges like an action figure's. All of his features are oversize—big eyes, huge lips, a high forehead, and even higher hair. It's called a stage face.

How is he feeling today? "Exhausted," he declares, rubbing bloodshot eyes. "My girlfriend and I spent a *lot* of time together over the weekend." He winks.

Carpinello is 24. He weighed 185 pounds when he started rehearsals this summer and is now at 150; his mouth sticks out a little from his face like a horse's. But when the would-be matinee idol leads the unitard-encased, rhinestone-beaded *Saturday Night Fever* cast in the bus stop, the hustle, the Mediterranean rope hustle, whatever—it's awfully hard not to think EVERYONE IN POLYESTER. Carpinello says that Travolta, the original Tony Manero, is his idol. "God, I get so excited thinking about him," he gushes. "I'm even the same age that he was when he did it!"

This is Carpinello's Big Break. His few previous roles were mostly beefcake showcases: Rocky in the L.A. production of *The Rocky Horror Show*; Big Man on Campus in last year's Off Broadway cult hit *Stupid Kids*. Directed by *Lord of the Dance*'s Arlene Phillips, *Saturday Night Fever* made its debut in London last year. The producers recast the show with Americans, holding more than 200 cattle calls around the country before they found Carpinello. "They even passed up Joey Lawrence for me," he says with some satisfaction.

But already, sniping about Carpinello's talents has reached "Page Six," which reported last week that a poor *Today* show performance "has the theater world wondering if he'll soon be looking for a good restaurant to work in." Carpinello's publicist, Jennifer Glaisek of PMK, dismisses the jibe: "We're not going to even dignify it with a comment."

Today, at least, he's still on top of the world. He swings open the door to the Minskoff Theatre's lobby, where gray-haired women in sweat suits are lined up to buy tickets for tonight's preview. "Yo ladies," whispers Carpinello, gliding by. "Tonight I'm gonna give you the *Fever*!" A lot of the women turn and stare. He cockily turns up the collar of his leather jacket, but then frowns uncertainly: "I hope I don't come across as a boy toy."

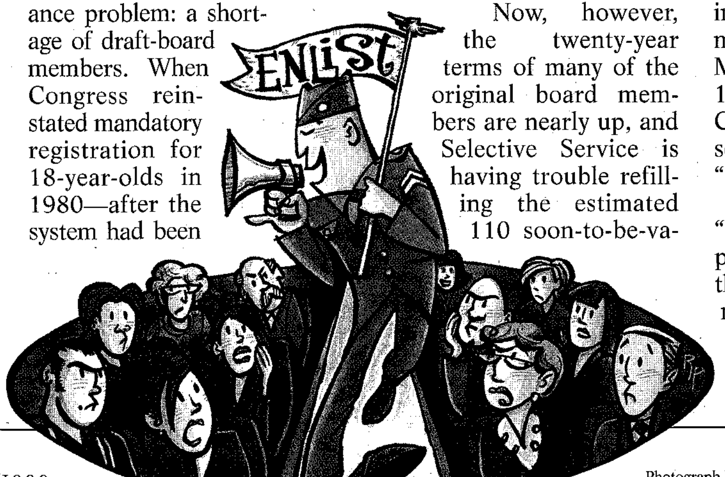
VANESSA GRIGORIADI

Uncle Sam Wants Who?

Local draft boards are recruiting again.

WITH THEIR INTERNECINE squabbles and heated rhetoric, community-board meetings often feel like battlegrounds. But on a recent Wednesday morning, a summit of Bronx-board chairs has taken on a truly martial mood. "If, God forbid, we did go to war and the draft did come back," Major John Corr, a 35-year-old National Guardsman wearing neat civvies, tells the half-full conference room in the Bronx Supreme Court Building, "it's very important that young men who can't serve are able to make their cases to people who come from their own community."

Among the many obsolete systems in danger of millennial meltdown, the Selective Service is hardly an object of widespread panic. But for the past two years, administrators have quietly been working to address an unlikely Y2K-compliance problem: a shortage of draft-board members. When Congress reinstated mandatory registration for 18-year-olds in 1980—after the system had been in a five-year "deep standby"—it simultaneously re-created the nationwide network of civilian boards that would, in case of actual conscription, weed out the malingerers from the conscientious objectors.



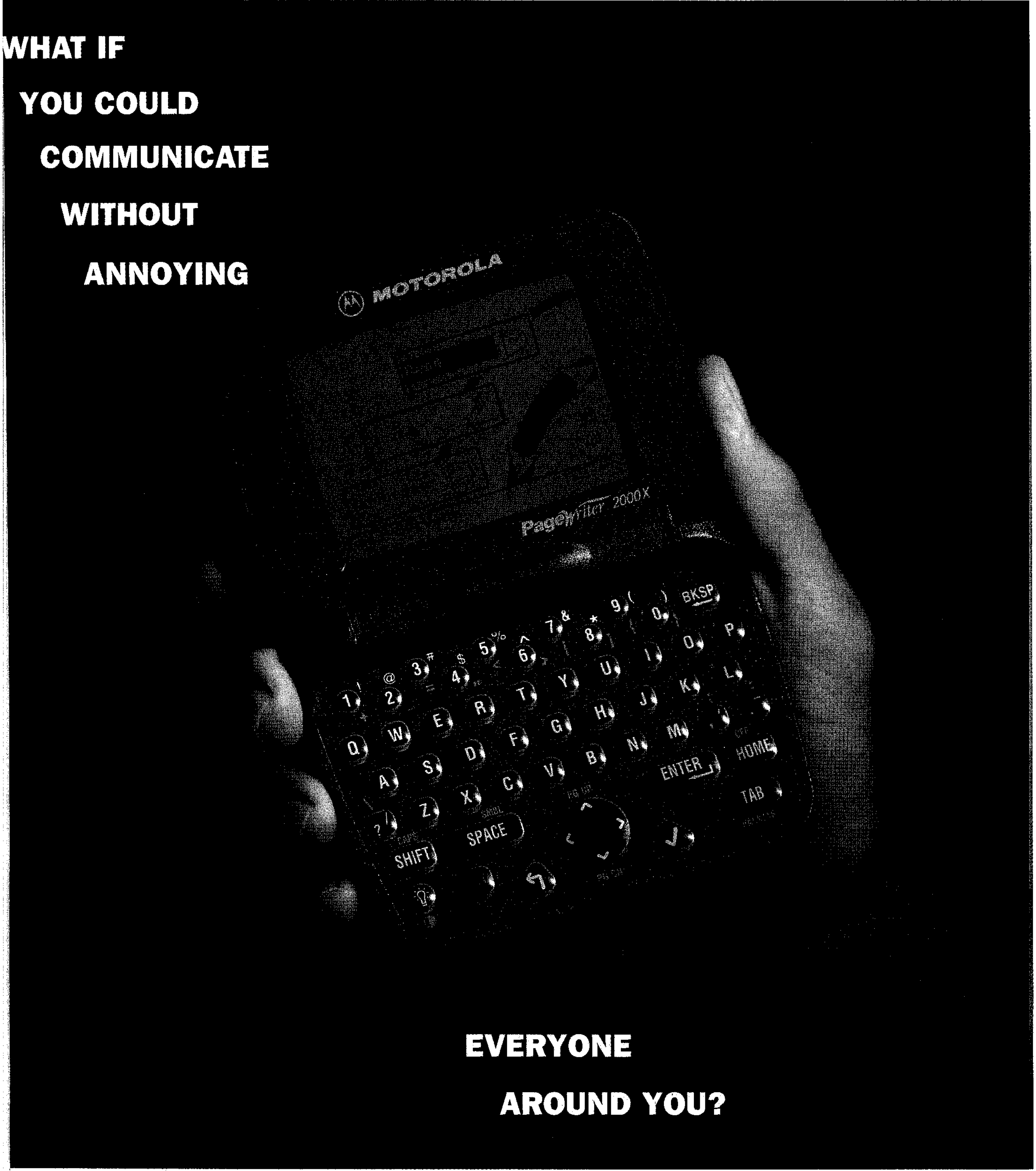
Now, however, the twenty-year terms of many of the original board members are nearly up, and Selective Service is having trouble refilling the estimated 110 soon-to-be-vacant city posts. "We're in a bit of a crunch right now," admits Lieutenant Colone Luis Rivera, executive officer of the system's New York City detachment.

In response to the shortage Rivera, Corr, and five colleagues have undertaken a full-scale assault, recruiting from the city's community boards one by one. Their reception at the Bronx meeting is moderately friendly—a vast improvement over last month's appearance before Manhattan Community Board 1, at which chairwoman Anne Compoccia dismissed the reservists with an incredulous "Is this *normal*?"

Rivera remains unfazed "They're non-compensated positions," he admits, "but they *are* presidential appointments." And in the end, even Compoccia filled out one o his applications.

ETHAN SMITH

Photograph by Robert Wright. Illustration by Robert Pie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THE SCENE

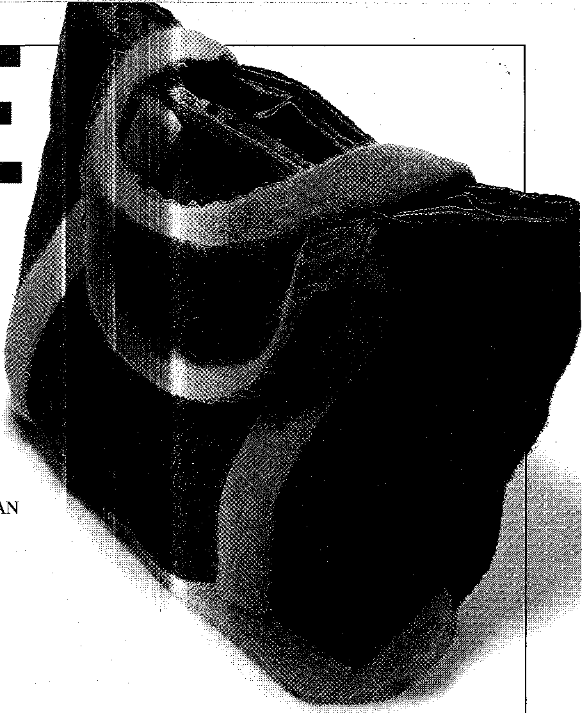
Skin Heads

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

SCORES OF EAGER MEN, AS WELL AS A FEW CURIOUS FEMALE FASHion editors, traveled uptown to Elaine's on October 12 for *Playboy's* party for the publication of James Petersen's *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution 1990–1999.* Along with hunks of roast beef, plenty of entertainment was served up for the boys: The walls were covered with a time line of the magazine's "racy" advertisements, a couple of Hef's Playmates—Miss October 1994 and Miss August 1995—mingled with tongue-tied guests, and a rather tame November issue was piled high on the cocktail tables ("It looks like a good *Details* cover," suggested one guest, which may have explained Mark Golin's snooping around the back room). Many male guests waited until a woman had picked up the glossy to sneak an over-the-shoulder glance, though they all claimed to be searching for the Jesse Ventura interview. Some got in huddles to eulogize basketball giant Wilt Chamberlain, who had died earlier that day and who had probably enjoyed a few evenings at the Playboy palace in his time. But the talk returned to sex when Dr. Ruth Westheimer—almost eye-level with Golin—pushed through a wide-eyed crowd. Petersen, a longtime *Playboy* editor, insisted, "I taught Dr. Ruth everything she knows," though with his tweed jacket and balding crown, he looked more high-school biology teacher than Viagra expert. Even Christie Hefner, Hugh's daughter and the CEO of Playboy Enterprises, had some advice for the pint-size sex therapist when the two smiled for the cameras: "Say *sex*!" MAURA EGAN

1. Marcus Allen and Dan O'Brien at the Buoniconti Fund to Cure Paralysis dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria. 2. Francesco Clemente, Fran Lebowitz, and Helen Marden at the Hugo Boss dinner to celebrate Clemente's retrospective at the Guggenheim. 3. Bridget Hall and David Blaine at the New York Academy of Art benefit party sponsored by Mammoth Records. 4. Dr. Ruth Westheimer and LeRoy Neiman at the *Playboy* party at Elaine's. 5. Ken Auletta, Maureen Dowd, and Anna Quindlen at the Four Seasons party for Quindlen's move to *Newsweek*. 6. Andrea Illy and David Byrne at P.S. 1 for the opening of the "Minimalia" show. 7. Anand Jon and Stephen Webster for the launch of Webster's new jewelry designs at 212 restaurant. 8. Carl Spielvogel and Barbaralee Diamonstein-Spielvogel at the Russian Tea Room party to benefit New York's Landmarks Preservation Commission. 9. Mary Murphy, Joe Connelly, and Eileen Ivers at the Sky Club for *The World of Hibernia's* "Super Irish" party.

GOTHAMSTYLE



Sweater Girl

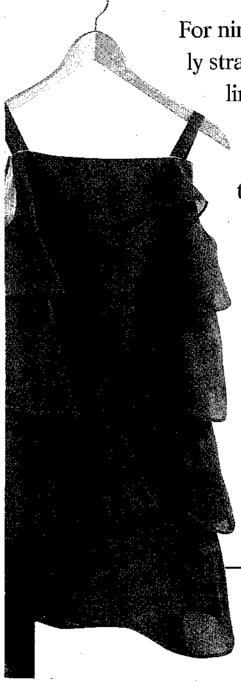
Grandma-style handmade knits are topping fashion editors' wish lists this fall: Fendi's alligator baguettes have been replaced with softer nubbly woolen versions, and Donna Karan is stocking stacks of oversize cowl-neck knit sweaters. Down in NoLIta, Claire Blaydon has fashioned her entire fall collection (found at her store at 202A Mott Street) from vintage sweaters, working leftover preppy cable knits nto T-shirts, bags, and hats. The indie set cozied up to Blaydon's Planet Claire abel a few years back; now her one-of-a-kind bohemian shrugs and shawls are warming the backs of rockers like Sheryl Crow and Jewel. MAURA EGAN

Blanket Statement

Too fearful of PETA's wrath (and spray paint) to wrap yourself in endangered shatoosh shawls or mink stoles? This season's innocuous duvet coat can keep you equally snug. Jean-Paul Gaultier and Martin Margiela have both created parkas that look remarkably like goose-feather comforters with armholes. Margiela's king-size version $1,195; available at Barneys and Bergdorf Goodman) can be accessorized with duvet covers ($400–$450) that include raditional brown wool flannel for he office, plastic PVC for rain, nd a floral-patterned sheet for dressier affairs. On a limited budget? You'll just have to wait for Macy's white sale. M.E.

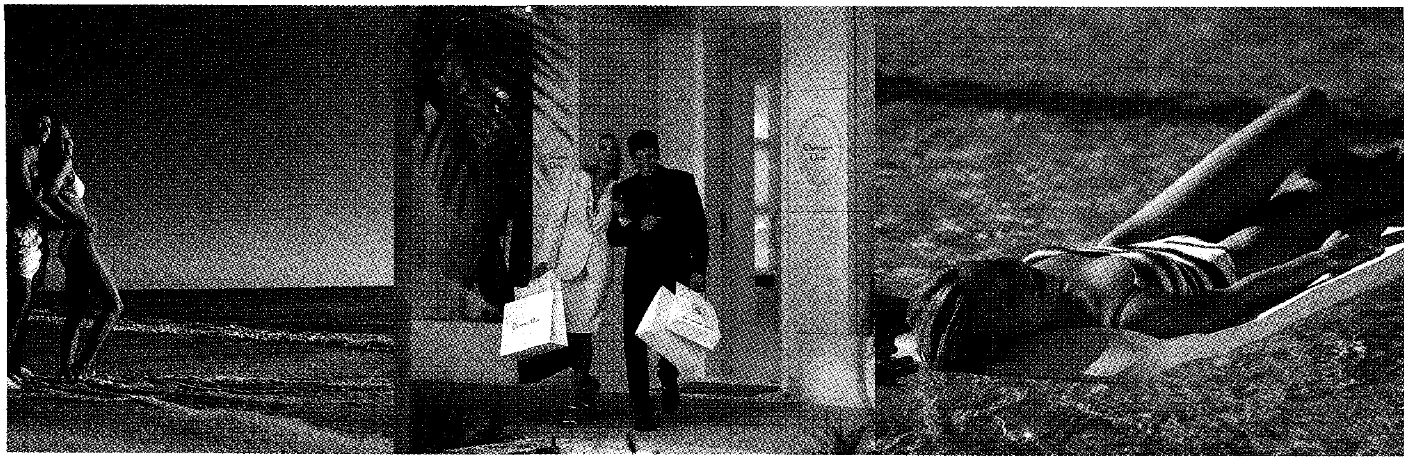
Not-So-Easy Chair

Standing among the DKNY store's iMac stations and racks of Technicolor ponchos, Natanel Gluska's oversize "Long Chair" looks as if it had been found in a prehistoric cave. Gluska's austere, rather unforgiving high-back seat—a Paleolithic version of the Adirondack chair?—has been chiseled, with just a chain saw, from an enormous elm tree. In the past, fans of the Swiss furniture designer had to settle for parking themselves on his signature rough-edged works in the lobbies of chic hotels like the Paramount and the Mondrian. Now, thanks to Karan's growing interest in global lifestyles, shoppers can purchase the chair and Gluska's raw-oak footstool—at prices (chair, $11,132; footstool, $982) that are decidedly modern. M.E.



Badge of Courrèges

For nineties glam girls with Gucci's "Jackie" bag firmly strapped on their shoulders, the new Courrèges line (available exclusively at Jeffrey, $75–$1,500) is one more way to relive the former First Lady's mod moment. The updated versions of the original designs will appease fans who until now have had to hunt for the architectural pieces at vintage shops. Madame Courrèges has put her own modern spin on her husband André's signature looks from the Sputnik-chic era but retained his devotion to form over function: The breathtakingly brief minis, similar to the one in which Jackie sent shock waves at her wedding to Aristotle Onassis, come in plastic so stiff they could strut down the aisle by themselves. SUZANNE D'AMATO



Reincarnation isn't the
only way to come back
a different person.

Bal Harbour will change you. Its oceanfront hotels are amazingly refreshing, especially the sublime waterscape at the Sheraton Bal Harbour Beach Resort and the European ambiance of the Sea View Hotel. And if shopping lifts your spirits, you'll be in heaven at the famed Bal Harbour Shops, whose stores include Chanel, Bvlgari and Armani. For reservations, call your travel agent, the Sheraton Bal Harbour 305-865-7511 or the Sea View 305-866-4441. You'll never be the same.

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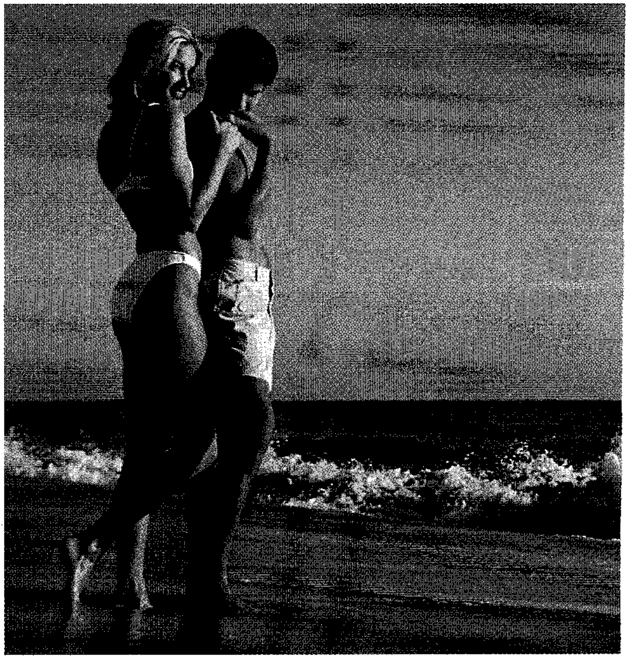
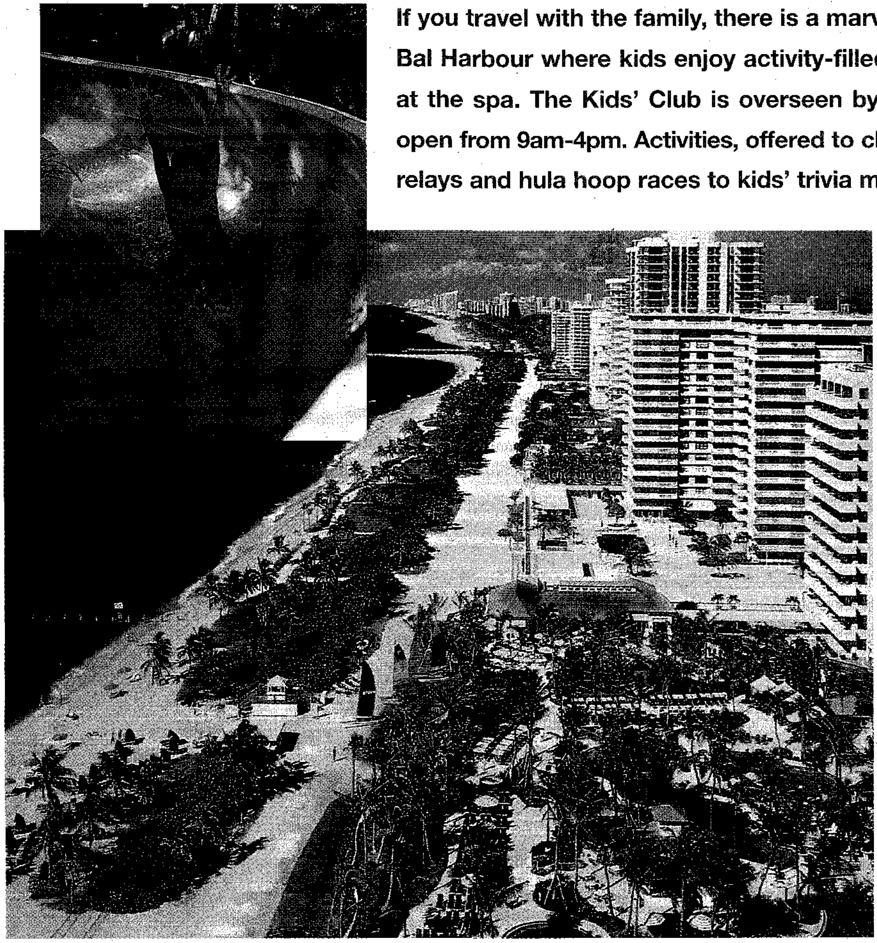
bal harbour village

miami's paradise

Bal Harbour Village, a gem of a town in the heart of Florida's Gold Coast, is just minutes from dozens of attractions and right on the beach. One of Florida's finest resort areas, Bal Harbour Village attracts the rich and famous from around the world. Bob Dole and David Brinkley live there. It's also the location of choice for President Clinton when he visits South Florida. And, it's not unusual to spot celebrities around the pool or shopping across the street at the world-renowned Bal Harbour Shops.



Bal Harbour is the perfect pearl within the oyster of Greater Miami. The very small town offers visitors sunny days, balmy nights, beautiful beaches and a peaceful safe atmosphere. A walking and jogging path gracefully winds along Bal Harbour's mile-long beach and for those who love the water, there's snorkeling, windsurfing, swimming and fishing. Dozens of golf courses are nearby and tony South Beach is just 10 minutes away.



If you travel with the family, there is a marvelous Harbour Kids' Club at the Sheraton Bal Harbour where kids enjoy activity-filled days while mom and dad are pampered at the spa. The Kids' Club is overseen by professionally trained counselors and is open from 9am-4pm. Activities, offered to children 5-12, run the gamut from river poo relays and hula hoop races to kids' trivia matches and kite-design contests.

The two resorts in Bal Harbour Village are world class and both are ideal settings fo family vacations, business stopovers, o conventions. **The Sheraton Bal Harbour** has one of the most gorgeous pool areas in the world. There's a water fantasy pool with waterfall, slide, lagoon-styled pool, gazebo sun deck and Inspiration Point—the perfec spot for snapping photos.

The 220-room **Sea View Hotel** has a clas sic European ambience with three lovely restaurants and 50 Key West-style private cabanas that surround a heated Olympic size swimming pool.

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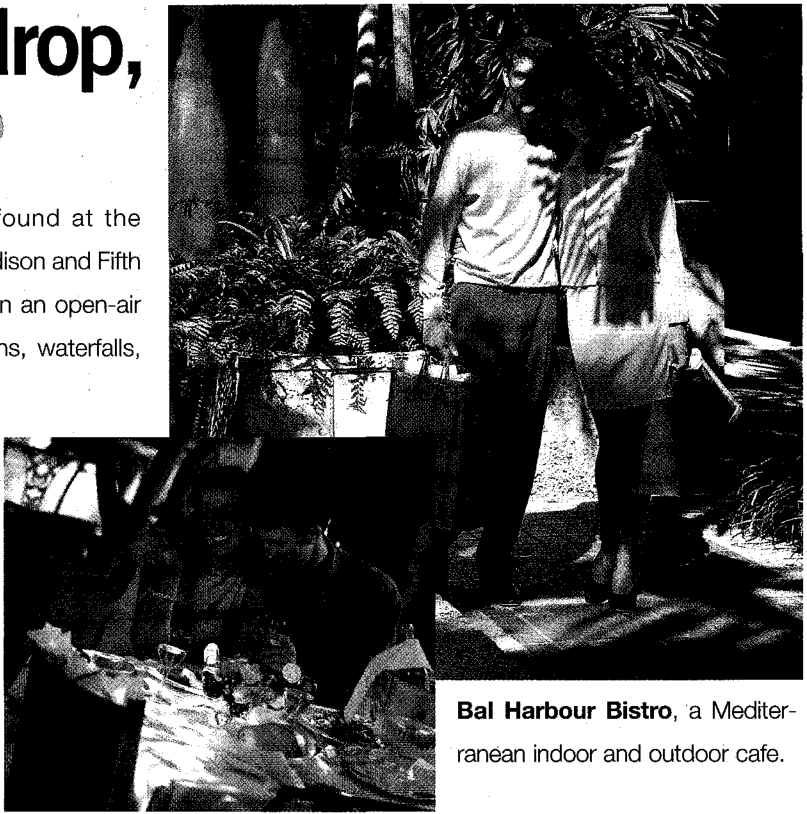
shop 'til you drop,
then dine al fresco

The best shopping in the world can be found at the renowned **Bal Harbour Shops**. It's where Madison and Fifth Avenues meet Paris, Milan, and Bond Street in an open-air ropical garden setting complete with fountains, waterfalls, and wonderful outdoor cafés.

This is truly a magical spot to spend hours shopping and people watching—often celebrities. (When we visited Billy Joel was unching with his daughter at the famous **Carpaccio's** restaurant in the mall.) **Bal Harbour Shops** is anchored by **Saks Fifth Avenue** and **Neiman Marcus,** and key shops include: **Dolce & Gabana, Bvlgari, Cartier, Chanel, Prada, Gianni Versace, Louis Vuitton, Fendi, Georg Jensen, Hermes, Tiffany & Co., Pratesi, Ermenegildo Zegna, Wolford Boutique, Malo, Tourneau**—and dozens more of he world's most elite and best-loved shops.

View informal modeling throughout the day, so while lunching you are privy to an exclusive fashion show as well as marvelous food. Order a seafood combo over linguini, exotic salads, vegetarian dishes, and extraordinary desserts at the **Bal Harbour Bistro**, a Mediterranean indoor and outdoor cafe.



As a break from shopping, make a point to dine at **Carpaccio's**, a world famous Italian eatery managed by super host Alex Kalas, who greets people from around the world with his infectious smile and charm. Here you can enjoy an array of homemade pastas or lobster with linguini in a spicy tomato sauce. And don't leave the mall without sampling a caviar platter at **Petrossian** or a famous popover and orange soufflé salad in **Zodiac**, located in **Neiman Marcus**. Who could ask for more?

the exclusive, one-of a kind bal harbour shops

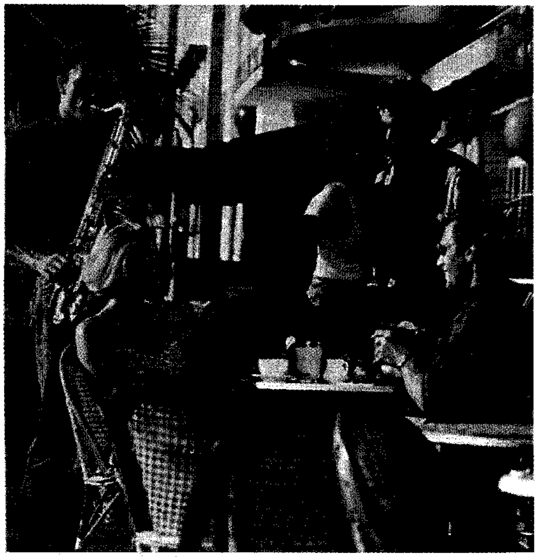
feels so good

luxuriate in bal harbour village

"I'm going to the Sheraton Bal Harbour," answers Billy Crystal when asked where he will be vacationing in the hit movie *Analyze This,* which also stars Robert De Niro and Lisa Kudrow. The world-class oceanfront hotel located in exclusive Bal Harbour Village is then featured prominently throughout the movie. What isn't shown, however, is the resort's fabulous Lifestyle & Fitness Club, where you can opt for luxurious treatments given by top professionals in their fields under the Florida sun in a fantasy water world setting. If only De Niro had known about the Club, we are assured that he would have gotten rid of all his anxieties and stress. But, alas, then there would have been no hit movie.

n addition to the ultimate pampering available, guests who want to work out can utilize the latest equipment in cardiovascular and strength training. The center features the services of certified trainers and private personal instructors; daily activities include aerobic and step classes, yoga, circuit training, power walking, aqua aerobics and stretch-and-run routines. The Club also offers the ultimate in body indulgence. Enjoy a manicure, pedicure, waxing, hairstyling...and much more.

Refreshed in body and spirit, stroll across the street to the world-famous Bal Harbour Shops for an extreme shopping and dining experience. Bring the Pasaporte you received at check-in, which is filled with gift certificates, snd have fun. ✻



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An eco-paradise of natural beauty and colorful splendor, Greater Miami i sheathed in bright, yellow sun light and soft, salty air. Umbrellas come i handy, but mostly for the sun. Surrounded by aquamarine waters, it is a sensual oasis with average yearly temperatures of a mild 76°F. A typical day i marked by an early burst of sunrise, a few puffy clouds, a dazzling afternoo rainbow, a crimson sunset, then clear, "Moon Over Miami" skies.

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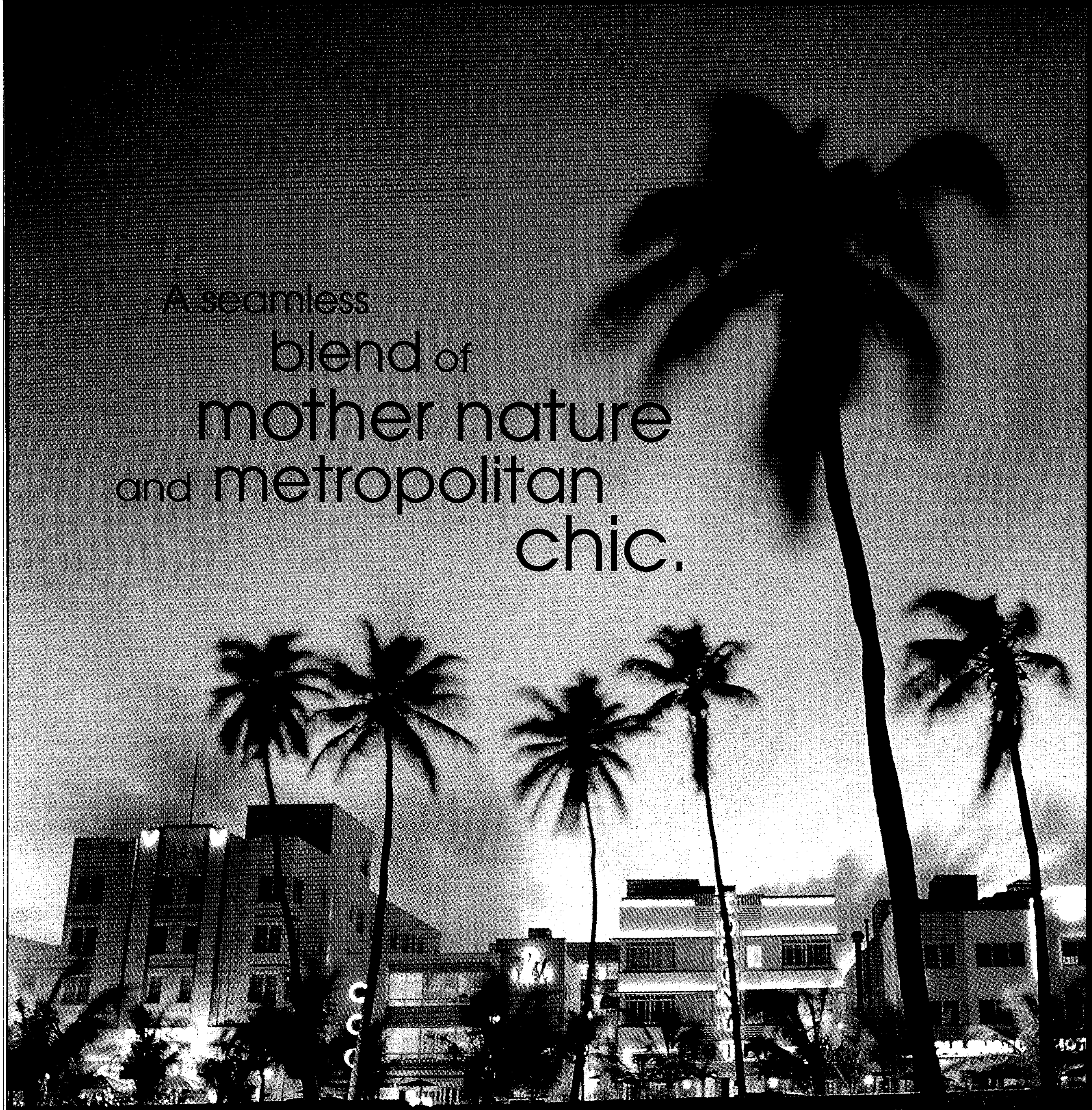
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SPORTS CHRIS SMITH

Life's a Pitch

The Yankees (think invincible) and the Mets (think Rodney Dangerfield) vamp through the playoffs, and suddenly October is one wild emotional roller-coaster ride.

THE GAME ENDS SO FAST EVEN Joe Torre gets the details wrong. Bernie Williams's home run is a lightning bolt on a rainy night, winning the first game of the American League Championship Series against the Red Sox just before the giant center-field clock shows midnight. A few minutes later, Torre is shaking his head in wonder. "The thing that surprised me," Torre says, "was the first pitch—bang, home run, game over."

Actually, Williams had whacked the second fastball. But it's been tough to keep everything straight in this past two weeks of thrilling New York baseball carnival. Just the possibility of the first Mets-Yankees World Series generated nonstop tension and a rush of fascinating moments. Most of them uncannily highlighted the teams' essential personalities: The Yankees, inevitable; the Mets, conflicted.

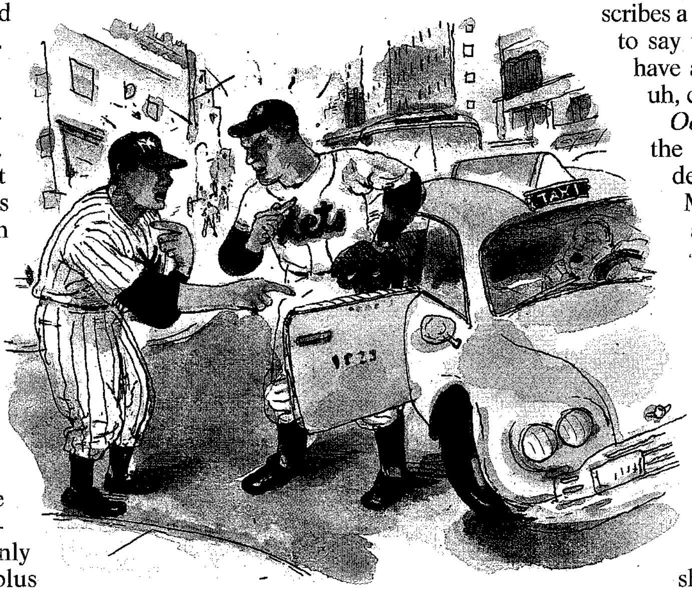
Baseball is routinely ridiculed as slow—*enough* with the batting gloves already, Chuck—but these playoffs are a vivid illustration that baseball is the only truly daily game. A diary, plus a scorecard, is the only way to keep up with the sprinting events.

OCTOBER 5: JIM BOUTON, A YANKEES PITCHer in the mid-sixties who became famous for writing the hilarious *Ball Four,* is tonight's guest reporter for WCBS radio. During batting practice, Bouton says, "All these guys were the best players in their hometowns. Just because you've never heard of some guy, he could turn around and beat you. Who knows? The Yankees could lose, the Mets could win."

Tonight, Bouton is half right. The Yankees stomp the Texas Rangers, 8–0. The only scare is when Don Zimmer nearly loses his modeling contracts thanks to a stray foul ball off his skull. Seamlessly, the Yankees finish and the Mets begin in Arizona. In the Yankees clubhouse, players claim to be focused exclusively on their own games, but every change in score is passed in whispers: "The Mets are up 4–1 now? Did you hear that?"

As I drive south on the FDR, the Mets' lead vanishes. It's 2 A.M. when Edgardo Alfonzo wins the game with a grand slam. But I can't scream, because the saner people in my house are asleep.

October 6: The Mets mess with everyone's sleep habits again, making the first round of playoffs seem like one continuous ball game interrupted by a few hours at the office. The Mets lose for the first time in a frantic week, but it hardly slows the hype, caffeine and Subway Series mania mixing into a noisy buzz.



October 7: Maybe Derek Jeter's got us all fooled, and he's really a jailbait-chasing, hard-drinking, multisyllabic cusser, but here's another indication of what goes into the raising of a star who doesn't seem to have lost his mind: Two hours before tonight's Yankees game, Jeter's parents are eating dinner on East 161st Street at the Unity Coffee Shop, one of those places with rotating pies. No limo, no attitude, just a couple of proud parents getting ready to watch their kid's game.

Texas scores its annual playoff run, but the Yankees calmly respond with three of their own and win.

October 8: The Mets return to Shea and beat Arizona 9–2. Line of the night: First he says it in front of about 50 reporters, then he pleads, "Please don't quote me." So I won't. But someone asks Mike Piazza when he could tell the cortisone shot to his thumb had backfired. Piazza says, "When I woke up this morning and couldn't do the things you normally do with your hands." His next line describes a bodily function. Piazza goes on to say that in Japan, sumo wrestlers have assistants just to perform this, uh, cleansing act.

October 9: If the mayor weren't the official Yankees mascot, he'd declare this Todd Pratt Day. The Mets' backup catcher launches a tenth-inning homer to win the series. Pandemonium. Yet Pratt, in his glorious moment, can't hide his bitterness at the Mets' attempts to bury him last year. Perfectly Metsian.

Out in the chaotic hallway to the Mets' clubhouse, a guy yells, "Todd! I caught the ball! The home-run ball!" Pratt is uncomprehending; people have been shouting at him for half an hour now, he's exhausted, he wants to cry from happiness, and somebody's waving a baseball at him. Charlie Rappa, who is part of the fireworks crew stationed beyond the center-field fence, yells, "Todd, can you sign my ball?" Pratt stares and says, "Your ball? That's *my* ball!" And Pratt reaches out and snatches it.

Down in Texas, the Yankees efficiently put the Rangers out of their misery. Darryl Strawberry hits a three-run homer, but the most moving thing is Strawberry's mere presence in this nonalcoholic-champagne-drenched locker room. A year ago, the Yankees were here talking to Strawberry via a live-TV hookup; he'd just checked into a New York hospital for colon-cancer surgery.

October 12: In Atlanta, the Mets are

Illustration by Barry Bl

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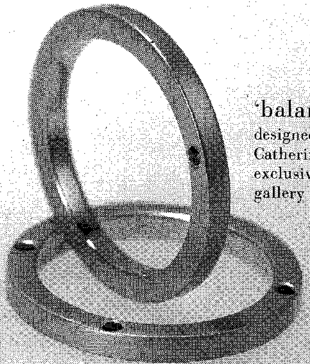

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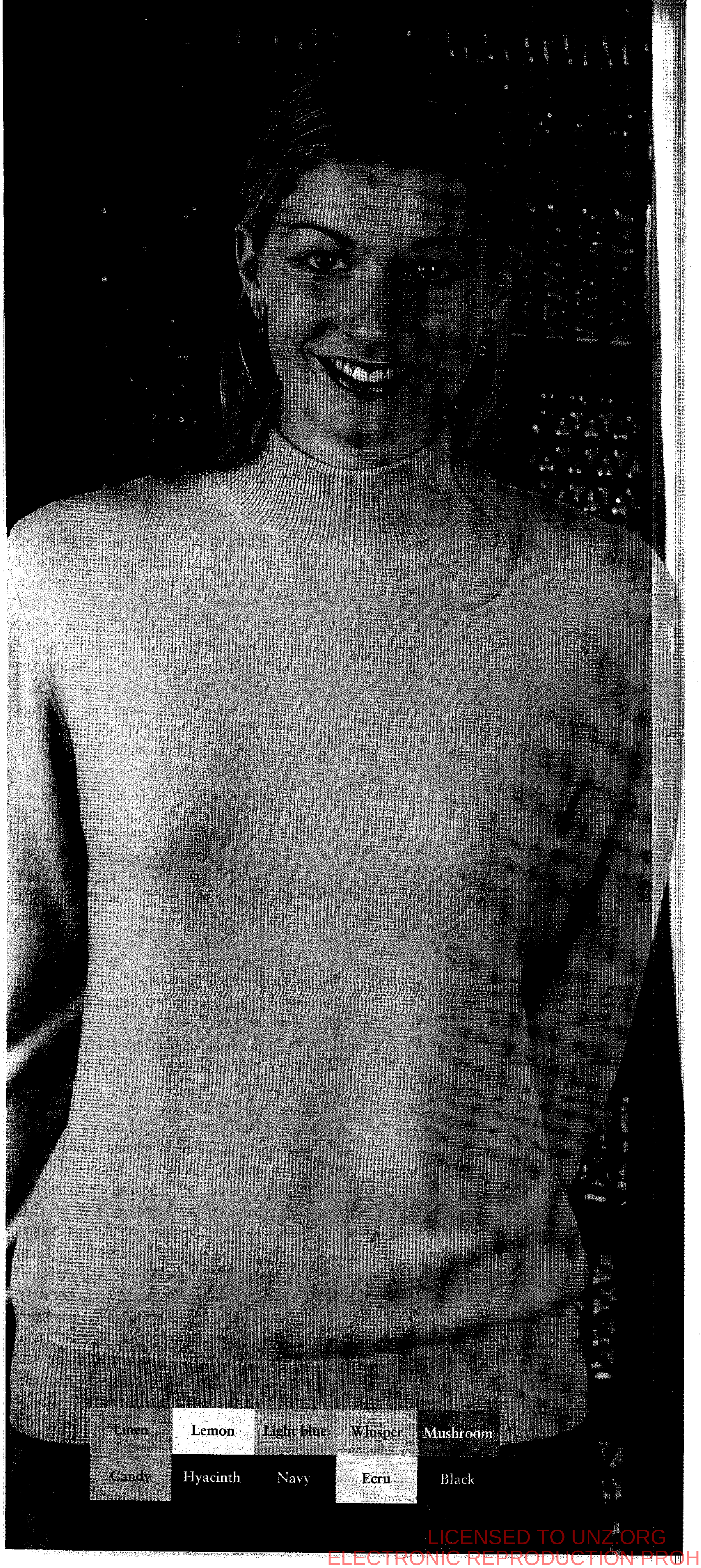
loose enough that Al Leiter sneaks u from behind Orel Hershiser and smea whipped cream all over Hershiser's fac Oh, those wacky ballplayers.

Three hours later, the Mets' cal seems like denial. They've just lost f the tenth time in thirteen games again the Braves. Piazza, though, finds sola in the way the Mets lost. "Well, we didn roll over and die like we did against the in some of the September games," h says. Tomorrow's game is less than 2 hours away, against the Braves' hotte pitcher. What Subway Series?

October 13: Descending into L Guardia over Shea Stadium, which I n tice is empty except for a lone guy rakin the infield. The Mets sink a few hou later, the 4–3 loss visible on the pres room TVs at Yankee Stadium. The ele tricity that was missing in Atlanta is pr sent in excess here in the Bronx. But tl mood swings accelerate as the playof go on: The pumped-up crowd murmu nervously after just three Red Sox ba ters, as the Yankees fall behind 2–0. Tl vibe lurches again in the tenth: An ur pire's blown call goes against the perm nently cursed Sox, then Williams seiz the fleeting opportunity.

Afterward, sportswriters try to bui convoluted theories for the course of tl 4–3 victory: Were the Yankees dow from their three-day layoff? Were th lifted up by the example of Pa O'Neill's broken-ribbed bravery? R Beck, the Boston pitcher who gave u the losing homer, simplifies things. " was a fastball that couldn't have be more down the middle," Beck says, "a he hit the piss out of it." Then Beck tri to explain how quickly the game ende but he also summarizes the ride tl Mets and Yankees have treated us t "This game's played by the moment," l says. "That's what makes it great. Tl mood could shift again. Really fast."

October 14: Just when the Red Sox a on the verge of changing the momentu old guys David Cone and Paul O'Ne drag the Yankees to another comeba win. Cone, slumping since July, writes happier finish to his season—for now, least. The pitcher, 36 and nearing the e of his contract, knows this could be h last win at Yankee Stadium. At 1 A.M. the Yankees' clubhouse, seven sm boys, the sons of Strawberry, Grimsl Pettitte, and Leyritz, run through tl mob of reporters, cameras, and fathe chanting, "Yankees! Yankees! Yankees We're all up way past our bedtime, a no one wants to go home. Why not ju stay up and see if the Mets can tu things around Friday night? ■



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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Free Press

There seems to be a shortage of small rich men who want to be press barons. Leonard Stern's selling. Arthur Carter's tempted. Maybe they just need to think bigger.

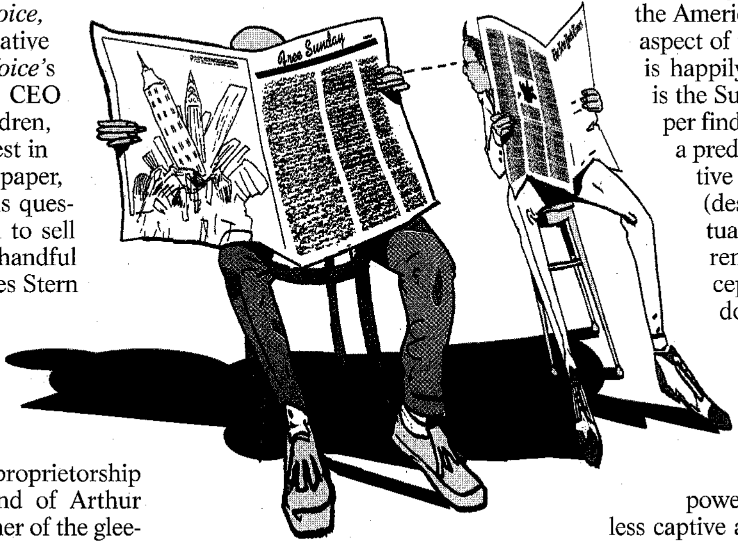
WHAT IS AN ALTERNATIVE newspaper? I have been trying, without luck, to lay my hands on *The Village Voice*'s confidential "black book," that description of its marketing mission and financial history now circulating among potential buyers of the paper, to see how the *Voice*'s investment bankers define *alternative.*

Russ Smith's New York *Press* is clearly the alternative to the *Voice*, but the *Voice* is the alternative to what? I wonder if the *Voice*'s owner, Hartz Mountain CEO Leonard Stern, and his children, who he says have no interest in inheriting and running the paper, aren't also bothered by this question—hence their decision to sell the *Voice* (along with the handful of other alternative weeklies Stern has acquired). Where's the excitement and pride in owning an alternative-to-nothing alternative paper, even a profitable one?

Similar issues of future proprietorship are no doubt on the mind of Arthur Carter, the 67-year-old owner of the gleeful and eccentric, albeit unprofitable, New York *Observer.* For all its sizzle, it has, after twelve years, been unable to become much more than a rich man's diversion (it is hard to bequeath a diversion). Earlier this year, Carter came perilously close to selling the paper to Canadian news lord Conrad Black, in an aborted deal that, if anything, indicates the paper is for sale.

New York has traditionally managed to maintain a variety of papers largely by the grace and vanity of what a prominent investment banker terms "small rich men." But the fact that the younger generation of wealth seems to have much less interest in being press lords (don't count on the Murdoch heirs' determination to support the money-losing New York *Post*, for instance), together with the ever-expanding capital requirements and the fact that newspapers grow more and more painfully anachronistic, unread, and economically threatened every day, not to mention the abuse that is heaped upon owners of publications by writers at other publications (such as this one), means that even rich men need a little more—more respect, more money, more power.

The real problem, the real sense of drift, the real lack of respect, money, and power, come, I believe, from the difficulties in defining *alternative.* Because the answer to the alternative-to-what question is painfully obvious. But even for the richest of men, there is terror in admitting that the real dream, and the only significant business opportunity for a newspaper in New York, is to be the alternative to the *Times.*



And who would take that on?

WELL, I HAVE A PLAN.

As it happens, the reason I am a happily married media columnist instead of a would-be media mogul is that my wife has elicited a promise from me that I will write no more business plans (let alone raise capital, enter into partnerships, hire people, launch into start-up mode of any kind), so I offer this plan to all adventurous media entrepreneurs; to any small rich man with press-baron aspirations; or even to a cyber-gazillionaire who wants to hold something real in his hands (though that sort seem more interested in sports franchises).

Are you ready?

The executive summary of the business plan I have forsworn writing would begin: "This is a proposal to create a free Sunday newspaper in New York. . . ."

Voilà.

Sunday. Free.

While newspapers are fast becoming something like the drive-in, a part of the America that once was, there is an aspect of the newspaper business that is happily thriving everywhere. That is the Sunday paper. The Sunday paper finds America at a given time, in a predictable place, and in a receptive mood. On Sunday mornings (despite the great talk of a spiritual revival in America, church remains a drag), nobody (except golfers) has anything to do. Television is at its lowest ratings moment; traffic on the Internet is subdued; many retail outlets don't open till noon (or even at all). In the old-fashioned model, media was powerful because it had a more or less captive audience (indeed, the media business is in turmoil precisely because this is no longer true). On Sunday mornings in New York as well as across America, this has not changed. The Sunday paper still owns you.

Now make it free.

Free is painful for publishers, but inexorably, it is one of those love-it-or-leave-it, make-lemonade kinds of things. Indeed, it seems increasingly clear that among the greatest revolutions of this time of more or less great revolutions is that information has become free. First it was a minor amount of information on television, and then, more recently, pretty much all information. In fact, most newspapers and magazines now give away online what they charge for on the street. And yet, at the same time, these same publications willfully resist the reality that sooner or later it won't

Illustration by Istvan Bany

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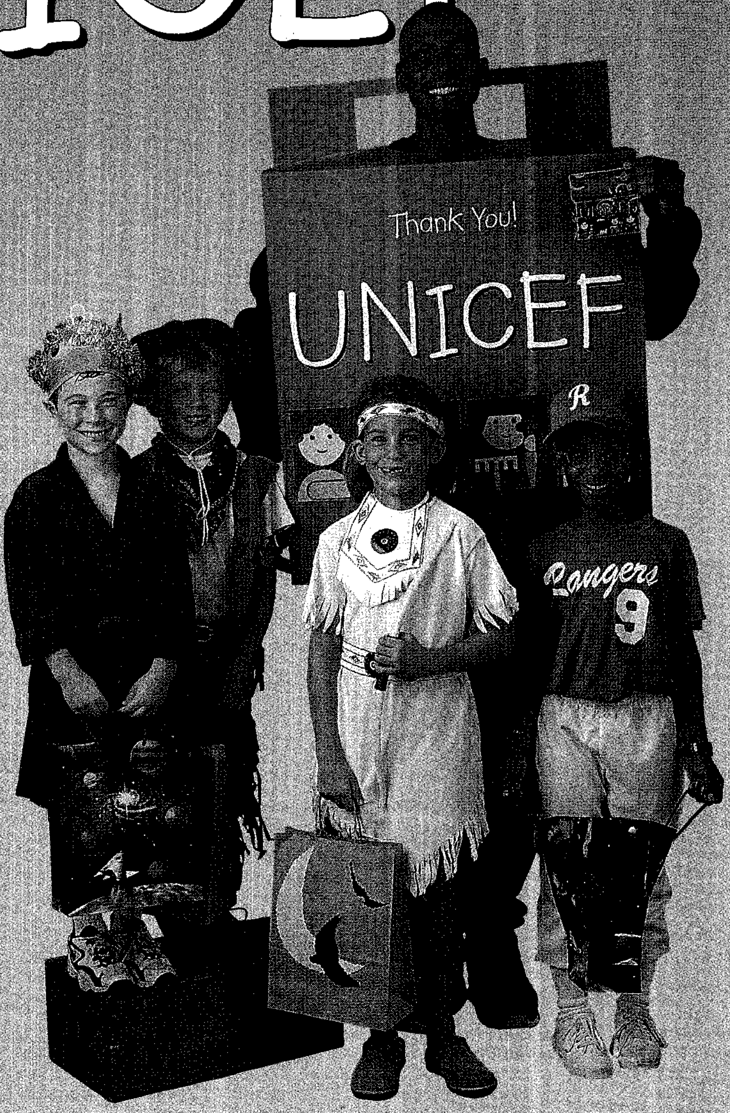

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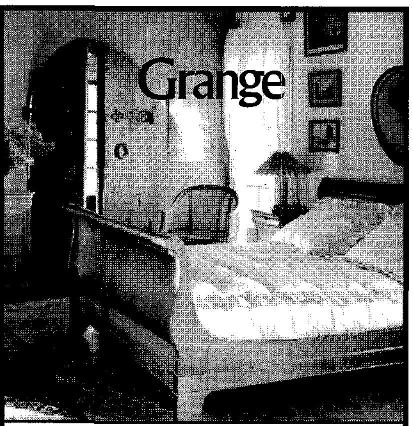

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be so easy to get people to pay for what they can otherwise get free.

There are some things it is useless to resist.

Television achieved ubiquity in less than ten years. Why?

The Internet, an underperforming technology, has captured the imagination of the world. Why? Hello?

Indeed, *The Village Voice,* forced to go free by the upstart New York *Press,* now claims a greater circulation in Manhattan than the *Times.*

In a market-share world, free is some incredible weapon.

And free makes this, it should forcefully be argued in the business plan, a new-media play. Profits won't be allowed to constrain our growth—a big selling point when we get to the public offering. (Price is also the oldest of old-media plays—dropping the price is how newspapers sucker-punch their rivals; Murdoch's 25-cent Sunday *Post* is bedeviling the 50-cent Sunday *News.*)

See how the New York *Times* deals with free!

WHO IS THE MARKET FOR A NEW NEW York Sunday paper?

The shopping, job-seeking, apartment-renting, home-buying, restaurant-eating, traveling, moviegoing, computer-buying world. This is the *Times'* world, but you can see it more inclusively. It's every *Times* reader but also that big group among the 14-to-30 set who don't get the *Times* thing. (It is true that the plan excludes people who do not shop, seek jobs, rent or buy homes, eat in restaurants, travel, go to movies, or compute, but hey.)

Now, you want these readers all to yourself. You don't want them to read the *Times* too. We are not a second read. Advertisers won't pay twice to reach the same person. Therefore, in our free Sunday paper we have to offer everything the *Times* offers.

For a long time, the conventional wisdom has been that the *Times* has erected an almost insurmountable barrier to entry. An alternative or start-up paper could never compete with the depth of the *Times'* news-gathering operation. How do you go up against worldwide bureaus, hundreds of correspondents, Pulitzer Prizes galore, Washington reporters who actually might have gotten coffee for Scotty Reston, etc.?

This is the point in the business plan where you argue the detriments and liabilities of what we in the new economy call the burden of our competitor's installed base. In the old economy, installed base—infrastructure, capital expenditure, skill sets, experience, institutional memory—was a central asset of a business. I the new economy, this installed base i just an impediment to new technolog work styles, and business models.

The point is not that the *Times* ha bureaus, correspondents, and tried-and true ways of doing things but that it' stuck with them—indeed, even screwe because of them. The *Times* makes th case as often as possible that, by virtu of its vast resources and well-know standards, it brings a special authority– reliability, veracity, family trust, etc.—t its presentation of the news. But this becomes just a bit of pomposity in an info hip world.

> *"The point is not that the 'Times' has bureaus, correspondents, and* **tried-and-true ways of doing things** *but that it's stuck with them—indeed, even screwed because of them.'*

The fact is, the *Times,* as an organization of generalists, now has to compe with the easy availability of specialize coverage. The *Times'* business pages, f instance, much to the consternation people at the *Times,* have increasing become a second or third read. After t *Journal,* after a real-time market sit even after a specialty-news site, then y get to the *Times.*

What's more, the *Times'* own emphasis has changed. Although it still maintains the infrastructure of a vast new gathering organization, it relies mo and more heavily on the talents of pundits and opiners and analysts who a watching CNN like everyone else.

That's the competitive advantage: I the new information world, it is possib to offer a stew of perspective and sens bility and behind-the-scenes insight plus cover the news of the day, and do without the infrastructure that the *Tim* is paying for. Duh.

I'D PUT THE *VOICE* AND THE *OBSERVER* TOgether. The *Observer* has become sort the real alternative paper after all. It punditry run amok. Indeed, it begins suggest what *alternative* can mean in post-ideological age. To this the *Voi* would bring a sumptuous feast of ente tainment and classified advertising (you'd probably want to get rid of most of the *Voice's* editorial mutterings). With the *Observer* and the *Voice,* you'd have a sophisticated broadsheet wrapped around an entertainment-oriented tabloid. Now all we need to add is a traditional-news skin, perhaps a travel section, business, and maybe fashion (forget the magazine and book review). But content is cheap —and getting cheaper.

Why report the news when you can make deals for the news? What is a Sunday newspaper anyway but a horizontal portal? Horizontal portals, of course, turn to vertical portals to provide their content. In fact, online content providers will gladly offer their content for offline use for a little cross-marketing promotion. (Really, who pays for content anymore?)

If Mort Zuckerman weren't so preoccupied with the troubles at his other media properties, I'd say here was a plan that could solve the *Daily News* Sunday problem. Forget the *News* and its no-win battle with the *Post,* and use this new vehicle—the *Voice-Observer* combo—to go after the *Times,* which would play well on *The Charlie Rose Show.* But I'm afraid Mort might no longer have the dough.

Conrad Black, then. It is unclear, though, what happened the first time around when he tried to buy the *Observer.* The deal was announced, then unannounced. Someone's nose got out of joint, no doubt. But press lords are never permanently rebuffed. Black, who tried to buy the *News* before Zuckerman snapped it up, is coming to New York somehow.

I actually like Tony O'Reilly, the former Heinz CEO and Euro-media mogul who shows an interest in the U.S., for this. Foreigners still have some fighting spirit when it comes to newspapers—and this would be an old-fashioned newspaper war.

And you can count on it: The other side wouldn't even know the war was going on until it was too late.

THIS IS THE AGE OF BUSINESS PLANS. Everyone has one (and who doesn't send theirs to me?). Deep vertical portals. Horizontal portals as far as the eye can see. But no one's going to have a great deal of fun with those ideas.

Not like starting a newspaper in New York. Upsetting the New York *Times.* Overthrowing the new-media paradigm for old media.

And while I know what I've promised my wife, still . . .

If you're serious, call me. ▬

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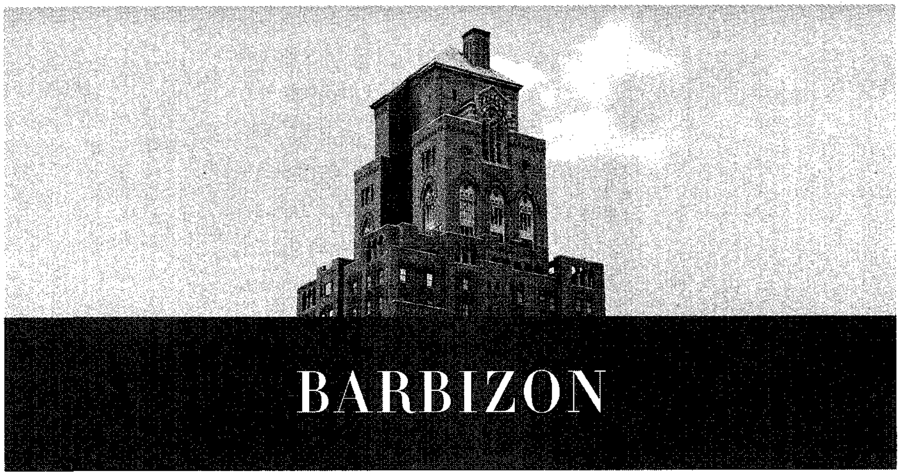

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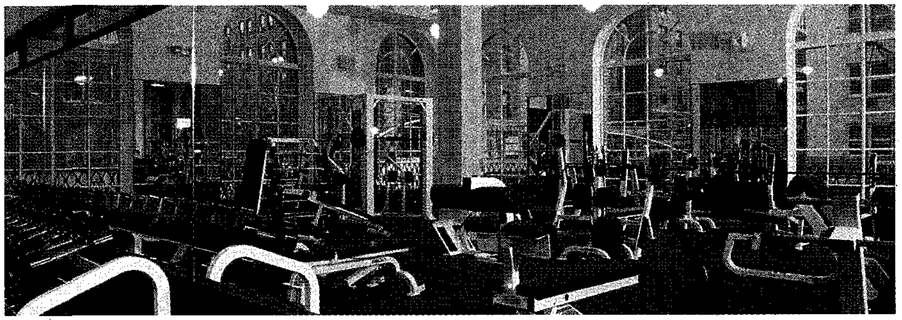
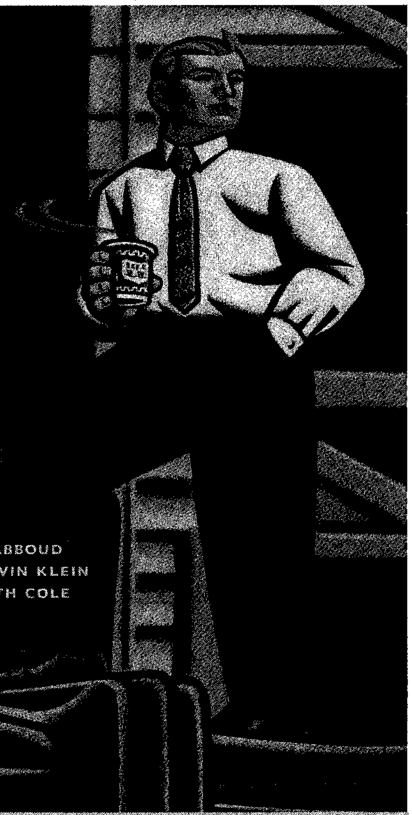


THE ROTHMAN'S MAN has the corner office, a hit album in Europe, and has never missed a putt.



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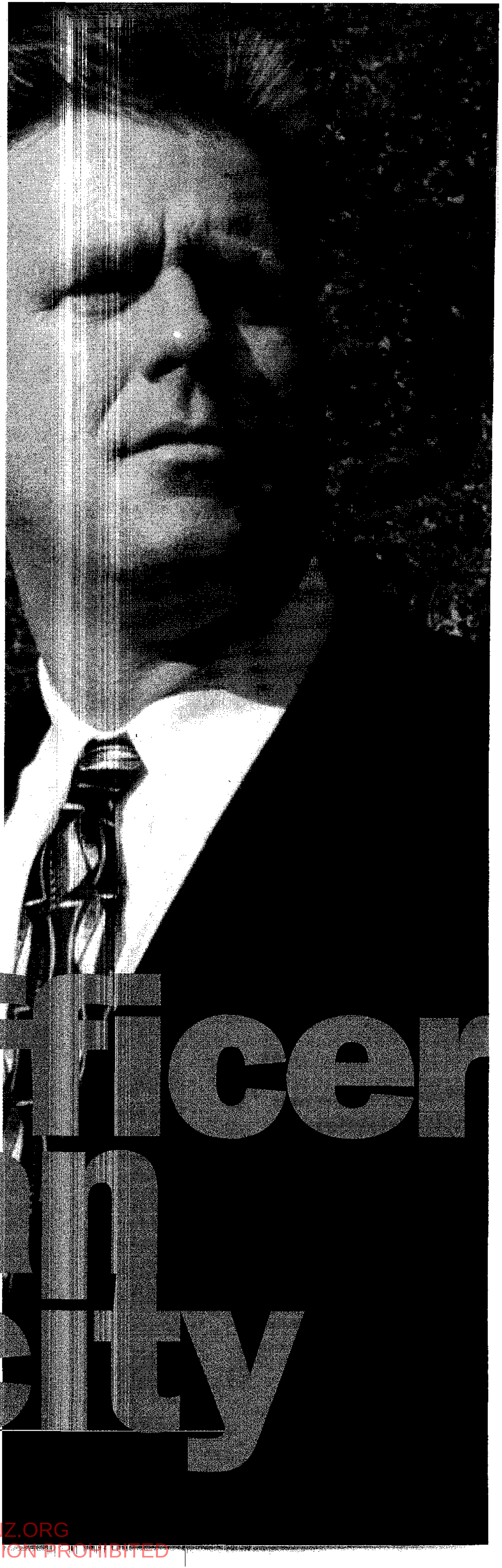
An Officer and an Atrocity

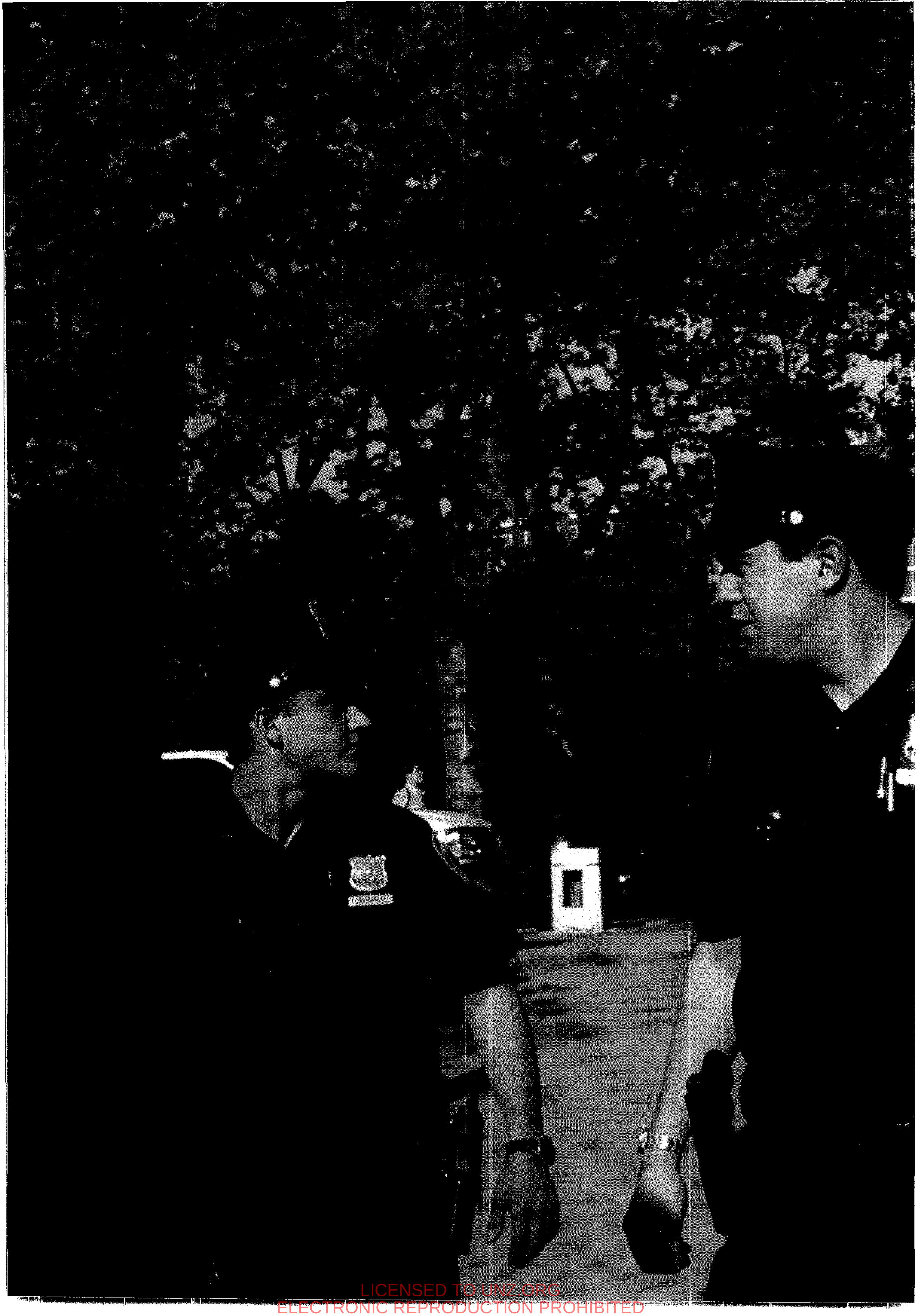
There are several conflicting theories about what happened in the 70th Precinct on the night Abner Louima was assaulted. Based on one of them, Charles Schwarz may spend the rest of his life in prison. A reexamination of the city's most depraved police-brutality case.

By Craig Horowitz



Photograph by Frances M. Roberts

When assistant U.S. Attorney Alan Vinegrad stood up on the morning of June 2 to deliver his summation at the trial of the police officers charged with brutalizing Abner Louima, it was one of those extraordinary opportunities prosecutors live for. A high-profile case. Unsympathetic defendants. A packed courtroom. Extravagant media coverage. And the whole city, if not much of the country, paying close attention. • But for Vinegrad, a formidable, battle-tested prosecutor, this was more than just a star turn in the post–O.J. era of celebrity lawyers. This was an opportunity to argue on behalf of an unimpeachably righteous cause. And so when he began to address the court at a little before ten, wearing a dark suit and a white shirt, he was stoked by the confidence that he was fighting the good fight. • Vinegrad spent almost three hours painstakingly recapping the government's case. At times straightforward, in a barely inflected, just-the-facts kind of way, and at times quite passionate, he took the jury back to the early morning hours of August 9, 1997. • The tragic chain of events began just shy of 4 A.M. at Club Rendezvous in Flatbush, where Abner Louima had spent the night dancing and drinking. An argument broke out in the club between two women, which



quickly escalated and spilled out onto the sidewalk. Tearing at each other's clothes, the women ended up in a partially naked brawl, attracting a crowd of rowdy onlookers, many of whom had been drinking. When things began to get out of hand, someone called the police. Ten cops from the 70th Precinct responded.

In the ensuing chaos, police officer Justin Volpe was punched on the side of his head. Officers Charles Schwarz and Thomas Wiese mistakenly thought Abner Louima had done it, and they arrested him. (Later on, it was revealed that it was actually Louima's cousin who hit Volpe.)

On the way to the precinct, Louima was allegedly beaten in the back of the patrol car twice—once by the arresting officers and once, at a different location, by Volpe and his partner, Thomas Bruder. Then, of course, the night's appalling denouement took place in the Seven-Oh's bathroom.

After hours of copious exposition covering time lines, locations, and witness statements, Vinegrad stepped out from behind the lectern and walked slowly toward the jury. Pressing right up against the rail in front of the jury box, he made sure to make eye contact with each of the twelve jurors: eight of them white, three Hispanic, and one black. It was his cinematic moment, his moment to transcend the mountain of detail and to lift the jury up with him to a place where they could clearly see and understand the essence of the case.

"Every second he's in there is a second too long," says Andra Schwarz. "But I know one day he's gonna get his life back."

"This trial is about justice," Vinegrad told them, his voice growing stronger for effect. "This is not the streets of Brooklyn. This is not the back of a patrol car. This is not a station-house bathroom. This is a court of law. In this courtroom, the rule of law must prevail." Vinegrad's voice resonated in the hushed courtroom when he gave the jury his final pitch. "We ask that you return a verdict that delivers justice and vindicates the rule of law, a verdict that each of the defendants in this courtroom is guilty."

After eighteen hours of deliberation, the jury found Charles Schwarz guilty of holding Abner Louima down while Justin Volpe—who'd already pleaded guilty to the crime—sodomized him with the broken end of a broomstick (Schwarz, Wiese, and Bruder were acquitted of the assault in the patrol car). The verdict was a catharsis for the city, proof that the police weren't above the law. This time, the thin blue line provided no shelter; justice was done.

BUT WAS IT? IN THE FOUR MONTHS since the verdict was delivered, compelling doubts have been raised about Schwarz's participation in the crime. Though it seems hard to believe, given the resources devoted to this case, the questions about what happened on that August morning in the 70th Precinct are far from being answered. The investigation lasted nearly two years. It involved both the Brooklyn D.A.'s office and the office of the U.S. Attorney. Every one of the 700 investigators in the NYPD's Internal Affairs Bureau was utilized. Dozens of FBI agents worked the streets, and more than 400 people were interviewed.

Nevertheless, in the end, the government mounted a case against Schwarz built in large measure on circumstantial evidence. Parts of the trial testimony were blatantly contradictory, and the jury never got to hear critical information that plainl suggests another version of what happened. Personal animosity betwee Schwarz's lawyer, Stephen Worth, an Volpe's lawyer, Marvyn Kornberg, distor ed the proceeding; Justin Volpe claime that another cop had been in the bathroo with him; and Abner Louima himself, wh unhesitatingly identified Justin Volpe, wa never able to identify his other attacker.

None of the cops who were in the 70t Precinct that night and knew what happened to Abner Louima are without guil In the atmosphere of fear, chaos, and ange that prevailed in the station house, the cop thought first of saving their skins, protec ing their colleagues, and staying out o harm's way—everything but justice fo Louima. Even officer Eric Turetzky, wh came forward six days after the crime an was hailed as a hero by Mayor Giuliani, ap

Photographs by Brennan Cavanaugh (

ears to have broken his silence only when e believed his career was on the line. But here are, clearly, levels of guilt, and the ritical question is whether Schwarz deerves the same fate as Justin Volpe.

CHARLES SCHWARZ IS CURRENTLY under 23-hour-a-day lockdown in a six-by-nine-foot cell in the Metropolitan Correctional Center; he aces the possibility of spending the rest of is life in prison. Despite the questions bout his guilt, there have been few voices aised on his behalf. There are no protestrs locked in arm-in-arm solidarity in front f the U.S. Attorney's office demanding is release. And there are no activists vved up to focus attention on his case.

he believers: Schwarz's wife, Andra (left) and lawyer onald Fischetti are trying to get his conviction overturned.

Even the PBA, the cops' own union, has een mealy-mouthed and barely visible on is behalf. Though it's held one press conrence and is contributing some money r Schwarz's defense, there's no evidence f a sustained, comprehensive effort to get e word out. It's almost as if the crime as so depraved, so unspeakable, that traitional ideas about guilt, innocence, and asonable doubt don't seem, at least in e public's mind, to apply.

There is, however, a small but growing ovement—led by Schwarz's wife, Anra, and his new lawyer, Ronald Fischet—to get the judgment against him overrned. Or, at the very least, to get him a ew trial. The private-investigation firm f Stanton and Maple is also part of this fort. Bill Stanton is an energetic former op, and Jack Maple is, of course, the iconoclastic, derby-wearing former deputy commissioner under Bill Bratton. Maple, who used to sit in his small ninth-floor office at Police Headquarters drinking espresso and absorbing reams of crime data from precincts all over the city, is one of the most original thinkers in the history of the NYPD. He and Stanton have taken the case pro bono.

"I will get Chuck Schwarz out of prison," says Fischetti, "if it takes me the rest of my career. There's no doubt in my mind that Chuck Schwarz is innocent."

Charles and Andra Schwarz believe he was served up to satisfy a public hungry for retribution. And to help a mayor desperate to appear in control of the crisis during his re-election campaign. Though Mayor Giuliani was far ahead in his bid for a second term at the time Louima was attacked, he was not about to live with the impression that *his* Police Department—already under fire for crossing the line, especially in minority communities—routinely sheltered renegades and sociopaths.

It would be easy to dismiss the pro-Schwarz sentiment and scapegoat theorizing as the perfunctory post-trial bleating of defense lawyers and family (if you can't count on the loyalty of your wife and your lawyer, whose can you count on?). But a look at the murky complexities of the case reveals why the verdict against Schwarz is open to doubt.

IT'S SIMPLEST TO START with what is not in dispute: Schwarz and Wiese arrived back at the station house on Lawrence Avenue at 4:35 A.M. with their prisoner, Abner Louima, in tow. They stopped at the desk, told the sergeant on duty they had a suspect to book, and began to do his pedigree: filling out forms with his personal information, searching him, and cataloguing his possessions.

While this was taking place, Volpe, who got back to the precinct around the same time as Schwarz and Wiese, was seen by a witness walking toward the bathroom with a sticklike object two or three feet long. Moments later, he came out of the bathroom without the object and asked one of the cops if he could borrow a pair of black leather gloves.

Volpe then went to the front desk, where Louima was still being processed, and there was a minor dispute about who would get credit for the collar. Schwarz wanted it because he originally grabbed Louima in the street and he'd gotten a little banged up in the mêlée outside Club Rendezvous. Volpe, however, was adamant about taking the arrest because he believed Louima was the guy who had punched him in the head. The desk sergeant gave the arrest to Volpe.

Determining what took place from this moment forward depends on whom you talk to. Two key prosecution witnesses, both cops, said they saw Schwarz leading Louima, still handcuffed, to the back of the precinct with his pants and his underwear down around his knees. One of these cops was Eric Turetzky, who testified he saw Schwarz turning right, into a dead-end hallway that leads only to the bathroom—the other way, to the left, are the holding cells. Nobody, however, saw Schwarz actually take Louima into the bathroom. But why would Schwarz take Louima anywhere at that point if the arrest belonged to Volpe? And if he was walking Louima to the back of the precinct, couldn't he have been walking him to a holding cell?

Louima himself told two different stories about what exactly happened after he was booked. Sergeant William Hargrove of Internal Affairs was the first investigator to talk to Louima. He interviewed him in the hospital on Sunday night, about 48 hours after the attack.

In this interview, Louima said he was taken from the front desk of the precinct to a holding cell for about ten minutes. Then he was taken into the bathroom, and it was in there that his pants and underwear were pulled down and he was beaten and sodomized. Oddly enough, the fact that Louima said he was first taken to a cell appeared only in Hargrove's notes, not in his final written report.

The prosecution dismissed this first account as an insignificant inconsistency because in all of his subsequent statements, Louima said he was taken straight to the bathroom from the front desk. And that he was cruelly humiliated even before the attack by being marched through the precinct, handcuffed, walking "chicken-wing-style," with his pants down, his underwear down, and his genitals exposed. Remarkably, in no account and at no time was Louima able to identify Charles Schwarz. Not in a lineup, not from pictures, and not in court. He was only able to say that it was the driver of the patrol car who was the second cop in the bathroom, the one who beat him and held him down.

"I stand Schwarz up in the middle of the trial," says Stephen Worth, Schwarz's lawyer, "and I say to Louima: 'Look at this guy, this guy right here. Is this the guy?' It's a very dramatic moment. And Louima says, 'I don't know; it's either the driver or the passenger.' I mean this was his chance to point the finger at Schwarz and he doesn't take it."

The prosecution presented this inability to I.D. Schwarz as a testament to Louima's honesty. "Did he seize this chance that Mr. Worth was so generously dangling before his eyes to identify the driver as the second officer who was with him in the bathroom?" Vinegrad asked the jury. "Did he? No. He told you the truth, nothing less and nothing more: 'It looks like the driver, but I'm not sure.' He thought the driver and the passenger looked alike."

TWO DAYS AFTER SCHWARZ WAS INdicted, Thomas Wiese—the *passenger* in the patrol car—told investigators that Volpe was the one who rammed a stick into Louima's rectum. And, Wiese told them, Schwarz was not in the bathroom. He knew this, he said, because he *saw* it.

Wiese, the precinct's PBA delegate on the midnight tour, told Internal Affairs he was chasing a stray puppy the cops had picked up in the street when the dog ran to the back of the precinct by the bathroom. He followed, heard a noise inside, and opened the door. There was Volpe, he said, standing over a crumpled, moaning, soiled Louima, with a stick in his hand. "He shit himself," Wiese said Volpe told him. Wiese's story is backed up by Volpe's partner, Thomas Bruder, who said he saw Volpe take Louima into the bathroom and he saw Wiese near the door.

Wiese's account is without question the most enigmatic part of the case, and the government has dismissed it from the beginning. What remains impossible to determine is whether they have definitive proof he was lying. Wiese did fail a lie-detector test shortly after he first talked to investigators, but several days later, he passed a second one.

"What would make them believe Tommy Wiese?" says his lawyer. "If he told them he stood there yelling, 'Go, Volpe, go!'?"

If the prosecution is right, however, and Wiese is lying, what could possibly be his motivation? Why would he place himself in jeopardy by saying he was at the scene when no one else put him there? Indeed, given the mood of the city in the aftermath of the attack and the race to find and indict every cop who had a role in it, the last place on earth any cop would have wanted to be on that morning was anywhere near the bathroom at the Seven-Oh.

It is on this point that the government's case against Schwarz really turns. According to sources close to the case, prosecutors in the U.S. Attorney's office do not believe it is possible that their two witnesses and Louima are either mistaken or lying about what happened. One of them, maybe, but not all three. Instead, they believe that Wiese, Schwarz, and Bruder concocted a story to protect Schwarz, and the three of them have been charged with obstruction of justice. The trial is set to begin January 3. (Schwarz is scheduled to be sentenced after this trial.)

Because the obstruction trial is pending, Alan Vinegrad declined to comment on any aspect of the case other than to give me an official statement, which says, in essence, that the place to argue the case is in the courts, not in the media. It also accuses some of the defense attorneys of using "half-truths and outright misrepresentations" in their effort to retry the case in the media.

"They're furious about this buzz that's out there," says one of the defense attorneys, "and their attitude now is, *You just wait, we'll show you at the obstruction trial.*"

What the prosecution apparently intends to do is to solve the big mystery, to prove, at long last, that Wiese is lying. Sources tell me they will do this by revealing that several days after the bathroom attack, a secret meeting took place in the 70th Precinct's muster room at three in the morning. Attending were Schwarz, Wiese, Bruder, and several PBA representatives. The belief is that the government may have a witness who'll testify that some kind of a cover-up was hatched or at least discussed at this meeting.

"I don't know too many people who would do what Tommy did," says Joseph Tacopina, Wiese's lawyer. "Think about it. You're not in the soup, you're not charged with sexual assault, and you're not charged with being near where it happened. The people who are charged are looking at possibly spending the rest of their lives in jail. Still, you go to investigators and tell them, voluntarily, 'I walked into the bathroom and here's what I saw.' And yet the government doesn't buy hi story. What would make them believe Tommy? If he told them he stood there i the bathroom yelling, 'Go, Volpe, go!'?"

But why would Wiese—who by all accounts, including the prosecution's, was model cop—participate in a cover-up t protect Schwarz? Sources say one possible scenario coming out of the prosecutor's office is this: After Louima i booked, Schwarz takes him to the bathroom thinking Volpe is going to tune hi up—smack him around a little, to ge even, since he thinks Louima is the gu who sucker-punched him in the street.

But once inside the bathroom, Volp doesn't just hit Louima a couple of time he pushes him facedown into that sma space in the stall between the toilet an the wall and sodomizes him with th length of stick he'd left in the bathroom little earlier. It all happens so fast, an Schwarz is so astonished by what Volpe done, that he basically freaks. Overcom by a mix of fear and adrenaline, he ju freezes. He makes no move to stop Volp and in the blink of an eye it's too late. It already over. Then, his mind racing, tr ing to take it all in and figure out what h should do, he runs out of the bathroo and gets Wiese, the precinct fixer, the gu who can take care of anything.

The enemies: **Attorney Kornberg and client Justin Volpe (below) sparred with attorney Tacopina and client Wiese (right).**

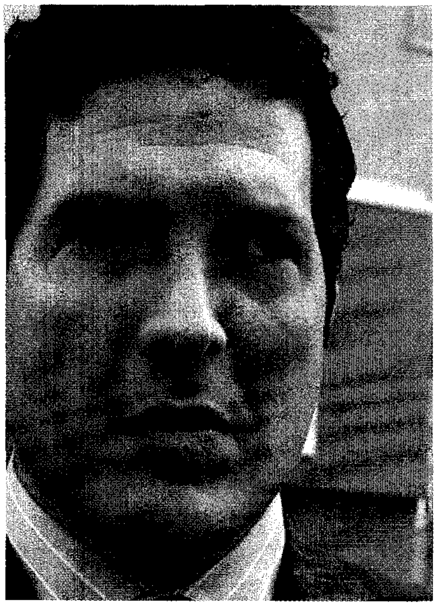
There is also a version of events th has been floated by some of the peop close to the case that has Wiese in th bathroom in the role that Schwarz ha been accused of playing. In other word

Photographs by Frances M. Roberts (

he didn't just happen by and happen to open the door. This story line rests on mistaken identity and the key fact that except for a height difference, Schwarz and Wiese look pretty much alike. Remember, when Louima was asked to make an I.D. in court, he looked at Schwarz and said he could be the driver *or* the passenger. He wasn't sure.

It was lost on no one once the trial started that Wiese suddenly showed up in court looking like a schoolboy with longer hair and glasses. It was so apparent he was trying to separate himself physically from Schwarz that a hot topic of gossip around the courthouse was whether his glasses actually had lenses in them.

When I asked his lawyer, Tacopina, about it, he dismissed this notion as ridiculous with a quick wave of his hand. However, the rumor was enough of a concern that he told me he went to court every day with a copy of Wiese's lens prescription in his litigation bag, just in case.



ANDRA SCHWARZ HAS TAKEN A leave of absence from her job as a paralegal to work full-time on her husband's behalf, writing letters, making phone calls, and trying to organize fund-raisers. She has put their Staten Island house in the tidy, working-class neighborhood of Westerleigh up for sale so the money can be used for his defense. When she visits him at 9 South in the MCC, a special unit on the ninth floor where he's held along with Justin Volpe and the terrorists accused of bombing the American embassy in Africa, he is brought out in handcuffs.

Since the indictment was handed down 26 months ago, her life has been a nightmare of almost unimaginable proportions. "For the first couple of weeks, we were just in shock," says Andra, 39, a small woman with dark hair and dark eyes who wears a delicate cross and a replica of her husband's shield at the neckline of her blouse. "The whole thing was surreal. I mean, there's Chuck on the news and in the papers, and they're saying all kinds of awful things about him, calling him a sex torturer. But we just kept saying it'll all be okay. Once they investigate and the hysteria dies down, it will all work out."

Instead, things just seemed to escalate: "All of a sudden, the federal authorities got involved and everyone started talking about the blue wall of silence and systemic police brutality. Now the mayor and Safir and Sharpton and the Feds all had something to gain. But we still had faith in the system. We still believed the truth would come out, and we never, ever in a million years thought he'd be convicted. Not with all of that reasonable doubt."

The couple met one Christmas season when they were both working at Macy's. She was an NYU art major helping out with window displays, and he was a stock clerk waiting to enter the police academy. Almost from the beginning, they seemed to be plagued by bad luck. Instead of the big church wedding they'd planned for the summer of 1991, they were forced to marry at City Hall in February of that year because Schwarz, a former Marine and a National Guard member, was called up for Operation Desert Storm.

Then, in the summer of '96, one year before the Louima incident, Schwarz's younger brother was injured diving into a pool in the Hamptons. The accident left him a quadriplegic, and indirectly led to Schwarz's being on the midnight tour in the 70th Precinct on August 9. Schwarz had been working mostly days, as a plainclothes officer in an anti-crime unit. But he needed more time to help take care of his brother. So Schwarz gave up working days. When Abner Louima was attacked, Schwarz had only been on the midnight tour at the Seven-Oh about four weeks.

While there is no bitterness in Andra's voice when she talks about what's happened to their life, her lip quivers and her eyes get heavy with tears. Quickly, however, she regains her composure. "Every second he's in there is a second too long," she says, sitting up straight again, her resolve back. "His family's been destroyed by this. But I know one day he's gonna get his life back. And what we have to do is look toward the future and take it from there."

THE CASE HAS EVEN EXTRACTED A PRICE from those charged with investigating it. Several FBI agents working the case quit and filed a grievance because they didn't like the way it was being handled. Cathy Palmer, the lead prosecutor in the U.S. Attorney's office, surprised everyone when she also quit in midstream to go into private practice. And once the trial started and the defendants and their lawyers were all seated together at the defense table, it became clear that bad blood was flowing everywhere. Volpe's lawyer, Marvyn Kornberg, and Schwarz's lawyer, Stephen Worth, loathe one another.

At first, the animosity between the two litigators was based on one fairly simple fact: competition. Worth has the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association contract to represent cops, a deal worth more than $5 million a year, and Kornberg doesn't. Kornberg has spent the better part of the past ten years defending cops who opted not to use the PBA lawyers. His big selling point has long been that he may be expensive, but he's worth it because he's better than the PBA lawyers. And while it's true, as one observer said to me, that PBA lawyers have probably put more cops in jail than any army of prosecutors, Worth happens to have a solid reputation.

Months before the trial began, Kornberg began to go after the victim. He employed what he jokingly referred to in private as the "dildo defense." He told anyone who'd listen that he had medical experts who'd testify that Abner Louima's injuries—a gaping hole in his bladder and in his rectum—were not consistent with the forcible insertion of a foreign object. He also said experts would testify that the DNA of other men was found in Louima's fecal matter.

Translation: Abner Louima was not sodomized with a stick by Justin Volpe; he sustained his injuries while having some kind of homosexual sex. Kornberg went so far as to lay out this strategy in his opening remarks, though he discarded it once the trial began. But the damage was already done. The tactic sickened the public, and it also infuriated the other lawyers in the case, whose trial strategies were based on straightforward reasonable doubt.

Defense attorneys I spoke to, including those involved in the case, believe Kornberg's blame-the-victim soliloquies were a Johnny Cochran–like publicity play, and a blunder of spectacular proportions. They were all in agreement about what Kornberg should have done, given that the medical evidence was overwhelming that Louima was sodomized and there was virtually no doubt that Volpe did it. He should have had Volpe plead guilty early on. Then he could have offered mitigating circumstances based on a psychological evaluation and tried to make a deal with the prosecutors.

Instead, Kornberg had Volpe plead mid-trial, when the government's case was airtight and he had no real leverage to cut a deal. In fact, the prosecution wouldn't even accept Volpe's first plea, in which he said there was *no* other cop in the bathroom; he was alone with Louima. It wasn't until he added the second cop that they agreed to take it.

"I've never seen a lawyer quit mid-trial like that," says Tacopina. "But by that time, Kornberg had suffered all the humiliation he could stand. Kornberg took a case with this kind of impact on so many people's lives and used it as a pulpit for himself."

In the version of his plea that was finally accepted, Volpe said there was another cop in the bathroom who didn't participate in the attack but stood by the door and did nothing. Though Kornberg told the government, and Schwarz's lawyer, that the other cop Volpe was referring to was Wiese, he wasn't named in the plea. This did irreparable damage during the trial to Schwarz.

> **"Kornberg took a case with this kind of impact on so many people's lives and used it as a pulpit for himself," says Tacopina.**

Jurors Nos. 2, 6, and 8 have all signed affidavits stating they learned about Volpe's plea—he pleaded without the jury present—while watching television. And in those televised news reports, they heard that Volpe said he committed the assault with another cop in the bathroom. The jurors simply assumed that cop was Schwarz, since he was the one charged. They learned only after the trial that Volpe's "other cop" was Wiese.

Stephen Worth, however, knew that Volpe was referring to Wiese as the second cop, and he had to make a key strategic decision late in the trial: Should he call Volpe to testify? When Worth looked at the case he had presented for Schwarz and tried to determine what kind of shape he was in, he decided it was pretty good. It looked like he had put together a very strong reasonable-doubt case.

But why not finish it off by putting Volpe on the stand and have him take Schwarz out of the bathroom once and for all? Because Worth believed he couldn't trust Kornberg and he couldn't be sure of what Volpe would actually say on the stand. Kornberg, however, is adamant that Worth's decision not to call Volpe as a witness was a colossal mistake.

"Don't you think he had an obligation to at least interview Volpe to find out what he would say in court before determining whether or not to call him? This," he says, "Worth didn't do." But even if he had, there was still no guarantee that putting the unpredictable Volpe on the stand wouldn't have blown up in his face.

Though Kornberg says he doesn't want to continue the public sniping he and Worth have engaged in, when I ask him if he feels he made Worth's job more difficult, he answers without a moment's pause, "I hope so. I put Worth in the position of having to make a determination as a lawyer of whether or not to call a man who's an exculpatory witness. Worth would've loved for me not to have told him that when Volpe said there was a second cop in the bathroom he was referring to Wiese, not Schwarz. If I hadn't told him, he'd have grounds for an automatic reversal. I didn't let him have an automatic reversal. I made him have to make a choice, to act like a lawyer."

The prosecution doesn't believe Volpe's claim that Wiese was the cop in the bathroom. Nor did they have any interest in Kornberg's offer to have Volpe take a lie-detector test regarding his claim that Schwarz had no role in the incident. In part, this is because Volpe's credibility ranks somewhere south of O. J. Simpson's, but they also believe he had a motive to lie. Volpe and Wiese have a history, and prosecutors are convinced that Volpe, in one last hostile act, is trying to get Wiese by putting him in the bathroom.

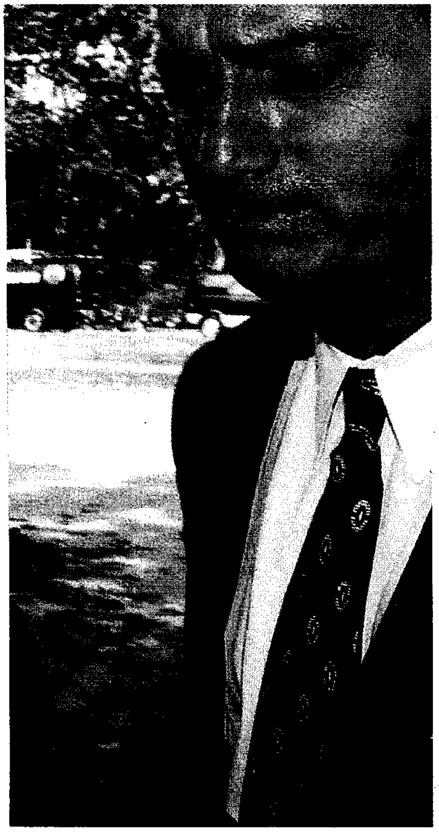
After Wiese talked to investigators that first week, word got back to Volpe that Wiese had given him up. Volpe apparently went completely nuts, overturning a desk and throwing a typewriter across the room. This, however, was not the first problem between the two cops. About a month earlier, Wiese, as the union delegate, had been getting complaints from other cops that they didn't want to work with Volpe. These cops were concerned that if they partnered with him they'd end up in trouble. Wiese took it to the sergeant on the midnight tour.

But when the sergeant tried to discuss it with Volpe, he threw a fit. Looking for a way out of the confrontation, the sergeant said, "Hey, I'm not making this up—your own delegate came to me about it." Volpe then, of course, went straight to Wiese, and the two had what somebody called a "big fuck-you contest" that almost ended in blows.

Photograph by Neil Schneider/IPOL

Surely their most bizarre encounter, however, took place near the end of the trial. Volpe was only days away from pleading guilty. His life was essentially over. On a day off from court, he had to report to the Internal Affairs Bureau at 315 Hudson Street, as all suspended cops do, to sign in. Volpe was supposed to be there at nine, and Wiese was scheduled for eleven. When Wiese arrived, Volpe was sitting in the lobby.

He had waited two hours for him. As Volpe approached, Wiese thought he was in trouble. It had been nearly two years since the men had spoken, and they'd hated each other even before the incident. What would Volpe do now? Pull out a gun? Hit him? What? As the two men came face to face, Volpe looked at Wiese, kept his hands at his side, and began to recite the Gettysburg Address. Wiese couldn't get to the elevator fast enough.



Till death do us part: **Andra Schwarz with attorney Stephen Worth after her husband's conviction four months ago.**

In the end, the relationship between the two men was one more grotesque sideshow in a case that was overrun with them. What mattered most was that neither Volpe nor Wiese testified at the trial, so the jury never got to hear either man's version of what occurred in the bathroom. The same way they never got to hear the full story of the now-infamous and critical six-minute phone call.

After Sergeant Hargrove from Internal Affairs interviewed Louima in the hospital on Sunday night and heard his horrifying story, he immediately went to the 70th Precinct and declared the bathroom a crime scene. In no time, the precinct was swarming with investigators. Though Volpe and Bruder were off that night, Wiese and Schwarz were working. Records show they took their meal break at 4 A.M. in the precinct, so they must have been what was going on.

They left the station at 5:08, and a little more than an hour later—at 6:16, to be precise—a six-minute phone call was made from a pay phone at Brooklyn College to Justin Volpe's house. The call was charged to Charles Schwarz's phone card. The prosecutors argued very convincingly that this was a smoking gun. Schwarz sees investigators ripping the precinct apart looking for evidence, knows Louima told them what happened, and as soon as he's back on the street he calls his fellow sex torturer to tell him there's trouble. It worked beautifully in court. After the trial, *Daily News* columnist Jim Dwyer interviewed several jurors who told him the phone call was a key in their decision to convict Schwarz.

There's only one small problem: Wiese says *he* made the phone call. Not only did the jury not know this, but they also weren't told that Bruder was called first, before Volpe. Wiese says he borrowed Schwarz's phone card to fulfill his obligations as the PBA delegate. He saw there was a problem at the precinct, he saw investigators searching their lockers, and he was calling Volpe and Bruder to give them a heads-up. (In those first days, Bruder, as Volpe's partner, was a primary suspect.)

Kornberg says it was indeed Wiese who made the critical phone call to Volpe, but not in his role as the union rep. "The reason Wiese made that call was, he wanted to discuss with Volpe what transpired with the two of them in the bathroom that night. And Volpe wouldn't have any part of it. He didn't want to discuss it on the phone, and at that point, he thought Wiese might be wired."

AS WITH ANY CRIMINAL CASE OF THIS magnitude, there were those who saw it as an opportunity to advance their own agenda, to achieve something other than simple justice. It was clear from his public statements, and the way the case was handled, that U.S. Attorney Zachary Carter wanted to set the world right. He wanted to send a chill through the NYPD regarding both brutality and the blue wall of silence.

Mayor Giuliani, on the other hand, who had built his entire public career on law and order and who had presided over the largest decrease in crime in the city's history, needed to send a different message. His failure to take the Police Department's success to the next level by developing a strategy to improve police-community relations now threatened to turn his greatest success into his greatest failure. He needed to calm people's fears, to convince them his police were not being allowed to run amok.

And for the Reverend Al Sharpton, the case was a tailor-made opportunity to try to awaken the city's protest movement, which had been in hibernation more or less since the first year of Mayor Giuliani's first term.

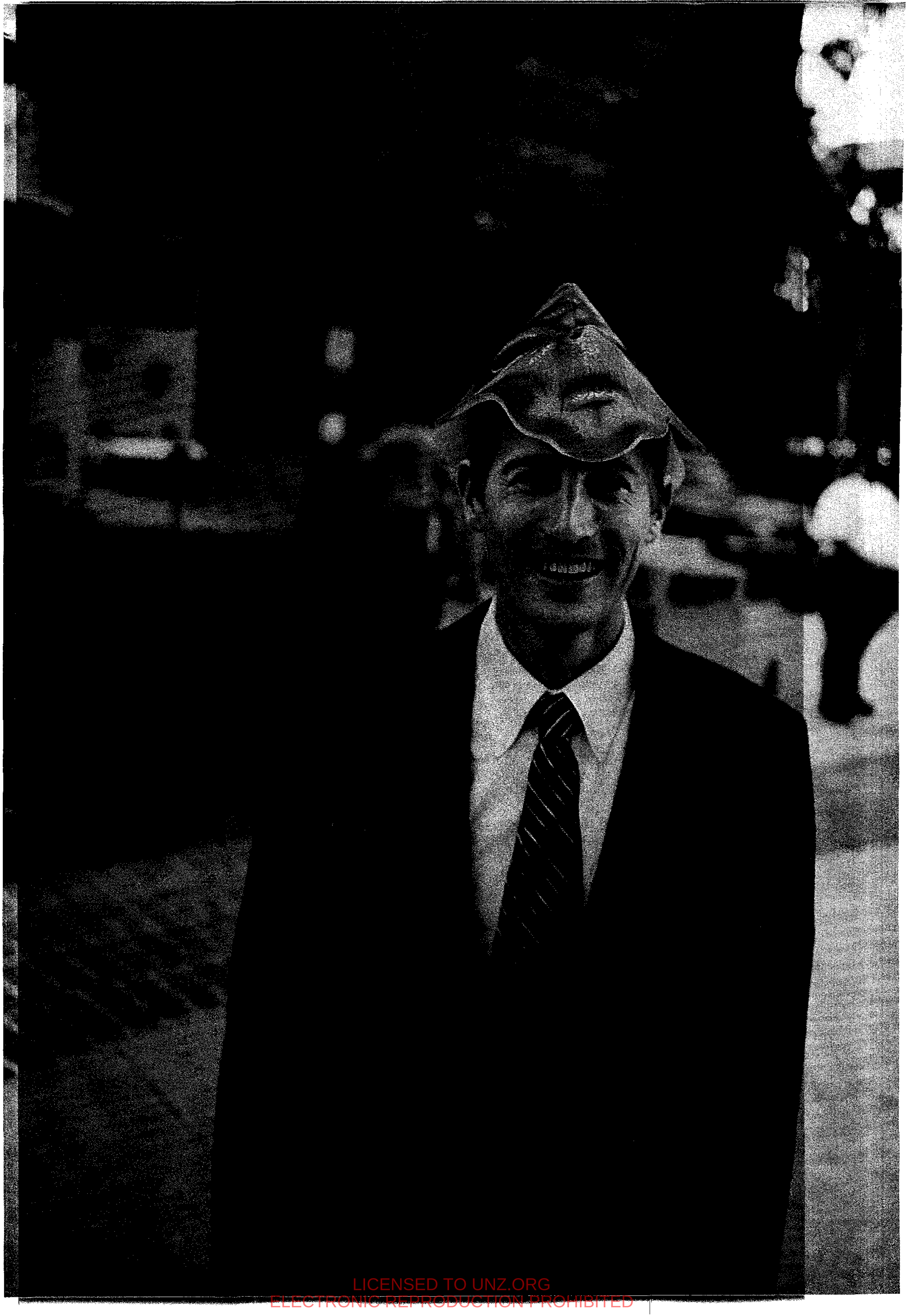
But on June 8, when the jury delivered its verdicts, it was clear that this case was, in the end, really only about the barbaric brutalization of Abner Louima and the tragic fate of a handful of flawed Brooklyn cops. When he was pronounced guilty, Schwarz stood and stared at the prosecutors, the rage in his eyes visible even in the back of the court. Wiese, on the other hand, was in tears. Though he had been acquitted of beating Abner Louima, he was devastated that his partner was going to prison. "How could this happen?" he asked Tacopina over and over again. And his lawyer told him, "I know what you're thinking, but you're going home today. It's terrible that Chuck's going to jail, but it wasn't an either-or."

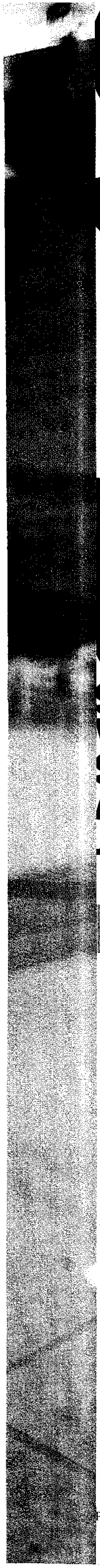
We may never know if what Wiese was thinking that day was that Schwarz was going to jail for something he did. But even if he was thinking only that he tried to tell the prosecution what had happened and they wouldn't listen, it is clear that there are no real good guys in this story.

It's true that Justin Volpe put the other cops at the 70th Precinct that night, particularly Charles Schwarz, Thomas Wiese, and Thomas Bruder, in an untenable position. Once events began to unfold, there were no good choices. But certainly there were right ones. If this had been a test of some kind, no one in the 70th Precinct would have earned much better than a barely passing grade. Justin Volpe may be the only truly guilty party here, but no one was truly innocent. Innocent is when the DNA proves you're not the rapist, that it was a terrible case of mistaken identity. Innocent is when you didn't do *anything*. Not when you were there and somebody else did it and you didn't report it, and you didn't quite tell the truth about it later, and maybe you even helped cover it up.

"When the first trial was over," says Joseph Tacopina, "I felt for a moment like I'd won the World Series of trials. But there was no celebration. This case will never be one I can look back on as a highlight. There's just been too much suffering and too much tragedy. This case has taken a tremendous toll on everybody who's been involved in it."

What happened to Abner Louima was an abomination. This was a police precinct, after all, and these men were police officers. The city—not to mention Abner Louima—has a right to expect better. No one who was in the station house that night should escape accountability. Still, there is reason to believe—reasonable doubt, and more—that Charles Schwarz may not have behaved much differently than any of the other cops who were swept up in the chaos that night. Should he share the same fate as Justin Volpe? In the end, that would not be justice, either. ■





SPIKE JONZE UNMASKED

SPIKE JONZE HAS BEEN A SKATEBOARDER, A VIDEO DIRECTOR—EVEN AN OCCASIONAL STUNTMAN. NOW HE'S A MAJOR DIRECTOR AND A MINOR MOVIE STAR, SO WILL THE REAL JONZE PLEASE STAND UP? BY ETHAN SMITH

Toward the end of this year's MTV Video Music Awards, as the prize for best-directed video was announced, about a dozen men and women wearing blue warm-up pants and tacky white tank tops swarmed out of the wings to join victorious British D.J. Fatboy Slim at the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen," intoned Slim, by way of introducing his award-winning video's director, "*Rrrrrrichard Koufey*!" As the D.J. stepped back from the podium, a skinny, bearded, frazzled-looking figure clutching a gym bag emerged from the onstage crowd and hoisted the award statuette above his head in a gesture of weary triumph. "Awww, no!" he exclaimed in disbelief, adjusting his wire-rimmed glasses. "The Torrance Community Dance Group and I have been together for seven years, and this is by far the most amazing thing that's ever happened to us!" ■ All the more amazing when you consider that the Los Angeles suburb of Torrance doesn't actually *have* a community dance group—except in the video for Fatboy Slim's "Praise You." The troupe's "leader," Richard Koufey, isn't even a real person. ■ Koufey is a pseudonym used by Spike Jonze, a wildly creative and eccentric photographer, music-video and commercial director, and more-than-occasional prankster. He's just made a scene-stealing acting debut as a redneck soldier in *Three Kings* and directed his first feature film, the buzzed-about *Being John Malkovich,* which made its debut recently at the New York Film Festival and opens in theaters October 29. ■ But like Richard Koufey, Spike Jonze isn't a real person, either. Jonze is a pseudonym used by Adam Spiegel, a 29-year-old Bethesda, Maryland–bred heir to the $3-billion-a-year Spiegel catalogue business, who in June married Hollywood hipster princess Sofia Coppola at Francis

Photograph by Shawn Mortensen/Corbis Outline.

Ford Coppola's Napa Valley vineyard. The star-studded wedding—Tom Waits played during the ceremony—was celebrated with a page of photos in *Vogue*. But there wasn't a single picture of the groom.

SINCE THE EARLY NINETIES, SPIKE JONZE HAS been taking the images that make up America's visual vernacular—TV shows, ad campaigns, B-movies—and turning them inside out, upside down, and into vehicles for his sly, ironic humor. He first appeared on the mainstream map in 1994 when he directed the video for the Beastie Boys' "Sabotage," a gritty, winking homage to seventies cop dramas like *Starsky and Hutch*. But his frame of reference isn't limited to the usual Gen-X suspects: His 1995 video for Björk's "It's Oh So Quiet" riffs on Busby Berkley's choreography, and his award-winning clip for "Praise You" with the "Torrance Community Dance Group" reimagines the amateurism of *America's Funniest Home Videos* as Broadway spectacle.

Even Jonze's commercials are full of tropes and sight gags lifted from the pop-culture slag heap. His Lee Jeans ad sends up superheroes when the pint-size "Buddy Lee" doll jumps into a runaway automobile to save a baby—who turns out to be in another car. His Levi's commercial mocks emergency-room dramas by having a half-dead patient and the doctors trying to revive him break into Soft Cell's "Tainted Love" to the faint bleat of an EKG monitor. That he's also directed a series of ads for Wrangler only testifies to his youth-culture ubiquity.

Up until this fall, Jonze had been a cult hero to the Beastie Boys' social circle and the hipsters who aspired to it—a figure who created stars (the *Happy Days* parody video he shot for Weezer made their career) and synthesized subcultural styles (his dizzying action sequences brought the skateboarder aesthetic to the mainstream). But he's bigger than that. "This is contemporary art," insists photographer David LaChapelle of Jonze's work. "He is *the* contemporary artist. What he does is much more valid than so much going on in galleries now." Still, few people over the age of 25 could pick him out of a police lineup.

That's likely to change once people see the Michael Stipe-produced *Malkovich*. In the surreal comedy, Craig Schwartz (John Cusack), a struggling street puppeteer who works on the low-ceilinged "seven-and-a-halfth" floor of a New York office building, discovers a passage into the mind of actor John Malkovich (who plays himself). After that, things get deeper, weirder, and funnier when Schwartz and his co-worker Maxine (Catherine Keener) decide to sell quarter-hour Malkovich joyrides to the public for $200 a pop. Eventually, Schwartz and his wife Lotte (Cameron Diaz) struggle for control of Malkovich's body. "Have you ever wanted to experience the world as somebody else?" Schwartz ask Maxine. "See what the see? Feel what they feel?"

Jonze has been experiencing the worl as somebody else for fifteen years, and no that he's in danger of becoming famous he's been working more furiously than eve to stay behind his self-created mask "Keeping the public guessing is part of hi thing," says Mark Lewman, one of Jonze' closest friends. So he avoids interviews cancels press conferences, and routinel fabricates information about his past. In recent British television profile, he presented himself as a Corvette-driving loudmout dressed in a tank top and a do-rag.

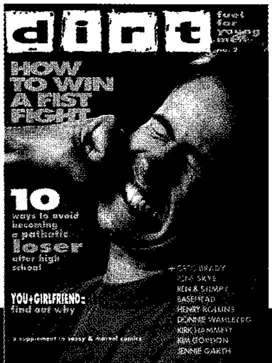
THE MANY FACES OF SPIKE **From left, Jonze as Torrance Community Dance Group leader Richard Koufey; *Three Kings'* Private Conrad Vig (with George Clooney); young *Dirt* devil; happy husband (with Sofia Coppola); the second issue of Jonze's magazine.**

"DEEP IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD," SAYS SKATEBOARDING FRIE

DIRECTOR'S CUTS **From left, Catherine Keener and John Cusack in *Malkovich;* Björk in the video for "It's Oh So Quiet"; Jonze's commercial for Lee Jeans; Beasties Adam Yauch and Mike Diamond in the "Sabotage" video.**

Photographs: clockwise from top left, courtesy MTV; Murray Close; Mark Lewman courtesy *Dirt;* Walter Weissman/Globe Photos; Spike Jonze (3); Melissa Mosele

The first time I spoke to Jonze, we talked on the phone for 40 awkward, rambling minutes—virtually all of it about why he felt uncomfortable talking about his new movie, not to mention himself. He said he felt uneasy because I had contacted several of his friends. "I want to let people know we have a movie coming out—but that's about it," he said in his high-pitched voice. "I've done a couple of interviews, and I realized how uncomfortable I felt as soon as I tarted talking." Then he went off to the Deauville film festival, where *Being John Malkovich* won the Grand Prix. A few days later, we spoke for just two minutes. I know you weren't being malicious when you called everyone," he said. "But t just doesn't feel right to me."


dirt
fuel for young men
no. 2
HOW TO WIN A FIST FIGHT
10 ways to avoid becoming a pathetic loser after high school
YOU+GIRLFRIEND= find out why
a supplement to sassy & marvel comics
HENRY ROLLINS
DONNIE WAHLBERG
KIM GORDON
JENNIE GARTH

N FIELD. "SPIKE WANTS TO BE A STUNTMAN."

ADAM SPIEGEL'S PARENTS DIVORCED BEFORE he was in high school, and his father, Arthur Spiegel III, lived in New York, where he ran an international health-care-consulting firm. His mother, Sandy Granzow, remained in Bethesda, worked in public relations, and often left Adam/Spike and his older sister to fend for themselves on weekends. "For all intents and purposes, the kid kind of raised himself," says Jay Metzler, the owner of the dirt-bike shop where Jonze worked when he was in junior high and high school. "He was basically a ward of the Rockville BMX store."

His co-workers there gave him his nickname because "he'd come to work without showering, and his hair was usually sticking straight up," says Metzler. "Everyone had a nickname: There was Tinkerbell, Wild Bill, Scooby-Doo, Nubby, and Root Girl."

But "Spike Jonze" wasn't just a nickname—it was an entire persona. "It was a legendary shop, and Spike was its ambassador," says Andy Jenkins, then the editor-in-chief of the BMX magazine *Freestylin'*. When professional riders from out of town would visit the shop, "Spike would show up at the airport to pick them up in a little chauffeur uniform." Sometimes Jonze would even elaborate on the shtick, telling hayseeds from the Midwest that his father, the real chauffeur, was gravely ill, and he was supporting the family by driving customers illegally.

Jonze's outrageous alternate identities amused his friends, but they also served as a shield for the shy guy underneath. When he had to be serious, his demeanor consisted of "tons of stuttering, a high-pitched voice, flushed red cheeks, picking lint off his flannel shirt, and twirling a pen on his thumb," says Lewman. "That was his meeting persona. And that's pretty much how it happens to this day."

Jonze met Sofia Coppola on the set of the first music video he ever shot, Sonic Youth's "100%." "They were friends for years before they got together," recalls Kim Gordon, the band's bassist. "They were spending every day together, but for some reason, she just didn't get it."

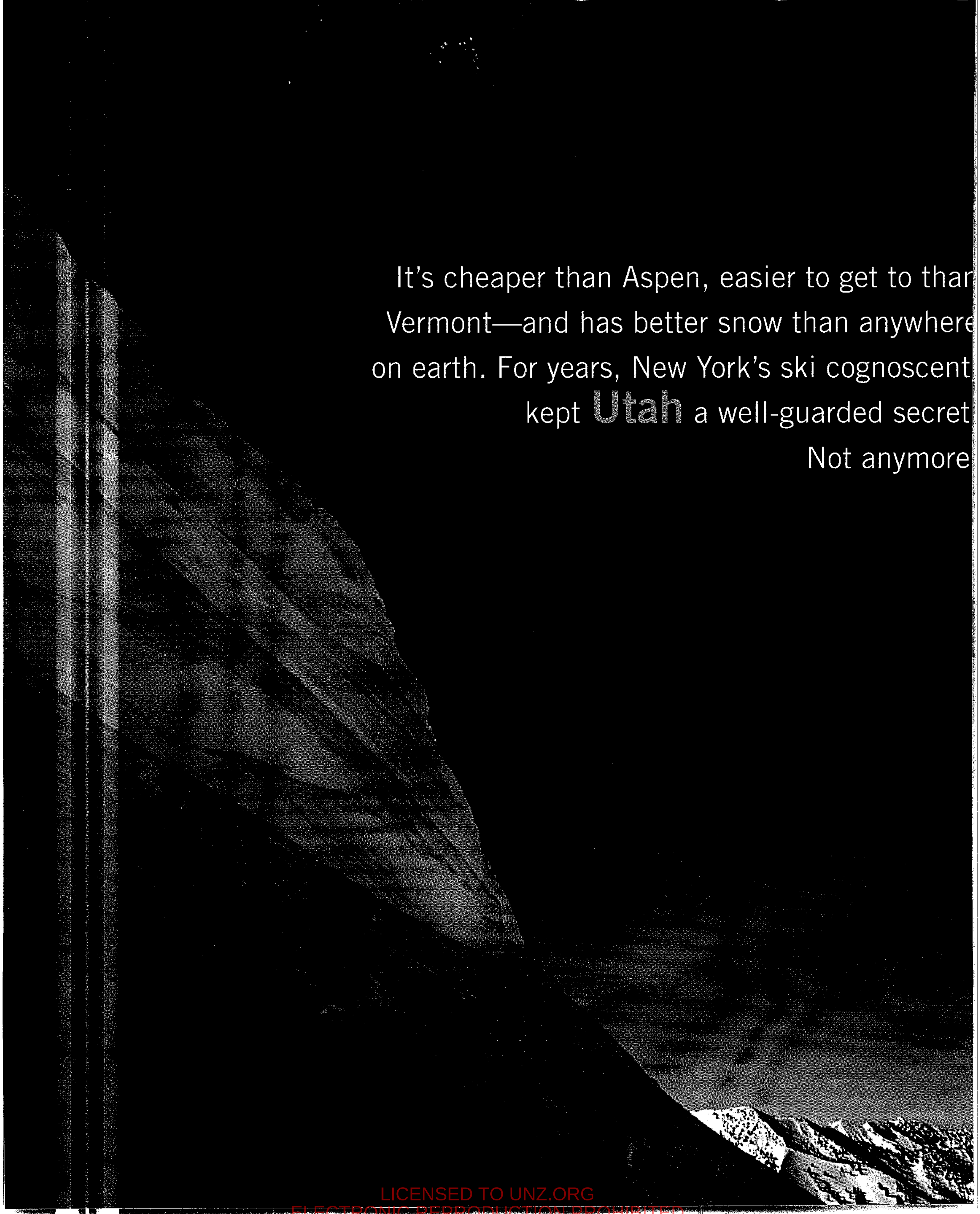
When Jonze began to woo her, he did so in his own unique way. "He told me about this time he was going to pick up Sofia at the L.A. airport," says Beastie Boy Adam Yauch, another friend of Jonze's. "He stuck cotton balls in his jowls and put on a fatty suit and rubbed Vaseline all over his face so he was really greasy. When she got off the plane, she sorta, like, *half* recognized him. He made her feel really uncomfortable, when most people would show up with flowers or something."

AS JONZE JUMPED FROM BMX BIKING TO ALternative rock to independent film, he added each to his repertoire of references, then moved on to the next subculture of the moment. When he worked at Rockville BMX, freestyle biking—doing skateboard-style tricks on dirt bikes—was blowing up. "It was billed as 'Break dancing on wheels! It's gymnastics! It's an art form!' " observes Lewman. "So naturally, it attracted the cream-of-the-crop weirdos, losers, and sociopathic kids. They were doing their own 'zines and setting up their own local shows." Immersed in this chaotic mix of culture and commerce, Jonze befriended the staff of the Torrance-based *Freestylin'*. "Spike had written us some letters, and he had panache," remembers Lewman, who worked with Jenkins at the magazine. "We needed another writer, and Andy was like, 'We should offer Spike the job.' " Jonze hadn't yet graduated from high school, but he left for California the day after finals.

For the next two years, Jonze and Lewman lived in a townhouse across a parking lot from *Freestylin'* headquarters and commuted to work by skateboard (seventeen seconds, door-to-door). "The first day Spike came to work, he was skating around the parking lot," says Jenkins, who is now the art director of the Girl Skateboard Company, which Jonze co-founded in 1993. "Bob Osborn, the owner, was like, 'Who's that kid skating in the parking lot? Get rid of him.' And then we introduced him to his new employee."

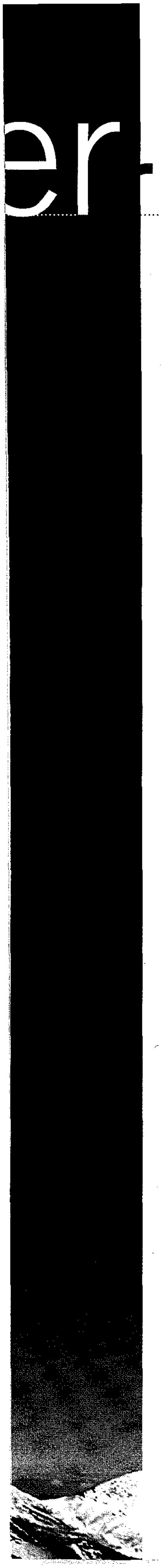
(continued on page 104)

The Pow



It's cheaper than Aspen, easier to get to than Vermont—and has better snow than anywher on earth. For years, New York's ski cognoscent kept **Utah** a well-guarded secret Not anymore

er-Elite



By Daniel Kunitz

I HAVE VISIONS OF AN ENTIRE MORNING OF EMPTY trails, broad runs swollen by a fresh, soft blanket of powder. I imagine myself at the top of the hill in ski pants and T-shirt, being warmed by the sun's red disk rising in my face . . . But no, I'm in Killington, Vermont, and at 10:45 A.M., I'm still stuck at the bottom of the mountain. Not just at the bottom but crammed behind what looks to me like 400 mothers, fathers, children, guys and their girlfriends, all waiting in an endless, coiling snake of a lift line. If I'd wanted lines, I could have gone to the DMV. At least I'd be warmer. Here it's well below 20 degrees, and judging from the gathering crowd, I'll probably get to use my $56 lift ticket about twice today.

I start to wonder why, instead of driving half the night to get to Vermont, I didn't just hop a plane and go to Utah.

Utah—it's the skiing New Yorker's secret weapon. Only a four-and-a-half-hour plane ride west, Utah offers eleven resorts within an hour's drive of Salt Lake International Airport. If you catch a direct flight in the morning, you'll be skiing that afternoon. One of my old ski buddies, veteran Utah ripper Steve Shmookler, ski-bummed in the Salt Lake area for two years before moving back to the city to start NYSki (and NYSki.com), a travel company that rents houses in various ski resorts. He gets glassy-eyed recalling winter mornings "waking in Manhattan at 6 A.M., jumping on the Continental flight out of Newark, arriving in Salt Lake City at 10:48, and being on the mountain at 12:30 for a half-day pass at Alta when it was only $19." That is why the proximity to the airport is so key, he explains. "You go to Denver or San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, or any other city servicing major ski areas in the country, you're driving two-plus hours to get to the resort. In Utah, even if you only have Friday off plus your weekend, you can still ski two and a half days, jump on the red-eye, and be back at work Monday morning."

The airport in Salt Lake stands in an enormous valley at a relatively low altitude, so winter weather rarely affects it. And given the fact that Salt Lake is a major hub for Delta Air Lines, you can find plenty of direct nonstop flights from the New York area. I consider Little Cottonwood Canyon, home of the Alta and Snowbird ski areas, my personal haven from the roil of cares back east. As luck would have it, Alta and Snowbird are among the closest resorts to the airport, just 30 miles away. You won't even need a car to get there: There's shuttle service to and from both resorts.

Ease of access is one thing. Utah also has, as the license plates say, "the greatest snow on earth." Storms gather far off in the Northwest, get pulled east along the jet stream, sucking up moisture and warm air over the Great Salt Lake—the infamous lake effect—and continue east, where they get snagged on the high peaks of the Wasatch Range, dumping all their

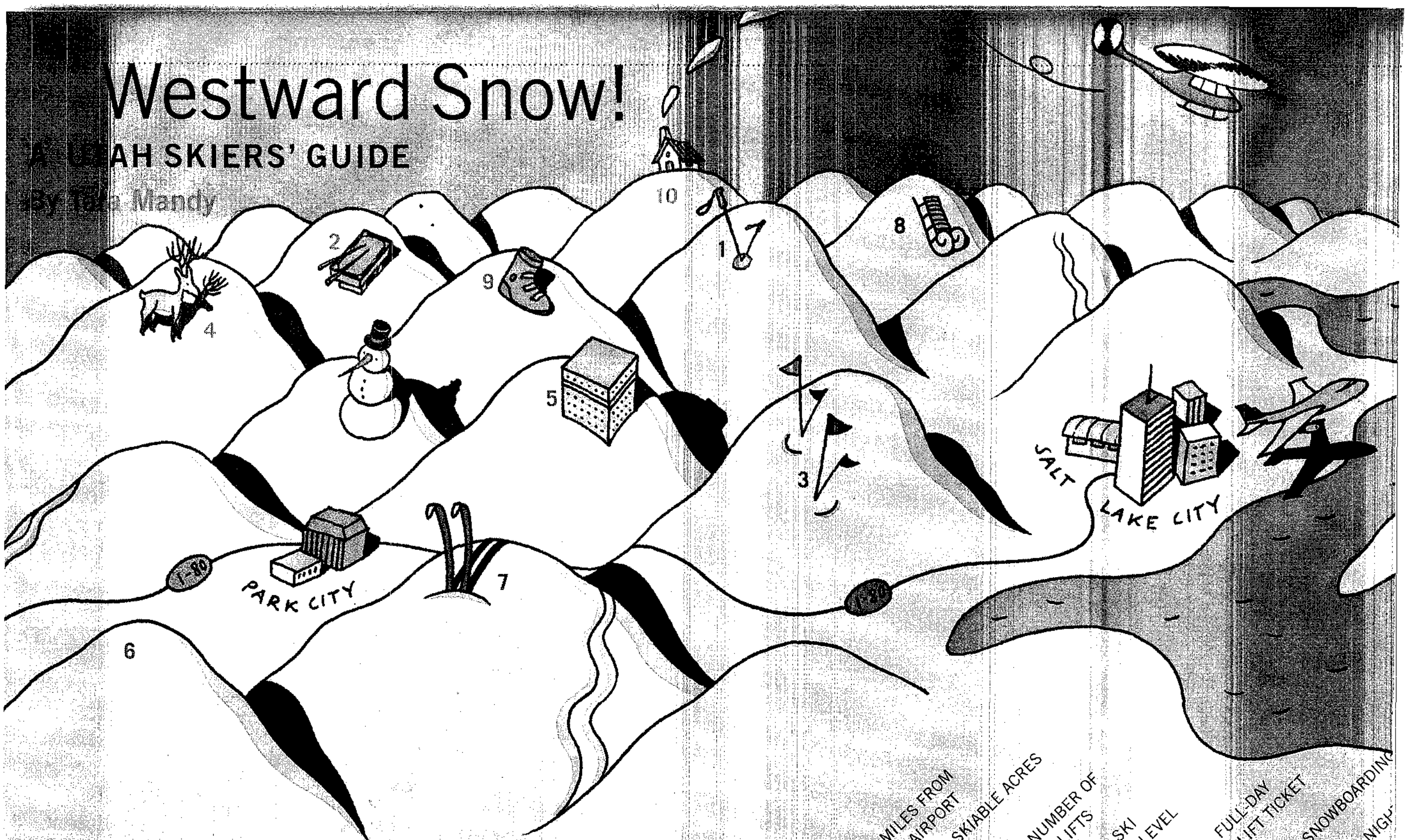
SNOW EXIT Left, getting some air in Alta's backcountry; right, between runs at The Canyons.

Photographs: left, Bridger Nielson; right, Laura Seitz.

Westward Snow!

A UTAH SKIERS' GUIDE

By Tara Mandy

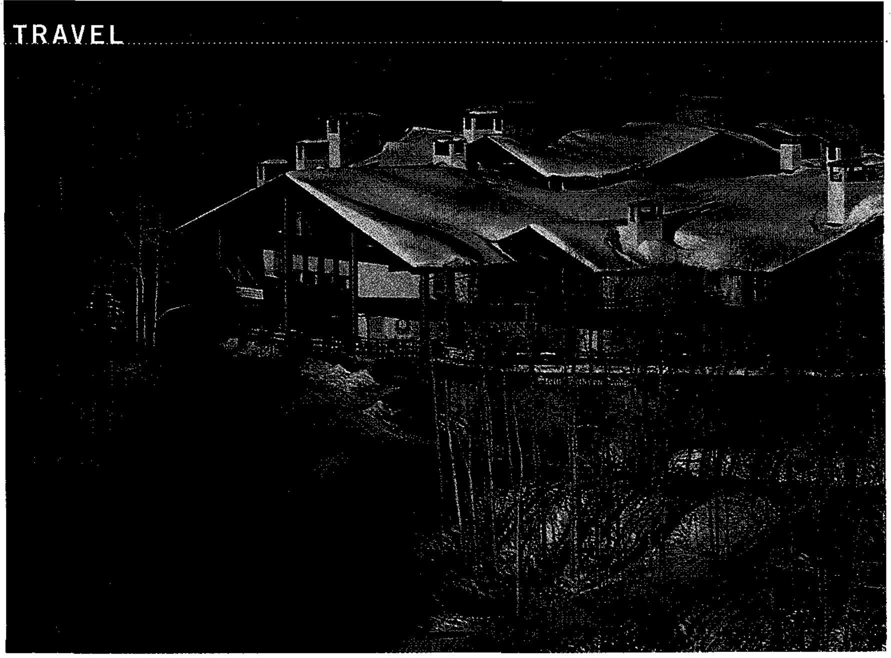


		MILES FROM AIRPORT	SKIABLE ACRES	NUMBER OF LIFTS	SKI LEVEL	FULL-DAY LIFT TICKET	SNOWBOARDING	NIGH
1 ALTA 801-359-1078 www.altaskiarea.com	Best deal in the West, and best snow. No-frills approach never goes out of fashion.	33	2,200	8	🌭	$33		🍾
2 BRIGHTON 800-873-5512 www.skibrighton.com	Cheap, convenient, plenty of snow, but terrain gets a little bland after a day or two.	35	850	7	☕	$35	✔	ZZ
3 THE CANYONS 435-649-5400 www.thecanyons.com	Still brand-new, family-friendly—the Killington of Utah. Big and getting bigger.	32	3,300	13	🐇	$52	✔	🍾🍾
4 DEER VALLEY 435-649-1000 www.deervalley.com	Chic, pricey, and ultra-luxurious; the too-groomed slopes bore us, but valets carry your skis.	36	1,750	19	🐇	$60		🍾🍾
5 PARK CITY 435-649-8111 www.parkcitymountain.com	Great for families, not for experts; the only really raucous nightlife around, plus night skiing.	36	3,300	14	☕	$50	✔	🍾🍾
6 POWDER MOUNTAIN 801-745-3772 www.powdermountain.net	Farthest from airport; big mountain, few lifts.	55	5,000	4	🐇	$33	✔	ZZ
7 SNOWBASIN 801-399-1135 www.snowbasin.com	Another big new Colorado-style area. Will host Olympic Downhill and Super G in 2002.	52	3,200	9	☕	$39	✔	ZZ
8 SNOWBIRD 800-232-9542 www.snowbird.com	Best all-around, and still cheap compared with Vail or Aspen. Most snow (after Alta), and brand-new back bowl opens this year.	29	2,500	11	🌭	$42	✔	🍾
9 SOLITUDE 801-534-1400 www.skisolitude.com	Excellent all-round skiing, but they recently added awful subway-style turnstiles at lifts.	28	1,200	7	☕	$39	✔	ZZ
10 SUNDANCE 801-225-4107 www.sundance-utah.com	Tiny. And unless you're skiing with Redford himself (he owns the place), what's the point?	50	465	4	☕	$30	✔	🍾

KEY **SKI LEVEL:** 🐇 **BEGINNER BUNNIES** ☕ **ORDINARY JOES** 🌭 **HOTDOGGERS**

NIGHTLIFE SCALE: FROM ZZZ ASLEEP-BEFORE-NINE TO 🍾🍾🍾🍾 **WAKE-UP-DRUNK**

Illustrations by Ingo Fa



VALLEY PEARL Deer Valley's Stein Eriksen Lodge sets the region's gold standard.

best powder before moving on to unload the leftovers in Colorado. The snow gods bless Alta and Snowbird with some of the highest average snowfall in the lower 48, almost double the yearly average at other areas. Alta locals laugh at Montana, Idaho, and Colorado, with their fickle 250 to 400 inches per year. Up in Little Cottonwood Canyon, 500 inches of snow on average falls each year, and because of the arid Southwest climate, the snow feels lighter and fluffier than in any other spot on the planet. The higher snowfalls guarantee a longer season, about 150 days beginning in mid-November and ending in late April. Even better, when it's not snowing, Utah is usually graced by bluebird sunny days. It rarely gets as cold as Jackson Hole, Telluride, or Aspen, not to mention the frigid Northeast.

If you think it costs more to jet off to the West to ski, then you're thinking of places like Vail or Aspen, where they can charge more than $60 for a lift ticket; in Vermont, you'll also be about $60 poorer before you get in the lift line. But tickets at Alta this winter will cost a whopping $33 a day—a $2 hike over last year's price. Aside from Alta, you can ski at Beaver Mountain, Brian Head, Brighton, Elk Meadows, Powder Mountain, Snowbasin, Solitude, and Robert Redford's Sundance, all for less than $40 a day.

It's weird: New Yorkers are the most in-the-know people on earth, and yet most aren't clued in to the Salt Lake secret. Sure, with its Mormon state of mind, Utah isn't as thick with Prada and private jets as Vail, and you won't bump into Donald or Arnold the way you might in Aspen. What you will find is classic skiing—think Colorado 30 years ago, a straight-on unaffected escape. No furs, Rolls-Royces, or four-star slope-side dining. However, all that is about to change. The Sundance Film Festival in Park City has already given Utah a veneer of Hollywood cool, but the Winter Olympics, which are coming to Salt Lake City in 2002, are going to raise the world's Utah-consciousness to fatal levels. So go now, before the still-unspoiled Wasatch mountains are developed out of existence.

BABY MOGULS Making pizza wedges at Park City's ski school.

BORED WITH OUR YEARLY COLORADO vacations, my parents started taking us to Utah when I was 10. They preferred Park City, because they could rent a townhouse right by the slopes, which meant that my sister and I didn't have to freak out while the adults slept in. We woke up and hit the mountain. And since we'd all meet back at the house anyhow, my parents could finish the day early and do some shopping. It wasn't until I was 16 and able to drive that I began traveling the hour each day to Alta, gratefully leaving my parents back in Park City. That's how the affair started, when I realized what great skiing is really like—limitless steeps, powder shots on every run, and storms the likes of which you will see only in Little Cottonwood Canyon, where inches of big fluffy flakes accumulate on every chairlift ride, dumping so much snow there's not a track on the hill. Only in Alta can you really know what it's like to float through powder so light and deep you'd drown without your skis on. One of the area's more bizarre features: A blizzard can be blowing up at Snowbird and Alta, and down in Salt Lake, at the airport, it will be 65 degrees with not a cloud in the sky.

Whenever I arrive at Salt Lake airport, a great serenity overtakes me as I realize that I'll be joining the powder hounds in less than an hour. While my skis come off the plane, I watch families scurrying toward the Park City shuttles. The chic, middle-aged couples usually make for Deer Valley, where valets take their skis to be tuned each night. Like some high-end spa transplanted from California, Deer Valley, with its groomed runs and fine dining, doesn't really fit in with the rest of Utah. Friends and would-be-friends of Robert Redford—older film people and real-estate developers—duck off to Sundance, Redford's strange little hideaway ski mountain. The shuttles to the Canyons, a new megaresort, are filled with first-time tourists and refugees from Vail. And those going to Solitude and Brighton? Singles and people who want a seriously low-key, low-end local experience.

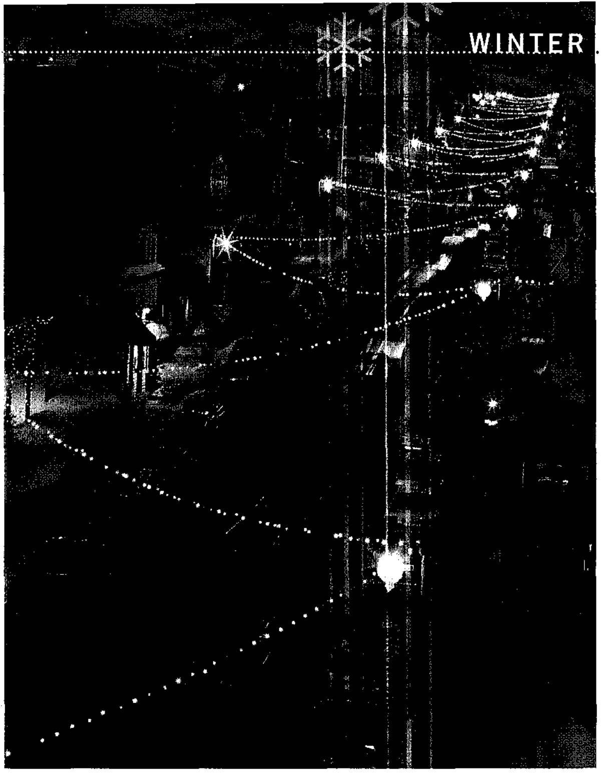
I have my own destination, a steep two-lane road on the city's eastern edge. Driving up Little Cottonwood Canyon seems like going through a wormhole from a world of frenzy into a world of calm. The most difficult question of the day: Alta or Snowbird? The yin and yang of skiing—close by, intertwined, and totally distinct, not unlike a successful marriage. It's a vexing choice: These two areas—a mere mile apart and connected by shuttle buses (you can also ski from one to the other,

Photographs: bottom, Lori Adamski-Peek; top, Dan Campbell.

but note that the lift tickets are not interchangeable)—glory in similar peak-experience terrain, yet culturally, they couldn't be more different.

Larger and more expensive, Snowbird, which is owned by Dick Bass of the billionaire Texas Basses, looks and feels more like what one expects from a world-class ski resort. The Cliff Lodge, an outsize hotel with spas and restaurants, occupies the pride-of-place slope-side position right by Snowbird Center, itself a bustling plaza of ski shops, eateries, clothing stores, and gift emporiums. And Snowbird has its devotees, Steve Shmookler among them: "I prefer Snowbird because the terrain is a little bit more varied. Even though Alta is unbelievable and has the longest, steepest shots and the best trees and often a little bit better powder, I love the cirque at Snowbird—that sheer semi-circular bowl at the top with its exposed cornices and shoots. I love the tram; as much of a hassle as it is, it is the easiest way to ski 30,000 vertical feet in one day. Also, Snowbird has a much more diverse population—there's snowboarding as well as skiing—and there are infinitely more women."

I'm not sure there are more women at Snowbird, but it does attract the big spenders, the jet-set crowd, and clumps of shaggy, cigarette-smoking boarders, none of whom you'll find at Alta. And few ski resorts can rival Snowbird's terrain. For those addicted to slopes with heart-stopping pitches, standing at the entrance to Great Scott, at the cirque's highest point, is a thrill that can't be topped without going off the trails and into the backcountry (also an option here).



THINK GLOW Park City's Main Street at night.

Nevertheless, it's Alta that has stolen my heart. In one sense, Alta carefully guards its status as one of a handful of unregenerate old-time ski resorts in the country. You can compare it to Mad River Glen in Vermont, where they still operate a single-person lift and rarely make snow, or to Taos, New Mexico, with its oddly more European atmosphere; and yet neither of these places can claim Alta's annual snowfall or its snow quality, nor can they claim Alta's desirable location. Taos requires a three-hour drive from Santa Fe or four hours from Albuquerque, where most of the flights land; Mad River in Vermont is a six-hour drive from New York.

For me, Alta's communal friendliness really coalesces on the day's last run. After skiing for five or six hours, I like to grab the last chair on Germania lift, shoot across the treacherous, bumpy high traverse, and sidestep to the top of Alf's High Rustler. Up on the peak, I gather with friends from years past to watch the sun begin to set just west of Mount Superior. Looking down Alf's precipitous, 1,200 vertical feet of bumps, I can just make ou the toylike lodge, our goal and destination. The group drops over the edge, one skier at a time, for the final, thigh-burning series of turns. The hardiest among us launch themselves over a fifteen-foot rock outcropping, carving top to base without a pause—but that requires a level of fitness that leaves city-dwellers like me gasping with envy.

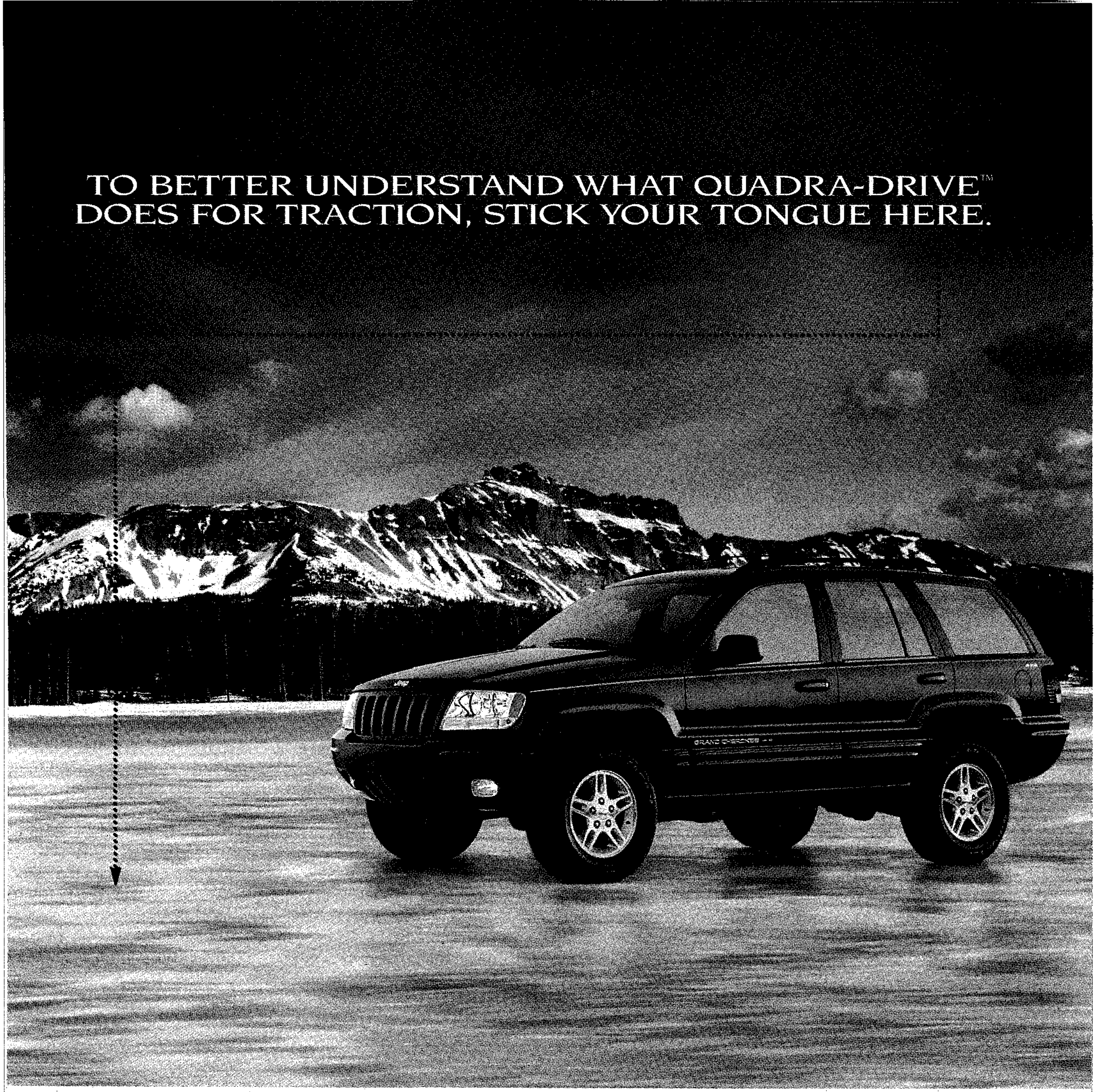
Once down, we reward ourselves with beers at the Goldminer's Daughter, one of the few places available for hanging out in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Utah is infamous for its lack of nightlife, and sadly neither Alta nor Snowbird breaks the stereotype. The Cliff Lodge at Snowbird has several restaurants, and most of the other hotels have at least one place to eat A myth exists that because of the Mormon influence, drinking alcohol is illegal in Utah. Not true, though there are eccentricities: Beer bars like Goldminer's serve reduced-alcohol, 3.2 percent beer; in restaurants, you must eat in order to be served hard alcohol, wine, or regular beer all of which are also available at state liquor stores. Strangely enough, norma bars masquerade as private clubs, charging five dollars for a two-week membership. But you can avoid the membership fee by asking anyone at the bar to sponsor you, and anyone will; they're nice out there. For those who crave shopping and

PASSPORT Utah

WHERE TO STAY: In Alta, our all-time favorite is the funky and small **Alta Lodge** (801-742-3500). It's not for everyone: There's no TV in the rooms and no nightlife save for a good book and a glass of wine by the fire. Rates for a double start at $338 and include breakfast and dinner. The nearby **Rustler Lodge** (801-742-2200) is more upscale, with an outdoor heated pool and a video-game room for the kids. Rates for a double start at $390, breakfast and dinner included. At Snowbird, there's the huge, deluxe **Snowbird Cliff Lodge** (800-385-2002), with ice-skating rink (and everything else you'll ever need) on the premises. Doubles start at $309. Park City offers the most options, but we're partial to the **Silver King Hotel** (800-331-8652), perfectly situated at the base of the ski area. (Robert Redford stayed there, but hell, he's stayed everywhere around there). Suites start at $285. And then there's Deer Valley, the ski area for stubborn folks who crave Utah powder but just can't bear to give up their usual Aspen-style pampering. It's atypical for Utah, but nobody's perfect. Deer Valley regulars include DreamWorks honcho Jeffrey Katzenberg, Tom Hanks, and Bill and Hillary. Reserve a room with mountain view at the **Stein Eriksen Lodge** (800-453-1302) and fire up the hot tub. Doubles start at $550.

GETTING THERE: **Continental** (800-525-0280) and **Delta** (800-221-1212) offer nonstop flights from Newark (both airlines) or JFK (Delta only). Our regular seat is on Delta's nonstop #1429, which leaves JFK at 7 A.M. and arrives in Salt Lake City at 10 A.M.—we're skiing two hours later. And don't even think about renting a car. **Canyon Transportation** (800-255-1841) provides reliable service between the airport and nearly all ski areas 24 hours a day, seven days a week. To get around in Park City, call **Powder for the People** (435-649-6648), a cab service that counts Gwyneth Paltrow and Sandra Bullock among its fans. Eight dollars gets you anywhere in town. SUZANNE D'AMATO

Photograph by Lori Adamski-Peek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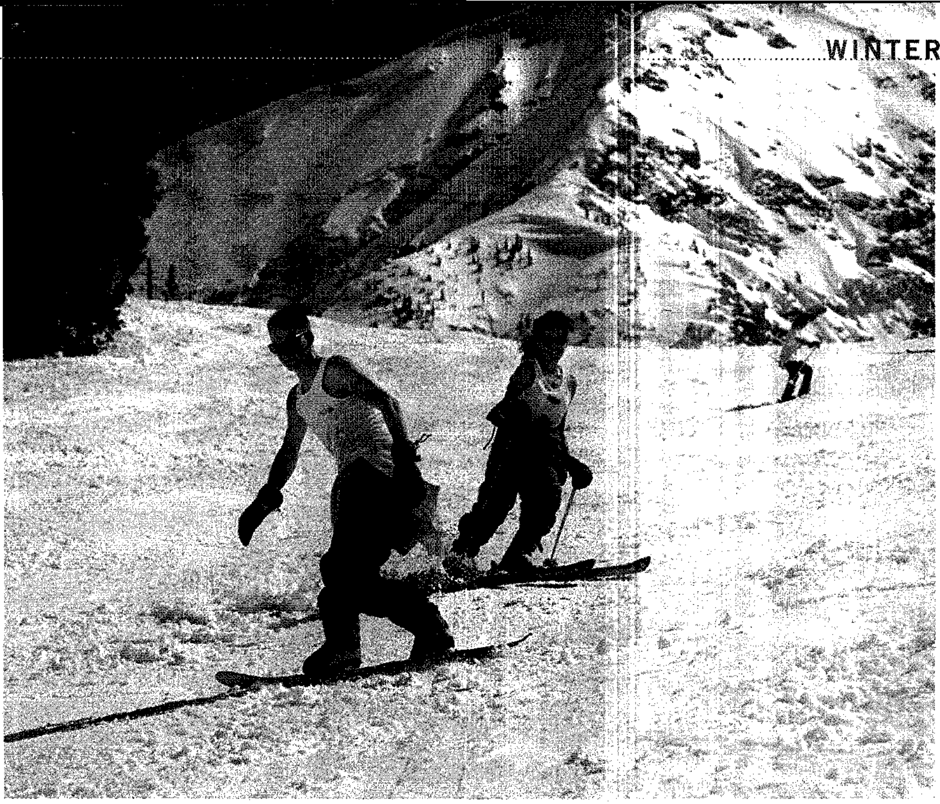


BOARD ROOM Spring skiing and snowboarding at Snowbird.

traditional ski-town nightlife, the answer is Park City, which looks and feels much like other western mining towns turned ski resorts, such as Steamboat Springs, Telluride, and Aspen. Of course, like practically every local area, it has great skiing, and its streets fill up each night with thirsty folk seeking to blow the heads off a few beers.

People like Les Otten of the American Skiing Company would have you believe that the future of skiing lies in gargantuan corporately owned theme-park resorts, which actually make much of their money from condo sales. However, Bill Levitt, who has been the mayor of Alta for 28 years and who also owns the Alta Lodge, will set you straight: "We're the future. Everybody says, 'You're an old-fashioned place.' But we think we're just the opposite. So many new people are coming, because we have what used to be the very romantic concept of a ski area where you can go to a lodge and sit in front of a fire and meet people and so on, which is not happening anymore."

In many ways, Levitt embodies Alta and what makes it special. Originally a New Yorker, he went out to Utah 45 years ago to learn how to ski. When he got there, he thought, "This has got to be the place," quoting Brigham Young. "Been there ever since," he deadpans. "Most ski areas have become real-estate ventures. At Alta, we don't do that. That's the difference. As the mayor I perform marriages, and I must have done 50 of them for people who've met in Alta, either working there or coming as guests and meeting people. That has been a really remarkable experience."

Town administrator John Guldner attributes Alta's success to its staying true to its origins: "Alta Ski Lifts Company [which runs the area] plans very well; they're very conservative. Stuff that's happening in Vail, it's like *The Monkey Wrench Gang,* and at Snowbird, the environmental groups are constantly attacking them. Alta, I think, is totally different. They reluctantly make hill and run modifications, because they don't want to chop it up. And they're not in the real-estate business, either. You build a huge, exotic lodge on top of the mountain, you have to double your ticket prices to pay for it."

In the late thirties, Jay Laughlin, founder and owner of the New York publishing company New Directions, joined with local businessmen to oversee the development of the ski area. According to Bill Levitt, it was Laughlin who inspired and carried on the tradition of keeping lift-ticket prices down: "I was at a meeting once when Laughlin asked what they should charge for the coming year's lift tickets to make a reasonable return. At that time, I think it was $16. Somebody said, 'But, Jay, you know, at Snowbird, Park City, and other places, they're charging a lot more than that.' And he looked down his nose, which he did so beautifully—he was about six foot six, you know—and said, 'I'm not interested in what those people do. We will charge what I said and make a reasonable return.' And that's been the basic reason."

Laughlin died in 1997, but the spirit of the place remains intact. "It's like a Harley-Davidson," says John Guldner, "There's that lore. It's not gonna change."

SINCE I'VE GONE TO UTAH MOST OF MY LIFE, I've had the opportunity to ski it as a beginner, intermediate, and advanced skier. So I can testify that there's no truth to the pervasive notion that Utah is for expert skiers only. In fact, all the resorts around Salt *(continued on page 139)*

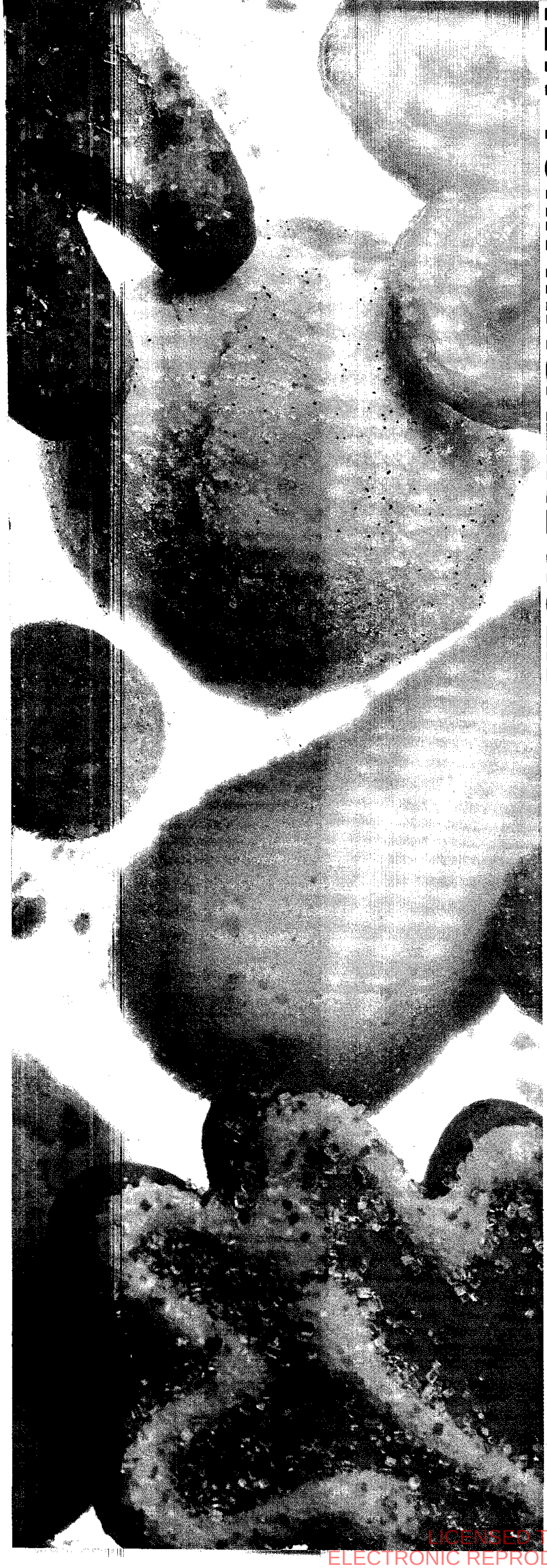
HOT SPOTS Park City

LIFT TICKET: Utah liquor laws notwithstanding, a stroll down Main Street offers ample après-ski opportunities. The cowboy décor at the **Lakota** (751 Main Street; 435-658-3400), a bar in the Caledonian Hotel, may be kitschy, but the upscale crowd makes it the town's social ground zero at night. The cavernous **Harry O's** (427 Main Street; 435-647-9494) is a popular celebrity hangout during Sundance, with D.J.'s on weekends and live bands during the week. For jazz with your brew, head to the new **Mother Urban's** (625 Main Street; 435-615-7200), named for a local madam. And if you want to chill with local skiers and lift operators, stop by the rowdier **Alamo** (449 Main Street; 435-649-2380) for a nightcap.

COLD COMFORT: The restaurant of the moment is the warm and cozy **Grappa** (151 Main Street; 435-645-0636), which serves Italian specialties in a Tuscan-farmhouse-like setting. For celebrity-spotting, Robert Redford's southwestern **Zoom** (660 Main Street; 435-649-9108) is a good place to start, and for nouveau with an Asian accent, the lofty and modern **Riverhorse Cafe** (540 Main Street; 435-649-3536) remains a hot reservation.

TRUE FEST: During the **Sundance Film Festival** (January 20–30, 2000), Park City swells with indie directors, celebrities, and Hollywood wannabes. But while everyone else is at parties and screenings, we suggest you head for the slopes, where it's less crowded than at any other time all season. (For festival reservations, call 801-328-3456.) ANNA RACHMANSKY

Photograph by Ravell Call.



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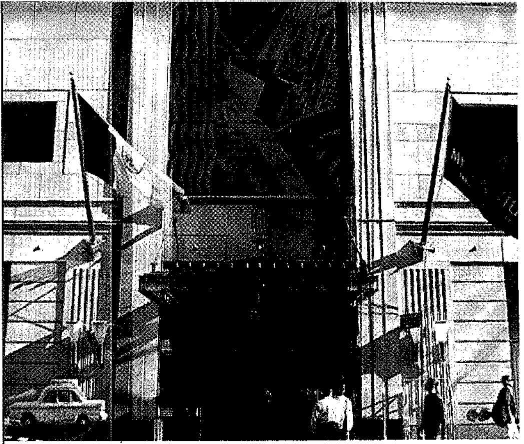

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Parka Rangers

Don't wear the ski-school uniform on the slopes this winter. Layer muted, body-hugging outerwear over a racy turtleneck and pack your pockets with sleek chrome accessories. If your friends misbehave, report back on a trim, pocket-size radio.

By Shyama Patel

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Downhill Racy

1. RLX Polo Sport by Ralph Lauren ultra-light **sunglasses**, $130 at Polo Sport (888 Madison Avenue, at 72nd Street).

2. Salomon X-Scream-series **skis**, $775 (bindings sold separately) at Paragon Sporting Goods (867 Broadway, at 18th Street) and Princeton Ski Shop (21 East 22nd Street).

3. Giorgio Armani Neve men's **ski suit**, $880 at Giorgio Armani Boutique (760 Madison Avenue, at 65th Street).

4. Rossignol Salto GTX **ski boots**, $399 at Panda Sport USA (9213 Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn).

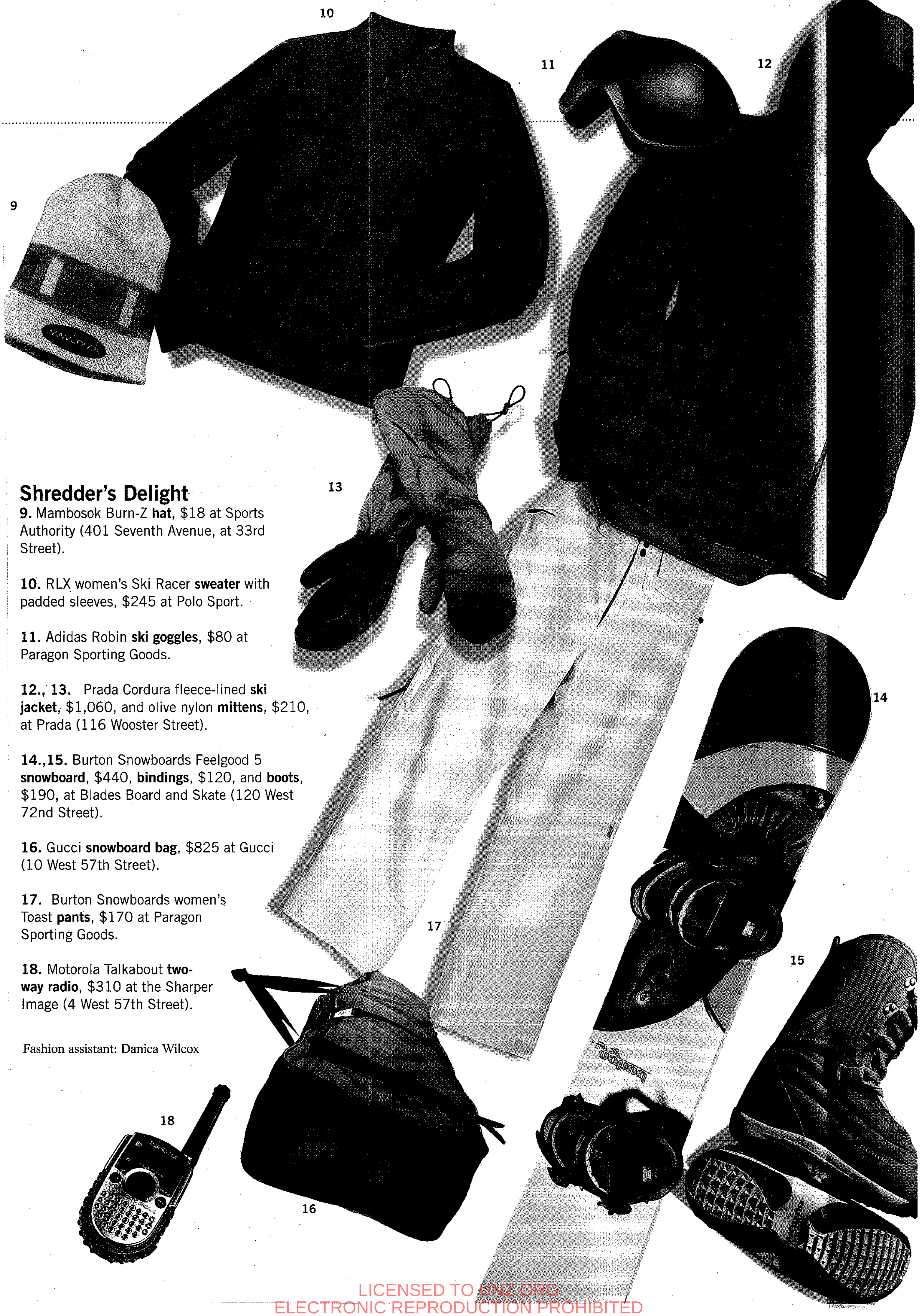
5. Sony **CD player**, $350 at Sony Style (550 Madison Avenue, at 55th Street).

6. Killy men's **ski gloves**, $58 at Scandinavian Ski & Sport Shop (40 West 57th Street).

7. Blow by Spoon water-resistant **watch**, $135 at Henri Bendel, Barneys New York, and DKNY (655 Madison Avenue, at 60th Street).

8. Boeri Axis Blue Typhoon **helmet**, $165 to order at Princeton Ski Shop.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
STEVE WISBAUER



Shredder's Delight

9. Mambosok Burn-Z **hat**, $18 at Sports Authority (401 Seventh Avenue, at 33rd Street).

10. RLX women's Ski Racer **sweater** with padded sleeves, $245 at Polo Sport.

11. Adidas Robin **ski goggles**, $80 at Paragon Sporting Goods.

12., 13. Prada Cordura fleece-lined **ski jacket**, $1,060, and olive nylon **mittens**, $210, at Prada (116 Wooster Street).

14.,15. Burton Snowboards Feelgood 5 **snowboard**, $440, **bindings**, $120, and **boots**, $190, at Blades Board and Skate (120 West 72nd Street).

16. Gucci **snowboard bag**, $825 at Gucci (10 West 57th Street).

17. Burton Snowboards women's Toast **pants**, $170 at Paragon Sporting Goods.

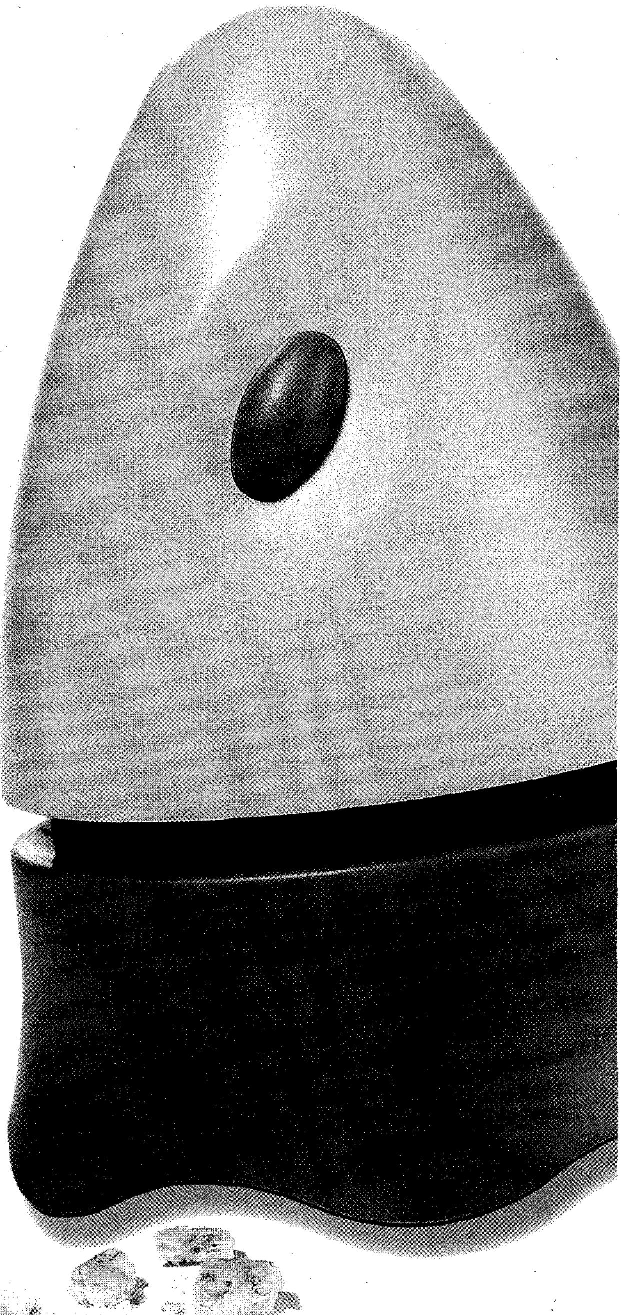
18. Motorola Talkabout **two-way radio**, $310 at the Sharper Image (4 West 57th Street).

Fashion assistant: Danica Wilcox

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

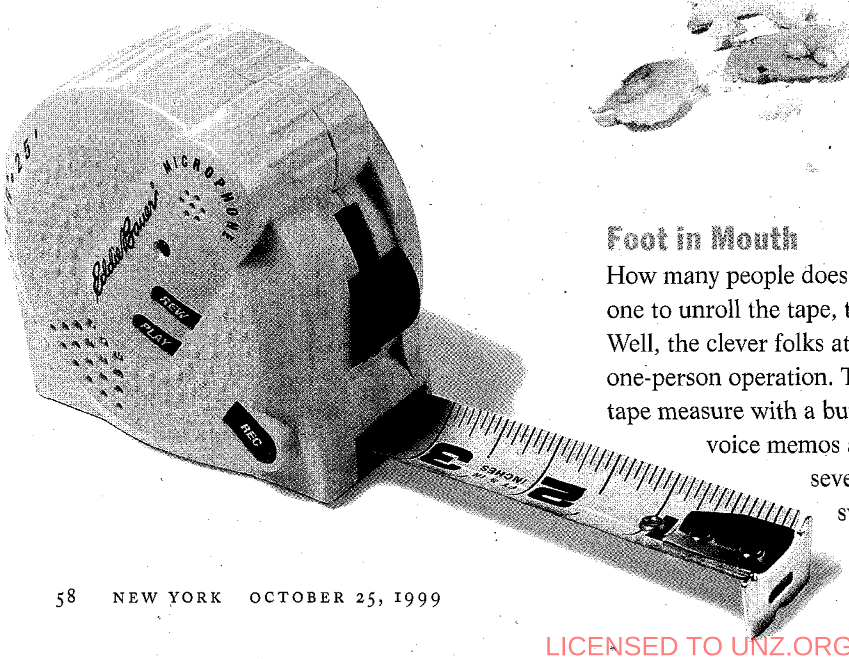
BY CORKY POLLAN



Crust Buster

Push the button on this tiny little gizmo and it gets right to work clearing table crumbs. Guzzini's mini-vacuum is made in Italy, the land of crusty breads and therefore lots of crumbs, but here the tiny dynamo can do double duty cleaning scraps from sofas and car seats. Unlike others around, the Guzzini vacuum is a cinch to empty and clean ($39.95; batteries not included).

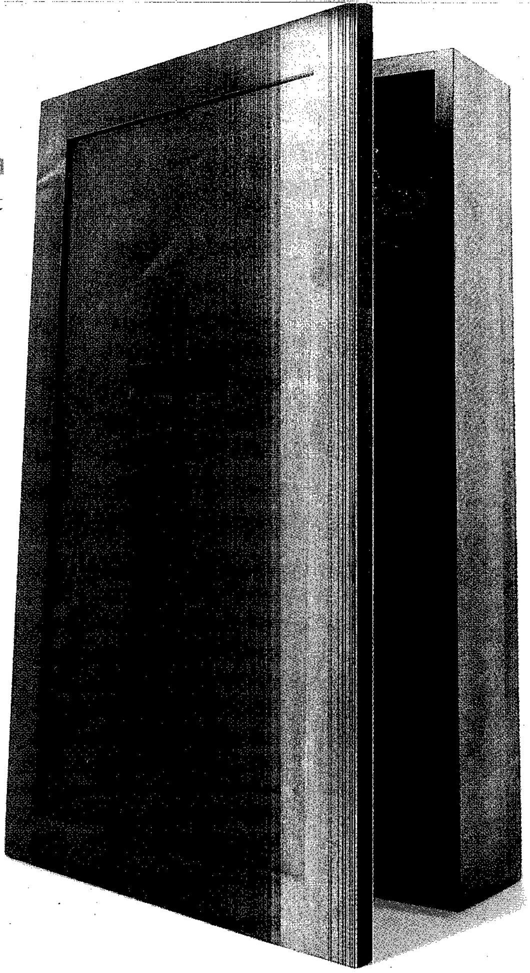
S. FELDMAN HOUSEWARES/*1304 Madison Avenue, near 92nd Street/212-289-7367*



Foot in Mouth

How many people does it take to measure stuff? In most families, two: one to unroll the tape, the other to write down the measurements. Well, the clever folks at Eddie Bauer have turned the process into a one-person operation. They've devised a 25-foot professional-grade tape measure with a built-in recorder that can tape twenty seconds of voice memos and then play them back. The tape expands to seven feet without buckling and has a locking switch to hold it in place ($30).

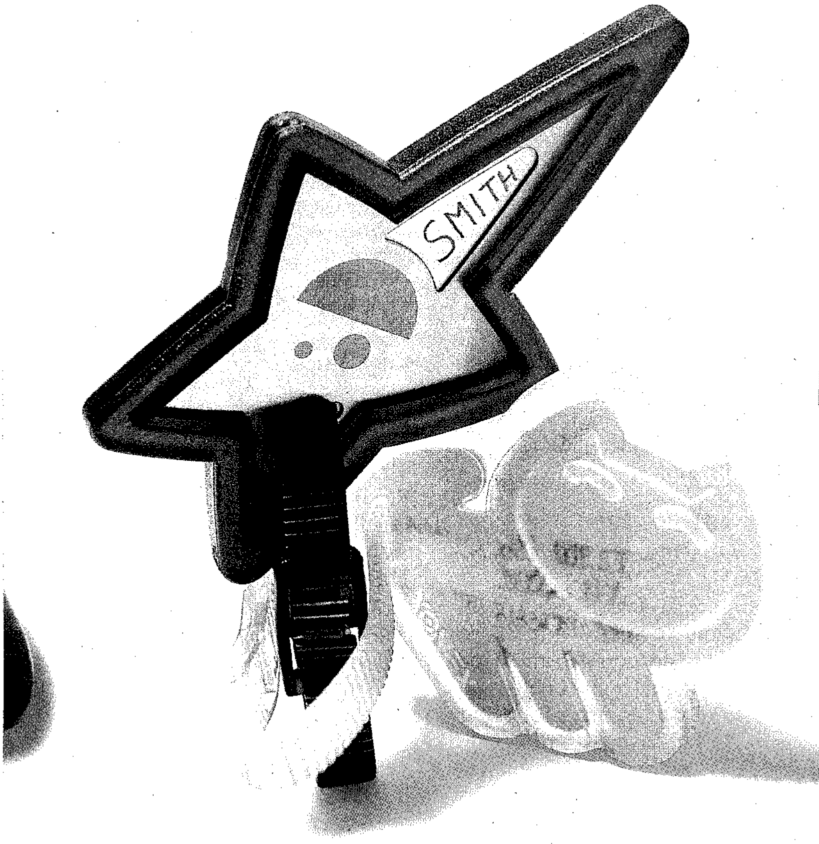
EDDIE BAUER/*All locations*



Medicine Man

Sculptor Stephen Whisler's medicine cabinets are Shaker-simple, yet there's no mistaking their use. Emblematic cutouts—bandaged fingers, pills, syringes, Red Cross symbols—playfully punctuate each one. The maple cases are available in a variety of veneers, and they're outfitted with three adjustable glass shelves ($680).

WHISLER/*428 Greenwich Street/212-343-7967*



Grab Bag

You arrive home exhausted from your trip, open your rolling Pullman, and discover that instead of your prized dresses it's filled with some strange-looking men's suits. Not surprising, since baggage carousels are now seas of black and every piece of luggage looks like a clone of your own. But there's help. Xonex, an Ohio company, has dreamed up bright stainless-steel-and-synthetic-rubber identity tags. They come in six shapes so whimsical your black bags will immediately stand out from all the others ($5.99)

FELDMANS IV/*1190 Madison Avenue, at 87th Street*
212-289-2026

The Warm Shoulder

While the rest of New York is awash in pashmina, Catherine Malandrino—harbinger of all that's hot—is into bulky, hand-dyed and hand-knit wool shawls. Though the wool is Scottish, Catherine's scarves are made right here in New York. No two are exactly alike, but they're all thick and cuddly: Think flower child meets Gypsy by way of a ditsy grandmother ($325).

CATHERINE MALANDRINO/*468 Broome Street/212-925-6765*

Photographed by Ted Morrison

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

SMARTCITY

Gimme Sole

Tired of burning up precious shoe leather searching for the perfect pair? Consult our directory of the city's hottest stores. By Shyama Patel

THIS FALL, ACCESSORIES DESIGNERS are waging war against that dreaded fashion scourge—the boring shoe. Their weapons of choice? Everything from courtly brocade mules to prim pony slingbacks to sexy stiletto boots. Whether you fancy a dainty satin-and-beading kind of thing or something tougher and hard-edged, take a walk through these boutiques. You're guaranteed to please both your insteps and your imagination, because this year, there's almost too much to choose from.

Manolo Blahnik

31 West 54th Street (212-582-3007)

Enough said about the Stiletto King's evergreen slingbacks (diehards drone on about how they define even the flabbiest calves and are "comfortable" to pop around in). Most of us won't plunk down $400 for shoes that will spend the day hidden in a cubicle, but for glamorous nights on the town, know that even the wackiest evening styles here will look spot-on for many, many seasons. This season, Blahnik's most mouthwatering creations are, of course, in pony skin.

- Camel pony stiletto mules with brown mink trim, $685.
- Red pony slingbacks, $515.
- Chocolate-brown lace-side stiletto boots, $1,150.

Christian Louboutin

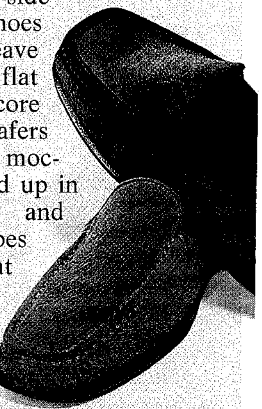
941 Madison Avenue, near 74th Street (212-396-1884)

New Yorkers are still learning to pronounce his name correctly, but Christian Louboutin's old news to the kind of Parisian party girl who cringes at the thought of day-to-evening footwear (and who doesn't have to worry that the pretty red soles on these shoes will get scuffed on the subway). The evening mule is where Louboutin lavishes most of his couture-style design sense, and the most delectable are in splashy fabrics: navy brocade, blue-and-lilac-striped silk, even plastic-covered collages of Louboutin's own travel souvenirs.

- Blue-and-lilac-striped silk mules, $350.
- Plastic-covered-collage mules, $310.
- Black suede T-strap stilettos, $470.

Tod's

650 Madison Avenue, near 60th Street (212-644-5945)



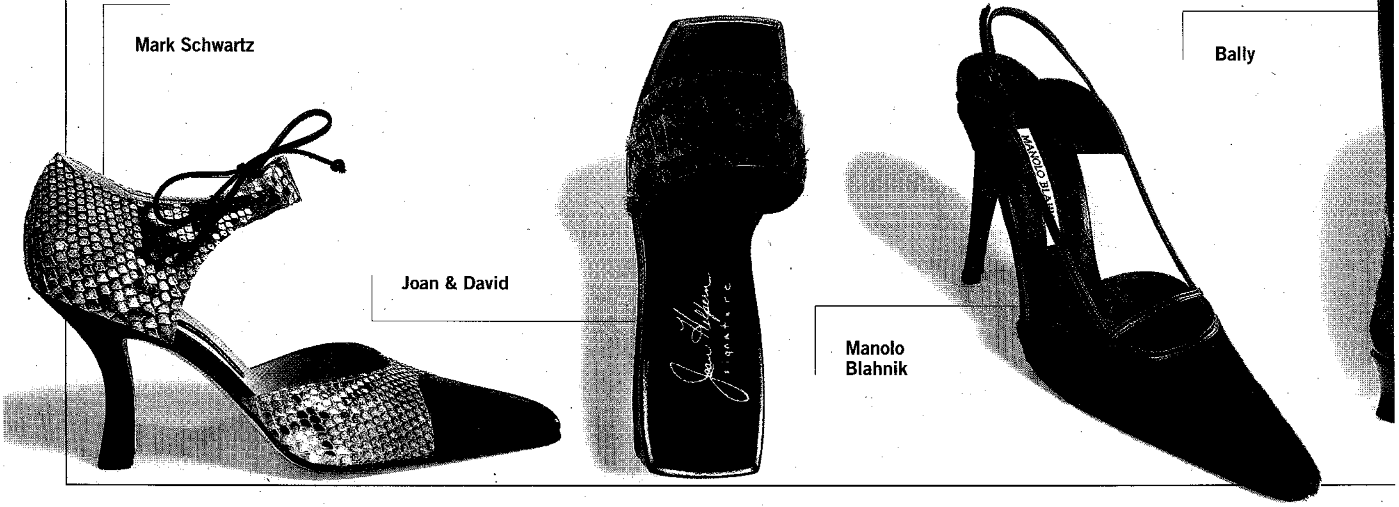
Good news for those with a fear of heights: Diego Della Valle's bright, airy five-month-old flagship boutique is packed with sidewalk-friendly shoes that won't leave you looking flat and tired. The core collection of loafers and driving moccasins is gussied up in colorful suede and pony; boot shapes range from flat molded-leather ankle styles to knee-high riding versions (and they come in the same fetching fabrics).

- Cube-soled green leather loafer, $325.
- Pony loafers, $550.
- Olive-green pony riding boots, $895.

Stephane Kelian

158 Mercer Street (212-925-3077)

While still popular with wedgie wearers, longtime tastemaker Stephane Kelian is once again catering to the true footwear fetishist—and there's no doubting that his lean, mean, racy shoes and boots will hold their own with the season's sharpest clothes. Ankle-strap pumps and knee-high boots have a fascinating thick setback stiletto heel. Heights vary from sensible to vertiginous. Aim high—the effect's worth feeling a little giddy.



Photographs by Janice Faber. Fashion assistant: Danica Wilcox.

- Chocolate-brown knee-high stiletto boots, $695.
- Copper embossed-leather ankle-strap pumps, $385.
- Cream lace-up oxfords with black lug soles, $280.

Via Spiga

765 Madison Avenue, near 65th Street (212-988-4877)

Via Spiga spoils twentysomething tourists and East Side Euro types with lots and lots of chic, youthful shoes that don't cost a fortune. The store's current preppy-schoolgirl-ish collection has plenty of old faves—classic loafers, riding boots, and kitten-heeled slingbacks—but they're dressed up in vibrant colors and of-the-moment fabrics that won't make you feel like you're back in the lunchroom.

- Red calfskin loafers with pewter buckles, $170.
- Open-toed evening slides with black-and-white beading, $158.
- Brown leather riding boots with lug soles, $305.

Sigerson Morrison

242 Mott Street (212-625-1641)

Sigerson Morrison is carrying on with the slingbacks, kitten-heeled pumps, square-toed ballet flats, and skinny boots that keep the younger set streaming downtown after lunch at La Goulue. In a nod to current trends, the design team is producing its classic styles in a handful of the season's most coveted fabrics and colors, including pony skin and metallic finishes.

- Wine pony slingbacks with stiletto heels, $356.
- Silver mules with pointed toes, $254.
- Black post-heel high boots, $403.

Mark Schwartz

45 Spring Street (212-343-9292)

Mark Schwartz opened his first shop last August in NoLIta, but he's no newcomer to high-end shoemaking—his résumé includes fifteen years' experience with stars like Richard Tyler and Roger Vivier. For his own collection, Schwartz starts with the sleek, modern shapes you'd expect, then takes a detour into the unexpected—say, a Lucite sling on a pony pump or whipstitched seams on a pair of boots.

- Python ankle-tie stilettos with Sabrina heels, $295.
- Giraffe-print high-heeled pony sandals with plastic slingbacks, $280.
- Black lace-front stiletto boots with black beading, $595.

Patrick Cox

702 Madison Avenue, near 63rd Street (212-759-3910)

Uptown hipsters with downtown fantasies stop in for shoes that are groovy enough for lunch at Cafe Gitane but still hint at oh-so-correct Zip Codes. For fall, Cox offers up his predictable dose of mod (think go-go ankle boots and pumps with severely squared-off toes) in sharp black, white, orange, and fuchsia combos. But he keeps the mood fancy with the occasional sharp, rectangular metal heel or a touch of mohair.

- Orange leather loafer, $205.
- Silver satin mule with rosette appliqué and upturned toe, $332.
- Black ankle boots with cutaway dot details, $450.

Bally

628 Madison Avenue, at 59th Street (212-751-9082)

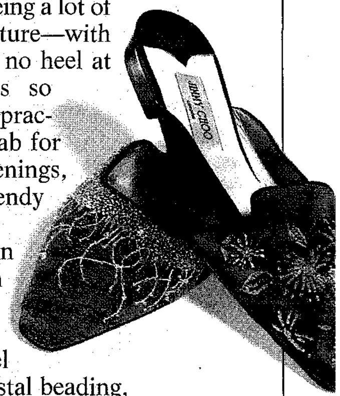
You know Bally's core business—endless variations on the sensible ballet flats, loafers, or pumps that pack in the regulars season after season. What you've probably forgotten is Bally's knack for keeping alive key, moneyed styles from the past that make an occasional comeback—like leather boots with tapered wooden heels that would look right-on with your kick-pleated A-line skirt.

- Ankle boots with side buckles, $325.
- Black napa-leather flat loafers with asymmetric toes, $195.
- Olive cascara cowboy boots, $470.

Jimmy Choo

645 Fifth Avenue, at 51st Street (212-593-0800)

British designer Jimmy Choo is your psychic friend in the upmarket shoe world—he never fails to divine what you'll want in any particular season and gives it to you in endless variety. This season, he's seeing a lot of boots in our future—with anything from no heel at all to needles so spindly they'll practically hail a cab for you. For evenings, pick up a trendy beaded slide.



- Olive-green beaded-satin evening slides, $515.
- Gray flannel slides with crystal beading, $490.
- Kitten-heeled camouflage-print pony boots, $820.

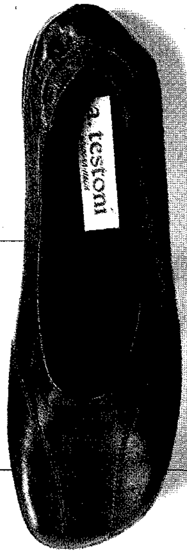
Nine West

675 Fifth Avenue, at 53rd Street (212-319-6893)

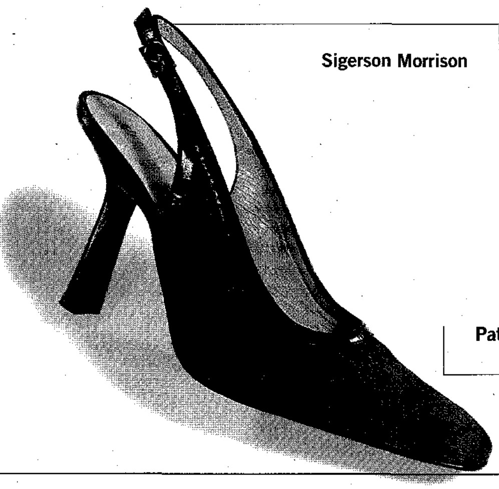
If you're looking to sweep your closet of those boring black mules (just *so* last season!) and refill it with current trends, cab it here and you'll still have some cash left for clothes. This season's stock includes plenty of pony, flannel, *faux* python, and beading. There are dozens of boots to try on—and virtually everything's well under $200.

- Leopard-print kitten-heel mules, $65.

A. Testoni



Sigerson Morrison



Patrick Cox

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- Brown leather cowboy boots with cow-print pony uppers, $169.
- Leather square-toed ankle boots with two-inch heels, $115.

Salvatore Ferragamo

663 Fifth Avenue, near 53rd Street (212-838-9470)

After watching today's customers haul away box upon box of ultraconservative loafers and walking shoes, you can easily forget that in the forties, Mr. Ferragamo almost single-handedly created the market for wacky, over-the-top shoes. Poke around the store, and you'll find stuff you wish your mom had saved. Like shiny calfskin riding boots with skinny buckles on the ankles, or amazing real-alligator pumps.

- Brown alligator pumps, $1,650.
- Knee-high ankle-buckle riding boots with thick two-inch heels, $560.
- Black plain-front calfskin loafers with low heels, $265.

Charles Jourdan

777 Madison Avenue, near 66th Street (212-585-2238)

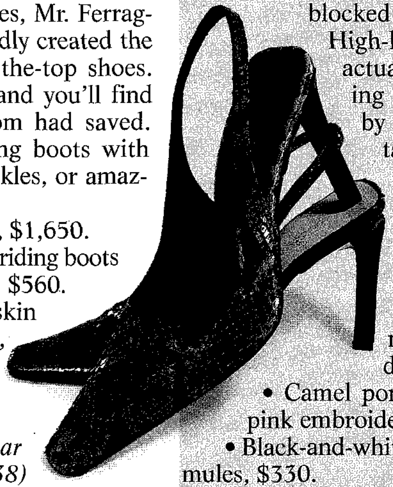
While Madison Avenue hostesses swear by the pumps and heel-soothing evening shoes on offer here, there are also plenty of pickings for the fashionista who'll work the stilettos at night but walks to the office in the morning. The younger CJ Bis line does the trick: It gives a trendy edge to good old-fashioned shoe craftsmanship—lots of pink suede, lime-green leather, and hippie brown shearling—all in styles that don't sacrifice comfort.

- Brown shearling clogs with rubber soles, $145.
- Lime-green suede sport shoes with jelly heels, $135.
- Red calfskin ankle boots, $165.

Sergio Rossi

835 Madison Avenue, near 69th Street (212-396-4814)

There isn't a blah heel in this shop (or a black leather pump, for that matter). Instead, each shoe is the kind that makes an outfit, usually packing a dizzying combination of trends into a single ten-ounce moment—think beaded-pony-skin kitten-heel mules, python stiletto slingbacks, or color-blocked pony riding boots. High-heel wearers who actually do a little walking on occasion swear by Rossi's skinny rectangular resin heels—they're towering without feeling tippy. Flats fiends love the selection of embellished, ultrafeminine slippers for dressing up.



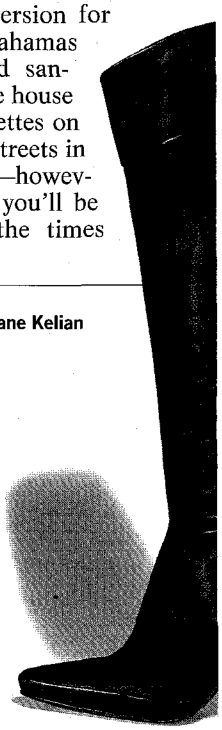
- Camel pony-skin slides with pink embroidery, $495.
- Black-and-white pony high-heeled mules, $330.
- Green lizard slingback stilettos, $470.

Joan & David

816 Madison Avenue, near 68th Street (212-772-3970)

Rounding out its collection of stylish, preppy classics (pumps, mules, loafers), Joan & David has taken a youthful, lively diversion for fall. Party in the Bahamas in brown feathered sandals, pad around the house in slippers with rosettes on the toes, or hit the streets in hefty modern clogs—however you wear these, you'll be keeping up with the times

Salvatore Ferragamo



Stephane Kelian

Photographs by Janice Faber

without feeling like a fashion victim.
- Brown flat feathered sandals, $240.
- Rosette-toed gray slippers, $195.
- Black leather clogs, $150.

Stuart Weitzman

625 Madison Avenue, near 59th Street (212-750-2555)

Stuart Weitzman should be the first stop for anyone about to grow out of a Birkenstocks-and-sleep-till-noon lifestyle: The shop's basic pumps, flats, mules, and sandals come in at least four or five colors each, and there's definitely one to match any new suit. For glitzy events, perhaps New Year's Eve, check out a group of rhinestone-bedecked stiletto sandals that would give the Waterford ball a run for its money. For a smidgen of hippie weekend chic, pick up a pair of lug-soled shearling boots.
- Brown shearling boots, $260.
- Black silk rhinestone-encrusted slingback sandals, $205.
- Black suede stiletto high boots, $360.
- Black pony slides with rounded three-inch heels, $165.

Bottega Veneta

635 Madison Avenue, near 59th Street (212-371-5515)

There's little chance of mistaking the Bottega Veneta shoe gal for the classic Bottega bag lady. More suited to the Chelsea gallery owner than the uptown doyenne, the shoes here are serious, high-minded fashion. Daytime styles have consistently high vamps, almost comically pointed toes, and low, manageable heels. For evening, there's little of the frivolous decorating you'll see almost everywhere else; instead, you'll find a smattering of streamlined pointy slides and the occasional high heel—maybe adorned with a big, floppy rosette.
- Stretch-leather knee-high boots, $500.
- Leopard-print slides, $330.
- Pink satin pumps with rosettes, $440.

Kenneth Cole

95 Fifth Avenue, at 17th Street (212-675-2550)

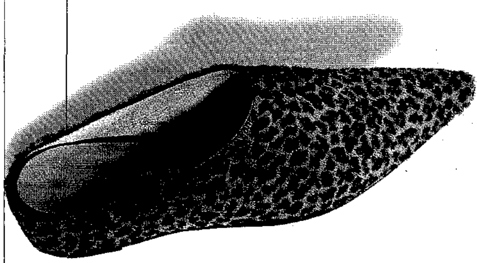
He's built an empire on the solid urban walking shoe, but designer Kenneth Cole isn't above flirting with the season's funkier trends. If you're considering testing trendier waters but wouldn't feel right hopping around town with a lot of silliness on your feet, you'll quickly feel comfortable in Cole's take on recent fabric developments. Pony skin is here, for instance, but it comes only in black, on shoes with solid, urban heels and clean and classic shapes—no, you won't be homesick for the sensible stuff you're accustomed to.
- Black calfskin knee boots with one-inch heels and asymmetric toes, $198.
- Burgundy satin pumps with ankle straps and embroidered roses, $130.

A. Testoni

665 Fifth Avenue, near 53rd Street (212-223-0909)

A. Testoni has long provided the older, moneyed set with luxurious, if less than flamboyant, footwear. This season, the company has spiced up its traditional offerings with a few modern twists—such as a lug sole on classic flat leather boots, or a touch of cheetah-print pony on Belgian-style slippers, or ballet flats in eye-catching red leather.
- Cheetah-print slippers, $295.
- Red leather ballet flats, $235.
- Black leather square-toed ankle boots with chunky two-inch heels, $370. ■

Bottega Veneta



Christian Louboutin

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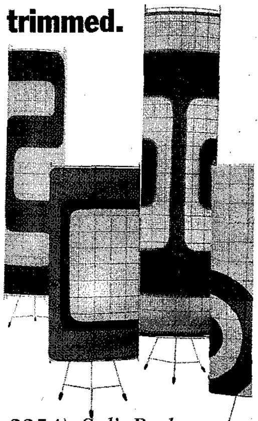
SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Prime Cuts

Shave and a haircut: *Okay, it costs a little more than two bits—but these barbers still* **keep their prices trimmed.**



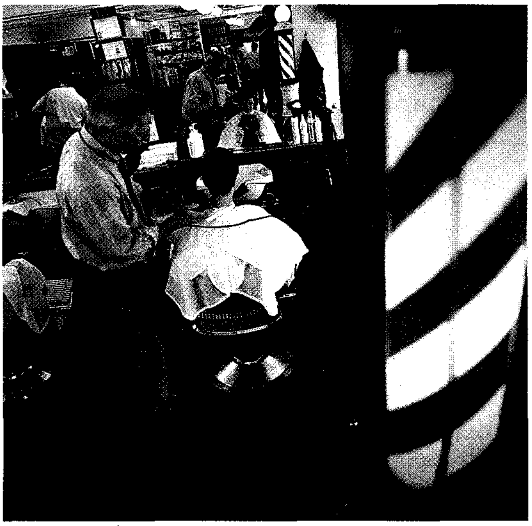
Is any man really comfortable in a unisex hair salon? The perfumey smells, the mauve smocks, the photos of cheesy haircuts you'd *never want*—no, no, no. Instead, get yourself to an honest-to-God barbershop, where the owner wears a white coat, the floors are tile, and the haircuts are *cheap*.

For upmarket barber service, head to **Paul Molé**, currently the oldest such shop in Manhattan (it's been around for 80 years). $25 buys a spritz and a cut; for $3 more, they'll shampoo *after* the cut (so no post-trim itch). Similarly, Victor and Joe, the two barbers at **Feature Trim**, have been giving neighborhood folks neat haircuts for more than twenty years. A dry cut is $18; shampooing is an extra $5.

A few barbers satisfy less conservative tastes. **Chelsea Barber** is a favorite among local hipsters for sharp, up-to-date cuts that cost a mere $15. And at **Sal's Barber Shop**, a cut is only $12. Sal trimmed Little Italy's old-time bigwigs long before NoLIta arrived. But he's willing to accommodate—he calls that floppy Hugh Grant look his "English cut."

There's nothing like boasting "I got my hair cut in the subway." **Roma's Barber Shop**, in the 50th Street stop on the 1-9 line, is no time warp—it's got halogen lights and new fixtures—but a shampoo and a fine cut are only $12.

Snips and snails: Paul Molé, with future regular.



Paul Molé, 1031 Lexington Ave., near 74th St. (212-535-8461); Feature Trim, 1108 Lexington Ave., near 77th St. (212-650-9746); Chelsea Barber, 465 W. 23rd St. (212-741-2254); Sal's Barber Shop, 209 Mott St. (no phone; closed Sun. and Mon.); Roma's Barber Shop, 50th Street subway stop (212-307-1840).

Picks of the Week

Vanessa Noel is taking 50 to 70 percent off dressy mules, boots, sandals, and bridal shoes that sell at places like Saks. Prices are $30–$150. Sizes 4½–12. *12 W. 57th St., Suite 901 (333-7882); A.E., M.C., V.; Wed.–Fri. 9–5; 10/20–10/22.*

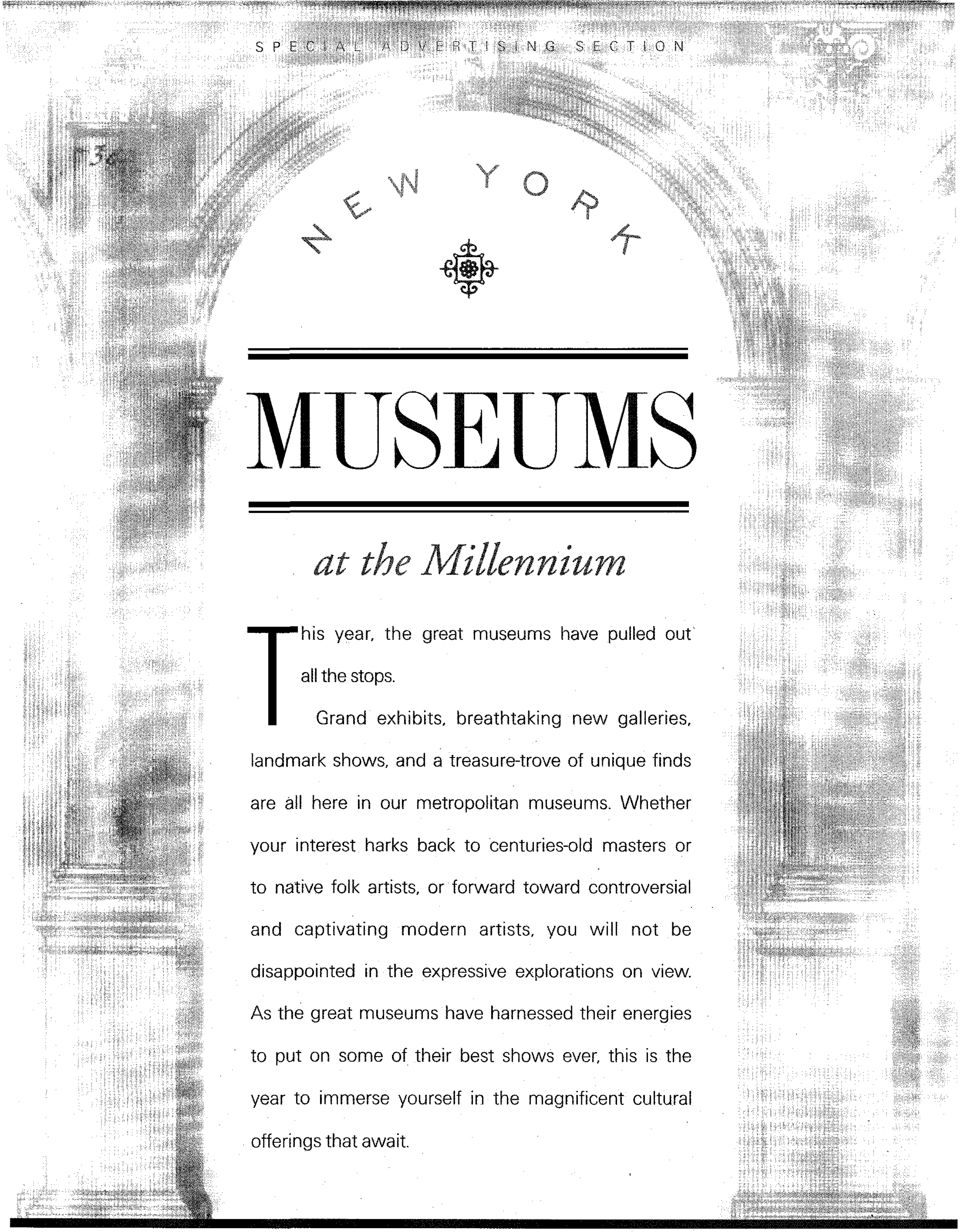
Medusa's Heirlooms's wacky hair accessories are 60 to 70 percent off at the sale, from $5–$20. *385 Fifth Ave., at 36th St., Suite 1008 (212-683-6711); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9–6; 10/19–10/22.*

Tote le Monde chic handbags (they sell at Barneys and Calypso) are now half off, from $60 to $175. *50 W. 29th St. (212-951-7140); cash only; Wed.–Thurs. 11–7, Fri. 9–3; 10/20–10/22.*

Totem's sleek furniture is now up to half off—from $75 for a "Zip Code" lamp (pictured) to $2,950 for a James Irvine sofabed. *71 Franklin St. (212-925-5506); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. 11–7, Sun. noon–5; 10/19–10/24.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: top, courtesy of Totem Design Group; bottom, Scott Jones.



NEW YORK

MUSEUMS

at the Millennium

This year, the great museums have pulled out all the stops.

Grand exhibits, breathtaking new galleries, landmark shows, and a treasure-trove of unique finds are all here in our metropolitan museums. Whether your interest harks back to centuries-old masters or to native folk artists, or forward toward controversial and captivating modern artists, you will not be disappointed in the expressive explorations on view. As the great museums have harnessed their energies to put on some of their best shows ever, this is the year to immerse yourself in the magnificent cultural offerings that await.

BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR

CHRISTY CASAMASSIMA
EDITOR

BOLLE DESIGN
CREATIVE

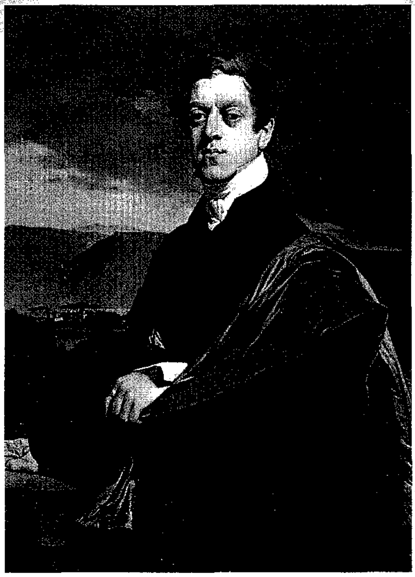
LORY CONKLIN
RESEARCH

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

From ancient to modern, from the land of the pyramids to the rock 'n' roll stage, this season of exhibitions could only happen at the Metropolitan, where visitors traverse the entire span of recorded history through great art.

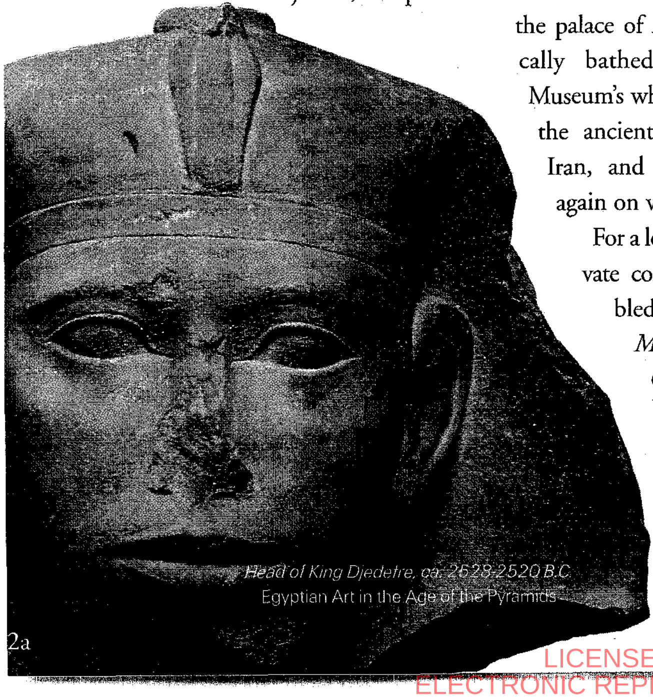
Egyptian Art in the Age of the Pyramids is the landmark exhibition already drawing hordes of visitors to the Met this fall. The 250 works of sculpture and decorative art from the temples and tombs surrounding the great pyramids have traveled to New York from museums around the world, including Egypt itself. Never has so much art of third millennium B.C. Egypt–the so-called "Golden Age"–been seen together in this country, and the effect gives us a new understanding of the creativity and lifestyles of this great culture. Through January 9.

Some of the most sumptuous and intuitive portraits ever created are on view through January 2 in the stunning exhibition *Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch*. View more than 100 paintings and drawings by the greatest portrait painter of the 19th century and one of the most brilliant draftsmen of all time. The subjects are a Who's Who of the ruling elite in France, and the aristocratic portraits project the shimmering fabrics, glittering jewels, and polished interiors of the decades from the Revolution to the Second Empire. A companion show in the museum's Costume Institute, *Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres* (through November 21), shows clothing of the period, from the undergarments that dictated contour to the luxurious fabrics and opulent details of the period's daytime and evening wear.



Count Nickolai Gouriev, 1821
Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch

Suit by Gianni Versace for Elton John, 1997
Rock Style



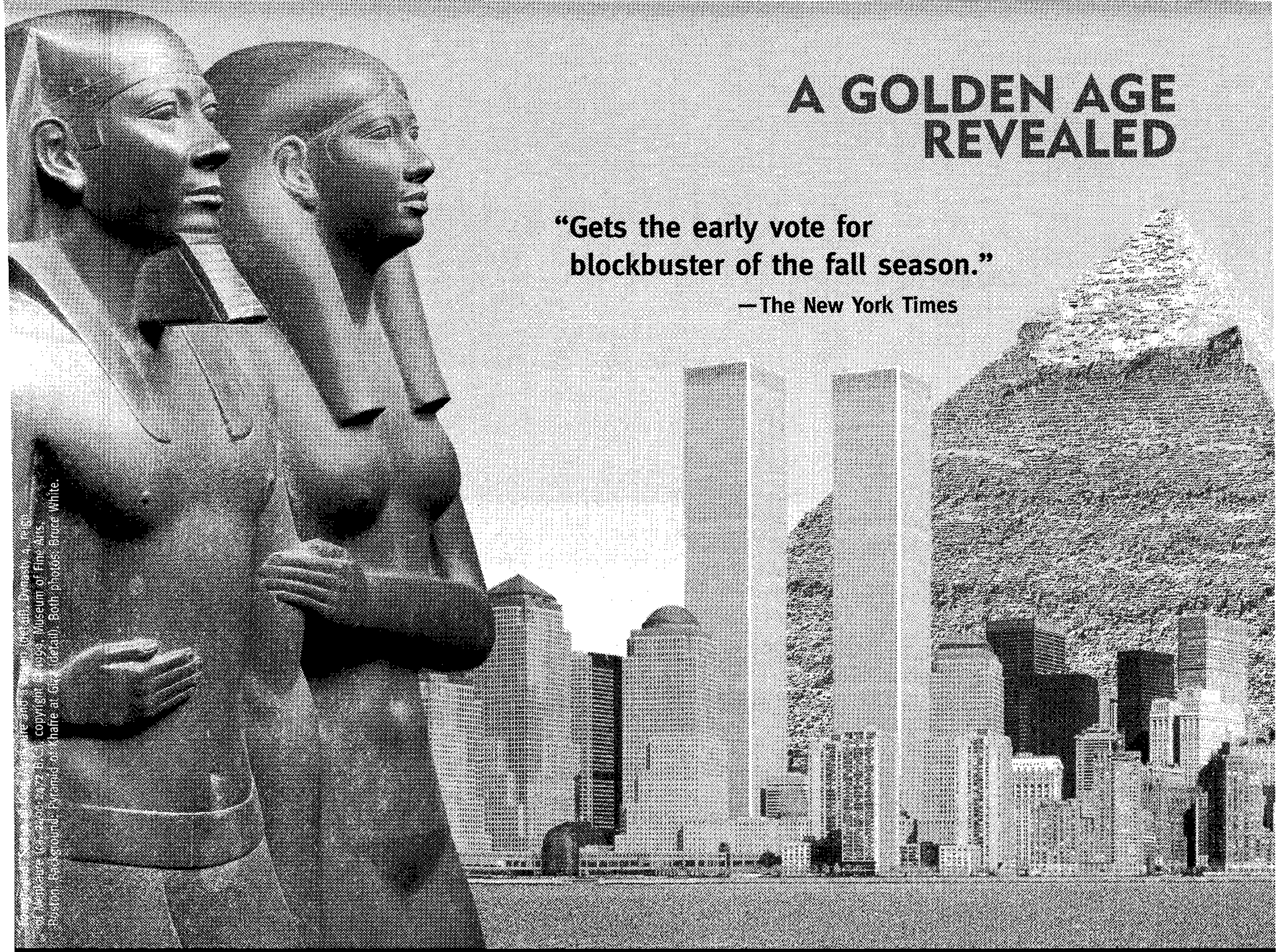
Head of King Djedefre, ca. 2628-2520 B.C.
Egyptian Art in the Age of the Pyramids

Just open are the Metropolitan's new galleries for Ancient Near Eastern art, with one of the most popular rooms in the Museum–the great Assyrian reliefs from the palace of Asurnasirpal–now dramatically bathed in natural light. The Museum's whole range of treasures from the ancient people of Mesopotamia, Iran, and their neighbors are once again on view, after a long hiatus.

For a look at one of the greatest private collections of art ever assembled, see *"Only the Best": Masterpieces of the Calouste Gulbenkian Museum, Lisbon*, 80 works guaranteed to dazzle–including paintings by Rubens, Fragonard, Turner, Manet, and Monet, as well as spectacular Islamic ceramics and glass, Lalique jewelry, ancient sculptures, illuminated manuscripts, Persian and Turkish silks, and more. Gulbenkian was an industrialist, philanthropist, and collector who created his museum in Lisbon before he died in 1955; now that museum is allowing its works to travel to New York for the first time. This is a collection not to be missed.

And before the millennium comes to a close, take a look at Elvis Presley's gold lamé suit and the clothing of other image icons–like Tina Turner, David Bowie, Madonna, Elton John, Mama Cass, and many more–who jump-started fashion in our own time. On December 9, the Costume Institute will open *Rock Style*, spotlighting the classic rock 'n' roll performers who broke ground in style and evolved new fashion trends. The Costume Institute demonstrates once again that fashion is a living art. Through March 19.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street
535-7710
Hours: Fri. and Sat. 9:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.;
Tues. – Thurs. and Sun., 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.
Closed Mon.



A GOLDEN AGE REVEALED

"Gets the early vote for blockbuster of the fall season."
—The New York Times

[illegible] re and [illegible] (detail), Dynasty 4, reign of Menkaure (ca. 2490–2472 B.C.), copyright © 1999, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. Background: Pyramid of Khafre at Giza (detail). Both photos: Bruce White.

EGYPTIAN ART IN THE AGE OF
THE PYRAMIDS

NOW THROUGH JANUARY 9, 2000

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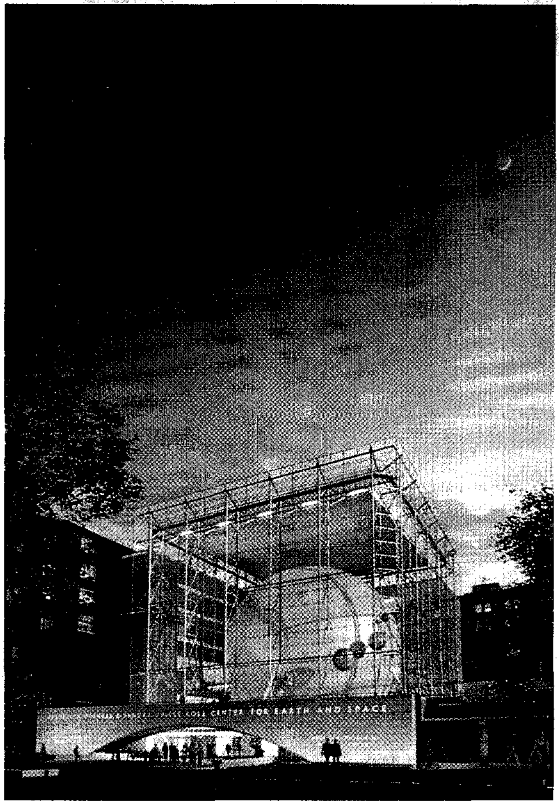
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

Explore the ancient origins of modern tattooing and piercing. Take flight with hundreds of live tropical butterflies. Journey beyond the solar system. From the dawn of early man to the future of the universe, the American Museum of Natural History will transport you to a world beyond your own.

Journeying into the next millennium, the American Museum of Natural History will open the eagerly anticipated Frederick Phineas and Sandra Priest Rose Center for Earth and Space in February 2000. The spectacular seven-floor facility, featuring a futuristic 87-foot sphere that appears to float in a 95-foot high glass-walled cube, is certain to become a celebrated architectural icon of New York City. The sphere contains the new Hayden Planetarium, where the most sophisticated technologies available connect with actual astronomical data to transport visitors anywhere in the universe. Space Theater-goers will experience the largest and most powerful virtual reality simulator in the world, with its hyper-realistic views of star fields, the sun, and planets, and "fly" through a scientifically accurate virtual recreation of our galaxy –and beyond.

The Rose Center also features state-of-the-art halls on the universe and the Earth that feature artifacts like space dust, moon rocks, meteorites, and incredible rock specimens from around the globe, and are punctuated with the latest in multi-media presentations and cutting-edge science. A spiraling ramp the length of a football field inside the Rose Center will take you through 13 billion years of cosmic evolution–where human existence appears no thicker than a human hair–and a walkway of dramatic hanging planets and galaxies will give you a sense of just how big Earth is in comparison to the rest of the universe. Next Spring, look forward to the Arthur Ross Terrace, more than an acre of new public space, with fountains and fiber-optic lights laid out in the shape of the constellation Orion. Visitor amenities abound, including a new neighborhood entrance on Columbus Avenue, an additional Museum Shop, dining facilities, and a three-story parking garage.



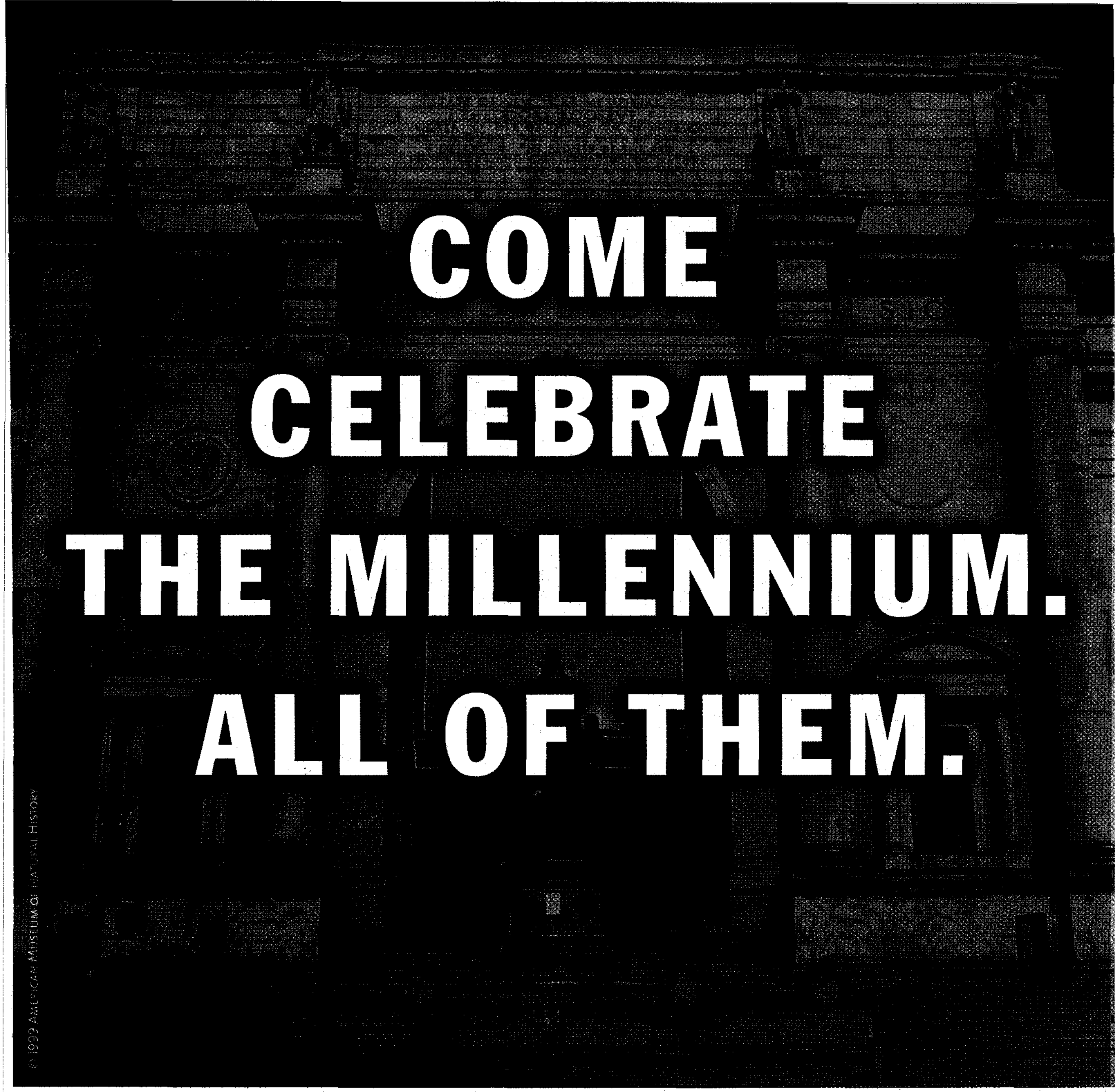
Frederick Phineas & Sandra Priest Rose Center for Earth and Space

Two highlights on the Fall line-up are *The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter* and *Body Art: Marks of Identity*. Back by popular demand, more than 400 tropical butterflies will be set free in an enclosed rainforest habitat, starting October 9, 1999. Enter our sultry vivarium and interact with these beautiful, multicolored insects in 80° temperature, surrounded by tropical blooming plants and lush green vegetation. Take refuge from the cold in this warm oasis aflutter with live butterflies through February 27, 2000, and experience one of the most popular exhibitions ever at the Museum.

Museum-goers of all ages this fall can also celebrate cultural invention and individual artistry in *Body Art: Marks of Identity*, an exhibition that explores the ways in which humans have decorated their bodies over the ages. On view from November 20, 1999, through May 29, 2000, *Body Art* highlights objects and practices dating back from today to at least c. 2000 BC from cultures across the globe, from Egyptian tattooing to head reshaping among the Mangbetu people of Congo to techniques and fashions in contemporary Western body art such as piercing and tattooing. The exhibition includes a wide array of objects from the Museum's vast collection, as well as a selection of superb sculptures, paintings, and photographs on loan from public and private collections in the U.S. and abroad.

The tattooed bodies of entertainers and performance artists The Enigma and his wife Katzen.
Photo by William DeMichele

American Museum of Natural History
Central Park West at 79th Street
769-5100
Hours: Daily 10 a.m - 5:45 p.m., Fri. and Sat. evenings until 8:45 p.m.


COME
CELEBRATE
THE MILLENNIUM.
ALL OF THEM.
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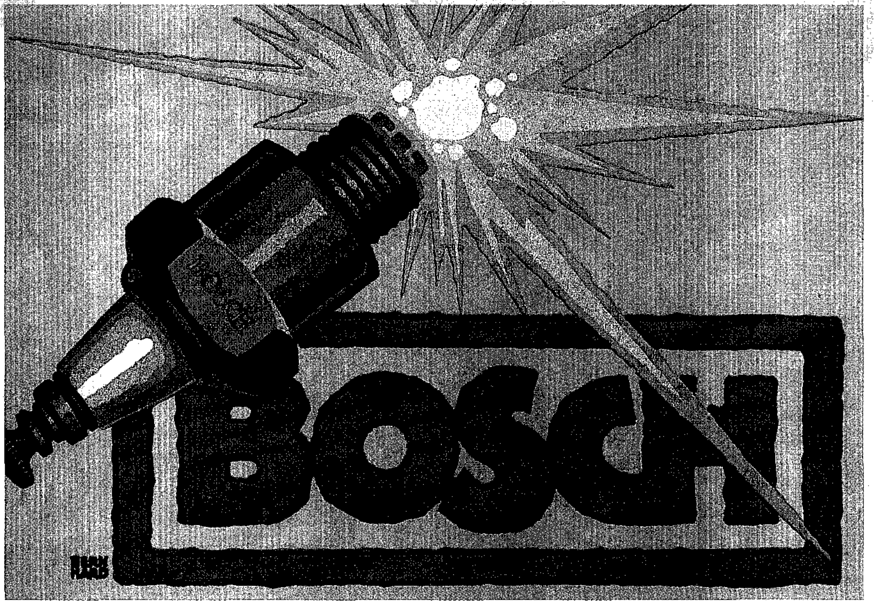
American
Museum of
Natural
History

Central Park West at 79th Street www.amnh.org

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

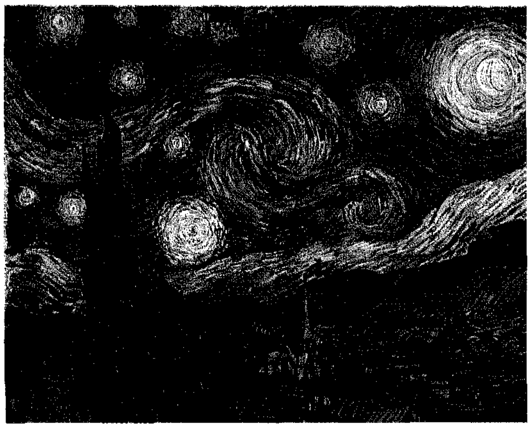


Lucian Bernhard. *Bosch*. 1914. Lithograph. Gift of The Lauder Foundation, Leonard and Evelyn Lauder Fund

This fall sees the launch of *ModernStarts* at MoMA, a five-month series of exhibitions that explore early modern art from 1880 to 1920. The entire Museum has been reconfigured for this massive show–really a series of shows–which unites hidden treasures from the MoMA collection with the iconic works for which the Museum is best known. Part of the strategy is to experiment with new ways of showing the vast collection in the new building the Modern is to erect over the next few years.

Forget conventional MoMA style, with its decisive presentation of works by authoritative "isms." Instead of arranging the art by chronology, style, or school, *ModernStarts* emphasizes relationships and shared themes, as well as divergent movements and conflicting points of view, juxtaposing works in new and often provocative ways. Artworks from more recent times also come into the *ModernStarts* mix, to show how later artists have treated or have been influenced by the traditions, themes, and subject matter of early modern art.

People, which opens October 7, explores early modern representations of the human figure. Exhibition themes include *Composing with the Figure*, with works by artists such as Toulouse-Lautrec, Matisse, and Duchamp; *Actors, Dancers, Bathers*, which traces the development of these genres from Cézanne to contemporary photography; and *Unique Forms of Continuity in Space*, an installation of large figurative sculptures. The ringer here may be *Ensor/Posada*, which compares the astonishing prints of two contemporaries who worked worlds apart.



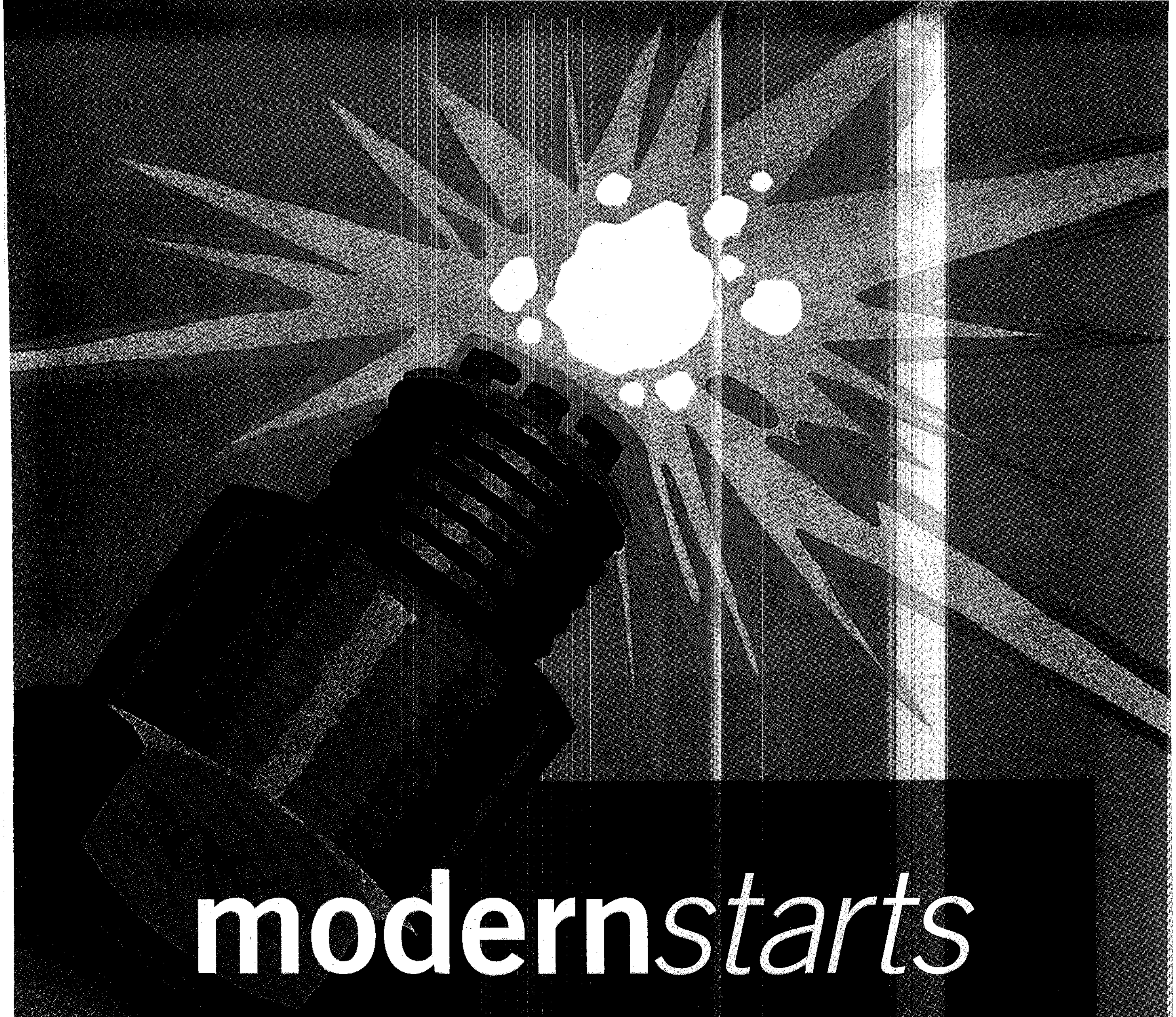
Vincent van Gogh. *The Starry Night*. 1889. Oil on canvas. Acquired through the Lillie P. Bliss Bequest

Opening on October 28 is *Places*, an investigation of the real and imaginary sites of early modernism. Among the themes are *Seasons and Moments*, an evocative installation of epic landscapes, from van Gogh and Kandinsky to Twombly; *Landscape as Retreat*, woodcuts by Gauguin, Munch, Nolde, and others on the theme of escape from urban life; a fin-de-siècle environment, *Hector Guimard and the Art Nouveau Interior*; and *Unreal City*, paintings, drawings, and photographs that depict the city as a site of disrupted space and modern anxiety. *Places* includes a film series, *The American Place: Landscape in the Early Western.*

Things, which opens November 21, draws connections between three-dimensional objects (including sculpture, design objects, and architectural fragments) and two-dimensional representations (paintings, prints, drawings, and photographs). Among the Modern "starts" on view are Picasso's seminal sculpture *Guitar*; chairs by Hoffmann, Mackintosh, Wright, and others; and sculptures by Brancusi. Similar innovations in representation range from still-life paintings beginning with Cézanne to advertising posters by designers such as Bernhard.

ModernStarts also features large-scale works executed for the show by Sol LeWitt, Maria Fernanda Cardoso, and Michael Craig-Martin. MoMA's film department draws on its rich archive to present a comprehensive survey of silent film from 1893 (Edison kinetoscopes specially reconstructed for the show) through 1928 with works by Griffith, Fairbanks, Hart, and the masters of slapstick comedy, among others. A panoply of educational programs completes the picture, from gallery talks and symposia to interactive kiosks.

The Museum of Modern Art
11 W. 53rd St.
708-9400
Hours: 10:30 a.m to 5:45 p.m.,
Fri. 10:30 a.m.- 8:45 p.m. Closed Wed.



modern*starts*

at **MoMA**

Now on view.

Modern*Starts* relates the story of art from 1880 to 1920 as a rich fabric of interwoven narratives—multiple beginnings to the art we call modern. This massive series of exhibitions brings together hidden treasures from the MoMA collection as well as the iconic works for which the Museum is best known. Look to Modern*Starts* for bold juxtapositions of old and new, intriguing groupings of works on similar themes, and close examinations of artists such as Auguste Rodin, James Ensor, and Henri Matisse.

The Museum of Modern Art 11 West 53 Street, NY (212)708-9400 www.moma.org Closed Wed.

Lucian Bernhard. Bosch (detail). 1914. Lithograph. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of the Lauder Foundation, Leonard and Evelyn Lauder Fund

Made possible by The Starr Foundation. Generous support is provided by Agnes Gund and Daniel Shapiro in memory of Louise Reinhardt Smith. Additional support is provided by the Contemporary Exhibition Fund of The Museum of Modern Art, National Endowment for the Arts, and The Contemporary Arts Council and The Junior Associates of The Museum of Modern Art.

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Their weeks were marked by various explorations.

Tuesday, turned wood and glass. Ceramics and metal on a Wednesday. Those Thursdays of exquisitely sculpted objects. And Fridays that belonged to paintings, photography and limited-edition prints. Sunday afternoons tended to be more free-wheeling.

And always they marveled at how beauty now came to them with such ease and elegance. (Their postal worker greatly elevated in stature.)

In short, it's fair to say, that on a planet filling up with prefab, plastic, production-like things, theirs became a world of original creations. (Of course they told their friends).

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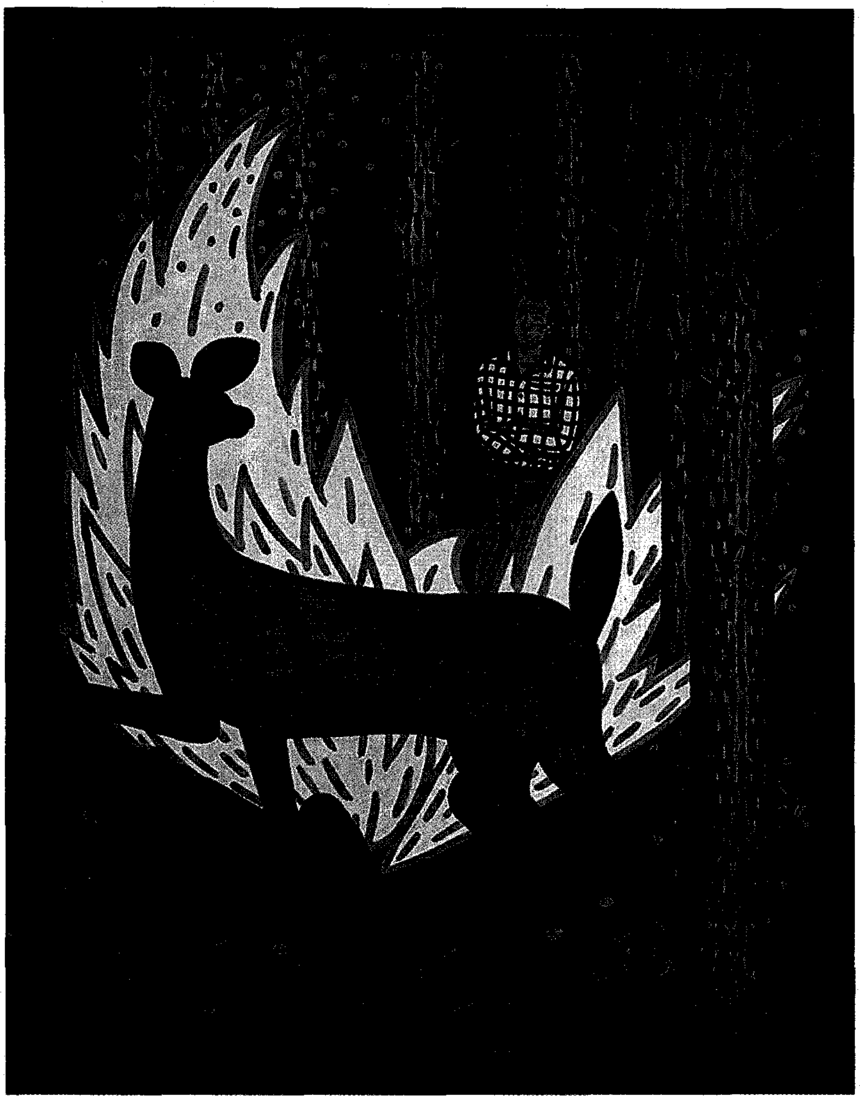
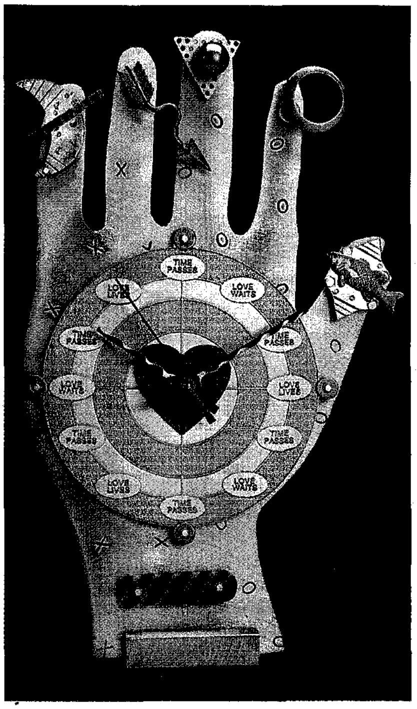
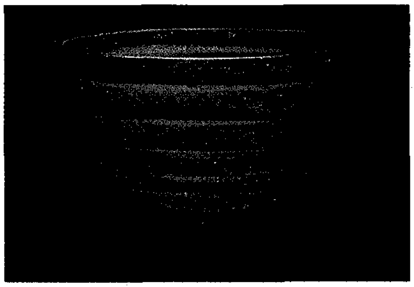
Boris Bally
Transit Chairs



Charles Munch
The Fire Between

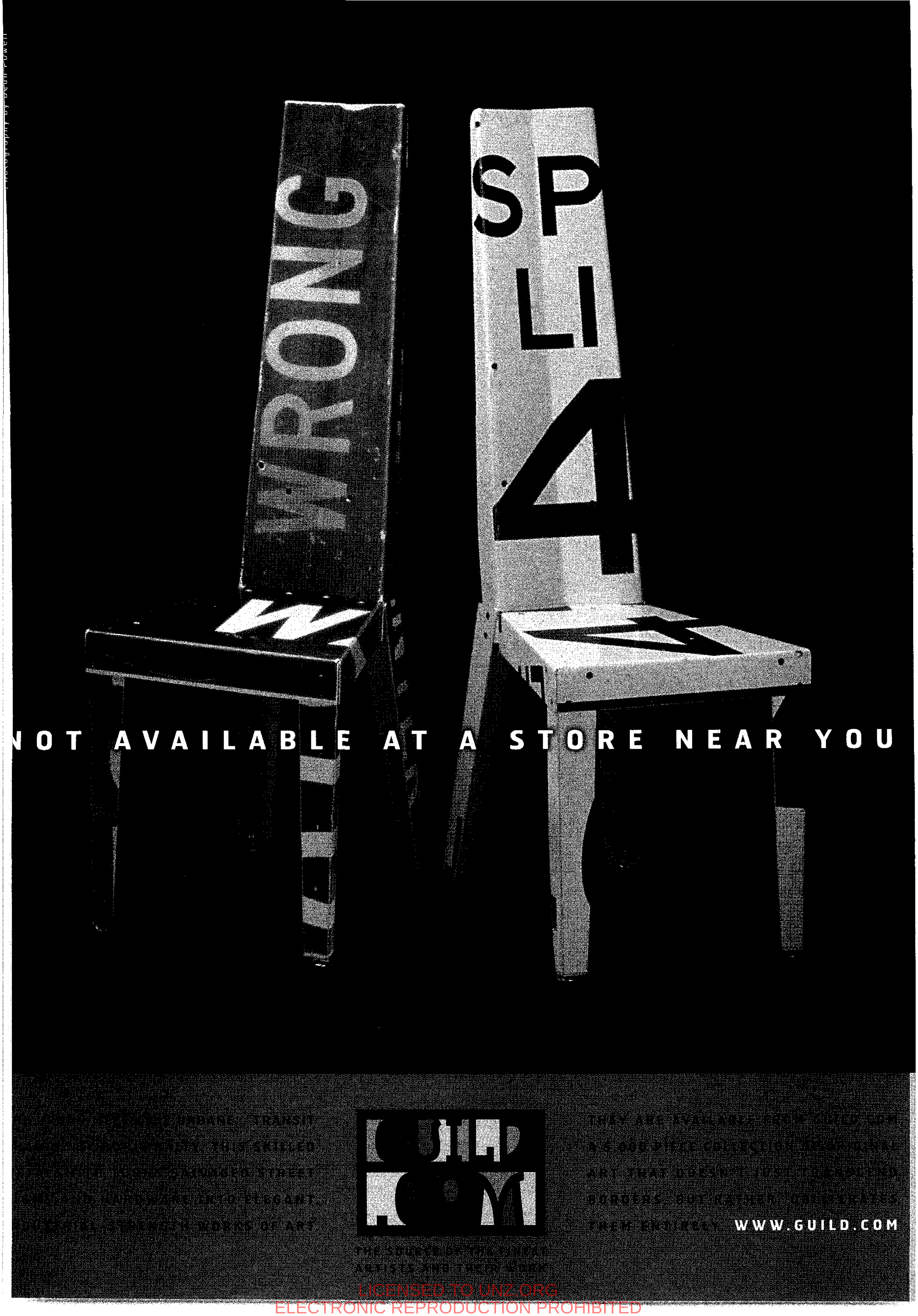


Thomas Mann
Techno Hand Clock



Ann Robinson
Amber Scallop Bowl

Photography by Dean Powell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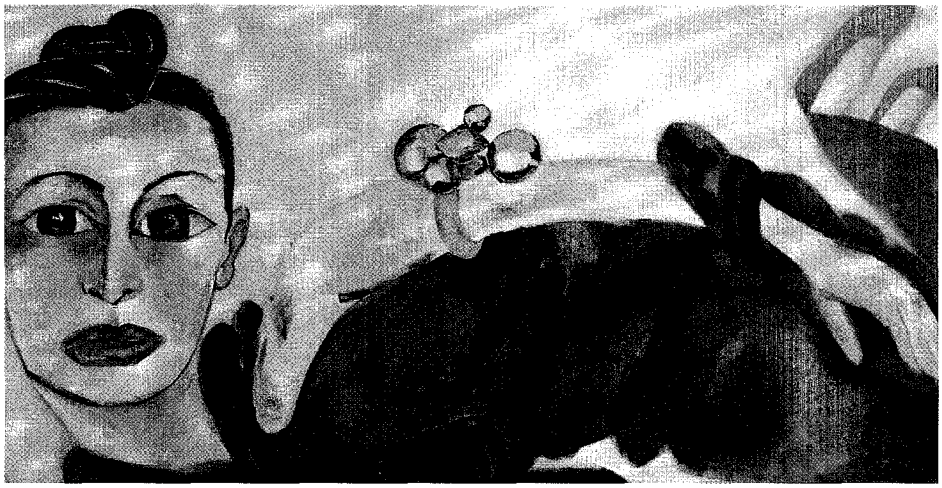
SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM

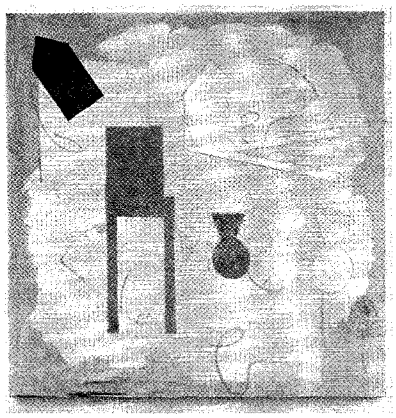
Clemente (October 8-January 9) is the first comprehensive career retrospective of Francesco Clemente. Clemente's work bridges the spiritual, fantastical, and physical worlds and is inspired by his travels in his native Italy, as well as India, New York, Jamaica, and the deserts of New Mexico. Through more than 200 paintings and drawings, sculptures, and book illustrations, this exhibition traces Clemente's career from the early 1970s to 1999. During the course of his career, Clemente has collaborated with many well-known poets. In conjunction with the exhibition, two evenings of poetry readings will present Gregory Corseo and Patti Smith on Tuesday, October 19, and Michael McClure and John Wieners on Tuesday, October 26 at 7 p.m. In celebration of Clemente, the Museum Café is hosting two Italian wine tastings on Wednesday, October 27 and November 17, at 7 p.m. Reservations are required (423-3587). On Fridays and Saturdays from 5 to 8 p.m. (except 12/24, 25, 31, and 1/1) visitors can enjoy WorldBeat Jazz while viewing the Clemente exhibition.



Francesco Clemente
Alba, 1997, oil on linen

LYMAN ALLYN MUSEUM OF ART AT CONNECTICUT COLLEGE

Jazz greats captured in time by the photographer Herman Leonard, gold and azure embossed leather furniture from 1800 and symbolic abstract paintings will spark the interest of fall visitors to Lyman Allyn Museum of Art on the grounds of Connecticut College in New London.



Denise Green
Be Careful She Dreams, 1996, acrylic on canvas

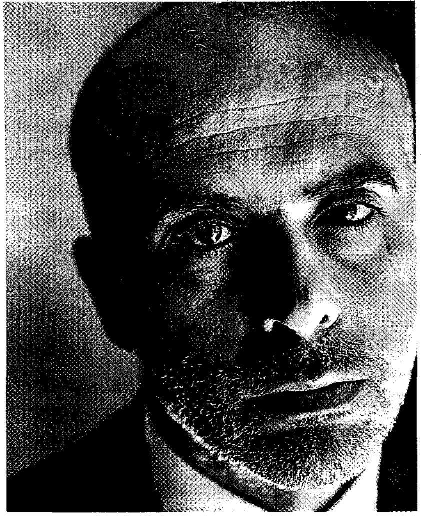
Herman Leonard: Jazz Memories is a stunning exhibition of black and white photographs of the giants in the Jazz world such as Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, and Billie Holiday. A recent acquisition to the museum's permanent collection, this exhibition is on view through December 12.

Also from the Lyman Allyn permanent collection is *Colorful Survivors: Early Embossed Leather from Norwich*, a splendid example of the excellent decorative arts crafted in this region of Connecticut.

Alfred DeCredico: La Selva Oscura features biomorphic abstract paintings, boxed constructions and small drawings which utilize organic forms to add a unique dimensionality to the work. DeCredico explores the complexity of nature as well as man's place in a multifaceted world in this provocative exhibition on view through December 5.

Lyman Allyn's Millennium Winter season kicks off with two blockbuster shows. *Denise Green: Resonating*, an exciting exhibition of evocative abstract paintings and works on paper, opens January 8 and remains on view through March 19, 2000. Green uses geometric shapes and pigment to synthesize the influence of aboriginal modes of thinking from her native Australia with Western ways of thinking to tell her unique visual story.

Organized by the Harvard University Art Museum, *Drawing is Another Kind of Language: Recent American Drawings from a New York Private Collection* comprises nearly one hundred drawings by such contemporary American masters as Barnett Newman, Jasper Johns, Richard Serra, Sol LeWitt, and Ellsworth Kelly. On view from January 8 through March 12, 2000, this remarkable exhibition reflects on the role of drawing in contemporary art as well as the strength and character of this private collection.



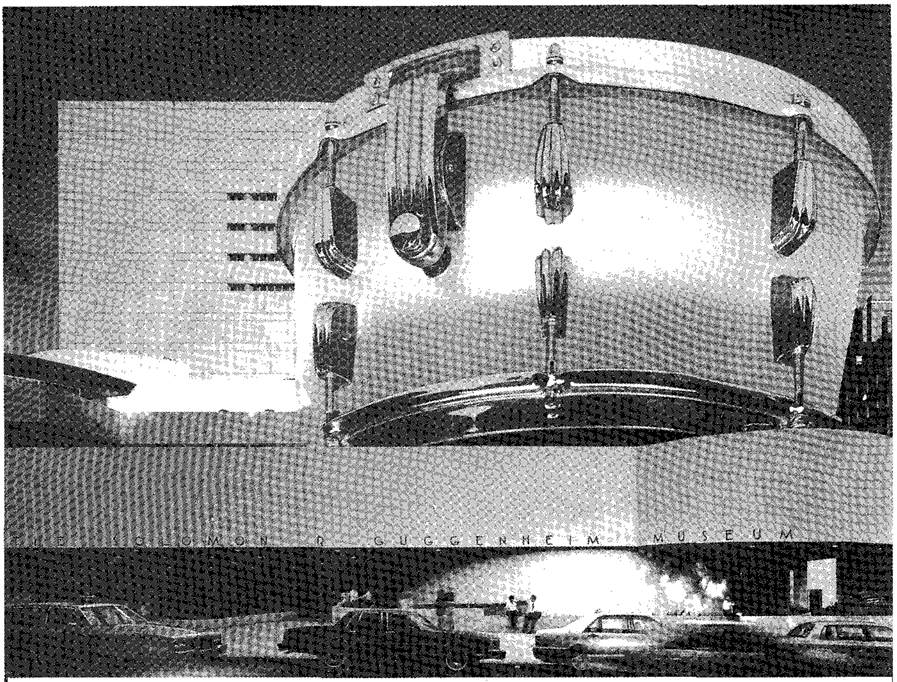
Francesco Clemente
Photo courtesy of Sante d'Orzzio

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum
1071 Fifth Avenue at 89th Street
423-3500; www.guggenheim.org
Hours: Sun.-Wed. 9 a.m.- 6 p.m.; Fri. and Sat. 9 a.m.-8 p.m. Closed Thurs.

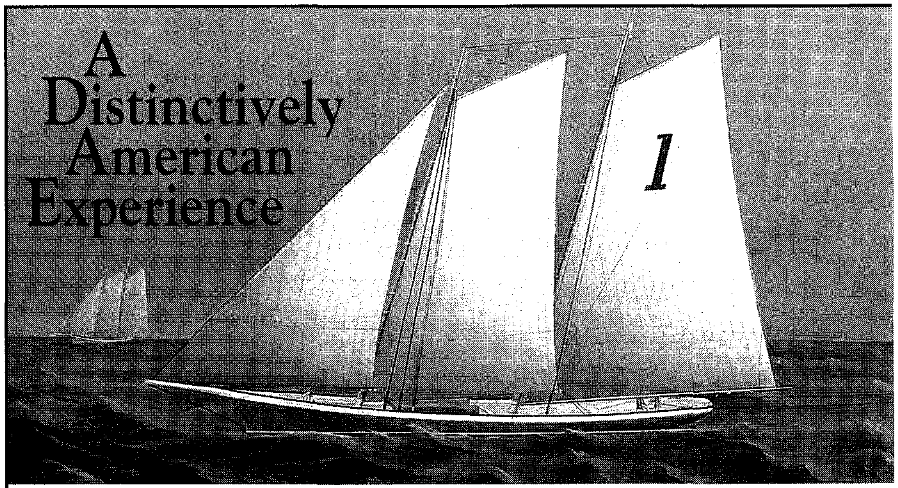
Just a short stroll from the main museum, visitors will discover the Deshon Allyn Mansion with its lovely Fortune Galleries. The Fortune Galleries exhibit 18th and 19th century regional artwork and furniture as well as Connecticut Impressionist paintings, Lyman Allyn's contribution as a partner in the Connecticut Impressionist Art Trail.

On the beautiful campus of Connecticut College and within view of the U. S. Coast Guard Academy and Long Island Sound, Lyman Allyn Museum of Art is gem of a museum not to be missed on any visit to New England.

Lyman Allyn Museum of Art at Connecticut College
625 Williams Street, New London, CT;
860-443-2545
Two hours plus from NYC, exit 83 off I-95.
Hours: Tues. – Sat. 10 a.m.– 5p.m.;
Sun. 1 – 5 p.m..



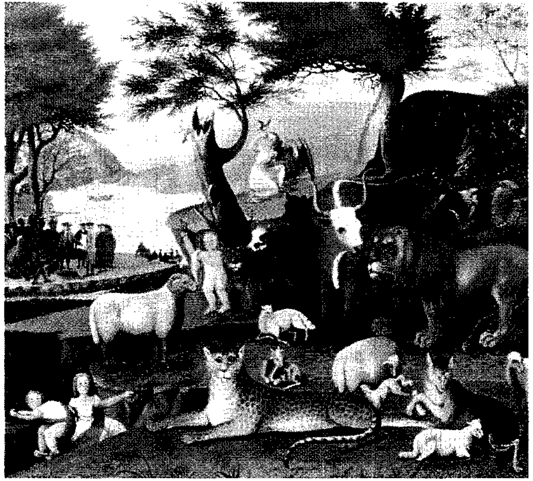
WORLDBEAT JAZZ
AT THE GUGGENHEIM
Enjoy jazz and cocktails in the Frank Lloyd Wright Rotunda, Friday and Saturday nights 5-8pm. Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Avenue (at 88th Street). Information: 212 423-3500



Fall 1999 Exhibitions
ALFRED DECREDICO: LA SELVA OSCURA
Through December 5, 1999
HERMAN LEONARD: JAZZ MEMORIES
Through December 12, 1999
LYMAN ALLYN ART MUSEUM
CONNECTICUT COLLEGE
625 WILLIAMS STREET ■ NEW LONDON, CT 06320
860.443.2545

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART

Once in a thousand years an exhibition looks at the long-awaited millennium and explores its meanings. Throughout American history, folk artists have always been fascinated with the millennium, expressing their ideals, hopes, fears, and curiosity in works as diverse as Shaker spirit drawings, angel Gabriel weathervanes, New Mexican santos, and visionary paintings by contemporary self-taught artists. Timely and provocative, the exhibition *Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art* traces this powerful tradition in three centuries of American folk art. On view from November 13, 1999 through May 14, 2000, the exhibition is presented with the generous support of Fireman's Fund Insurance Company.


Edward Hicks, *The Peaceable Kingdom*, 1846-1848
Oil on canvas. Promised anonymous gift

Collection of the Museum of American Folk Art (3)

Exciting expansion plans are under way! The Museum has just broken ground for its handsome new home at 45 West 53rd Street, designed by acclaimed architects Tod Williams, Billie Tsien and Associates. Look for the new Museum of American Folk Art in 2001!

Museum of American Folk Art/
Eva and Morris Feld Gallery
at Lincoln Square
Columbus Avenue (between 65th and 66th streets).
General Information: 595-9533
Administrative offices: 977-7170

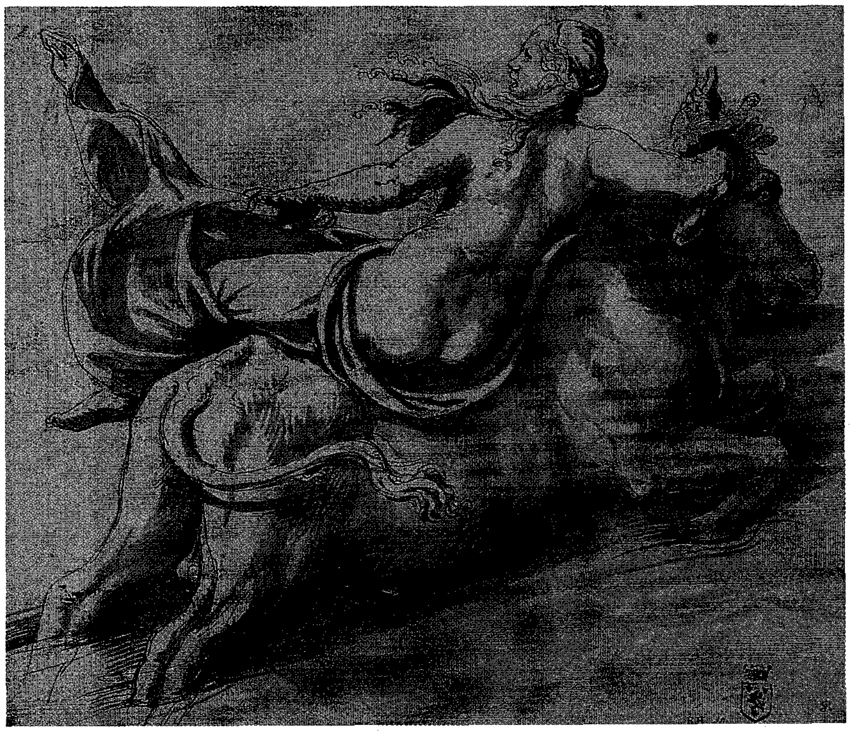
Hours: Tues.-Sun. 11:30 am – 7:30 p.m. Closed Mon. Free admission. Schools and other groups may arrange tours by calling 595-9533; Museum Gift and Book Shop: Two Lincoln Square (between Columbus Avenue and 66th streets) 496-2966; Public Transportation: Subway 1/9 to 66th Street, Bus: M104, M7, M5, M10, M66.

THE HUNTER COLLEGE ART GALLERIES

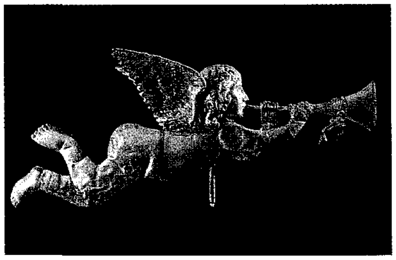
The Hunter College Art Galleries present *Giulio Romano, Master Designer* (September 16–November 27). This major exhibition of Renaissance drawings gives New Yorkers their first look at the work of Giulio Romano (1499-1546), the favored protégé of Raphael and one of the most renowned draftsmen of the 16th century. This exhibition features 44 of Giulio's virtuoso drawings in pen and wash, selected by the show's curator, Professor Janet Cox-Rearick, from North American and European public and private collections. Many were done in preparation for Giulio's frescoes in Palazzo Te, the famous pleasure palace in Mantua, which Giulio built and decorated for his patron, Duke Federico Gonzaga.

Besides the drawings, the show includes three prints from Giulio's notorious pornographic series, known as *I modi*, and an important portrait of the artist by Titian, loaned by the city of Mantua.

The exhibition is under the patronage of the Italian Ministero degli Affari Esteri, Rome. It is made possible by the Robert Lehman Foundation.


The Rape of Europa, Private Collection

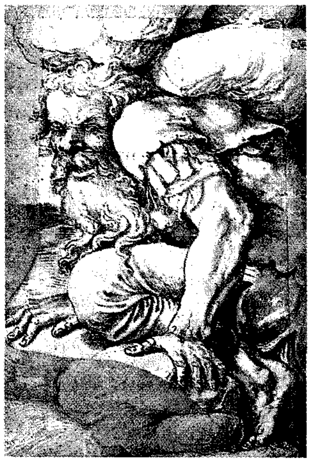
Fame Weathervane
J.L. Mott Iron Works, late 19th century
molded, cast copper, and zinc with traces of gilding
Promised anonymous gift



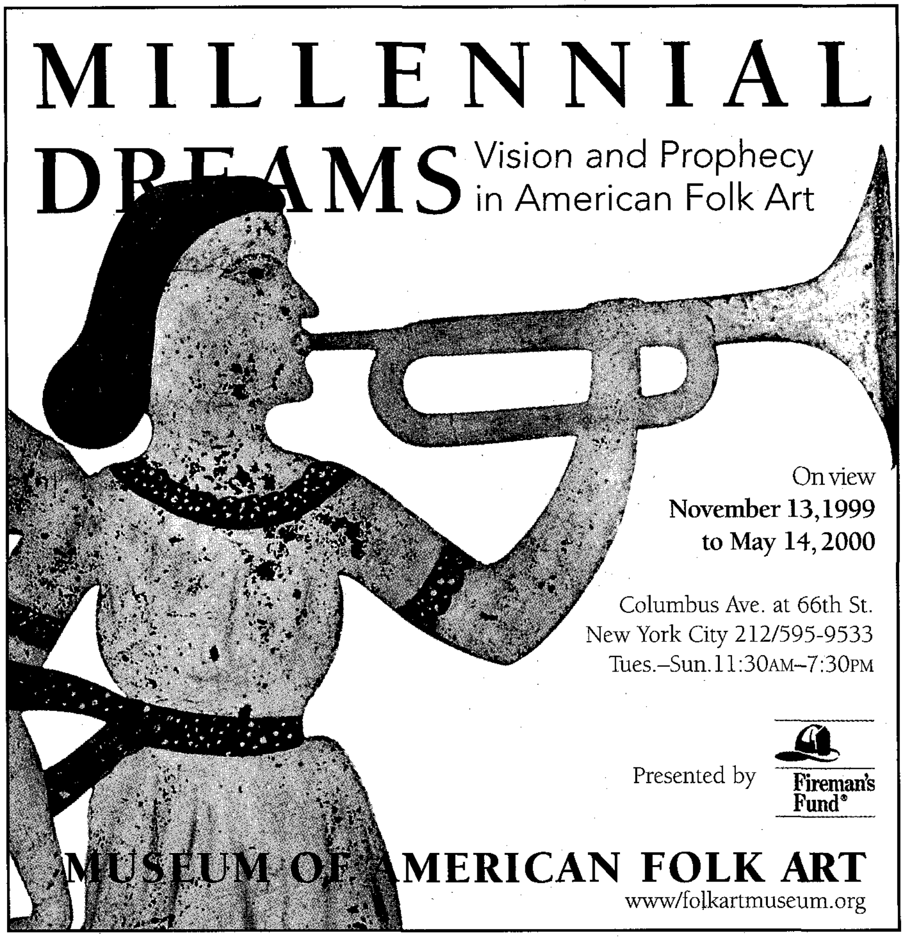
Archangel Gabriel Weathervane
Artist unknown, ca.1883, gilded metal
Bequest of Laura Harding

Additional support was provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, The Samuel H. Kress Foundation, and Furthermore, the Publication Program of the J.D. Kaplan Fund.

The Bertha and Karl Leubsdorf Art Gallery
Hunter College, S.W. corner of
68th Street and Lexington Avenue;
772-4991.
Hours: Mon.– Sat., 1:00 – 6:00 p.m.



A Giant, Private Collection



MILLENNIAL DREAMS

Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art

On view
November 13, 1999
to May 14, 2000

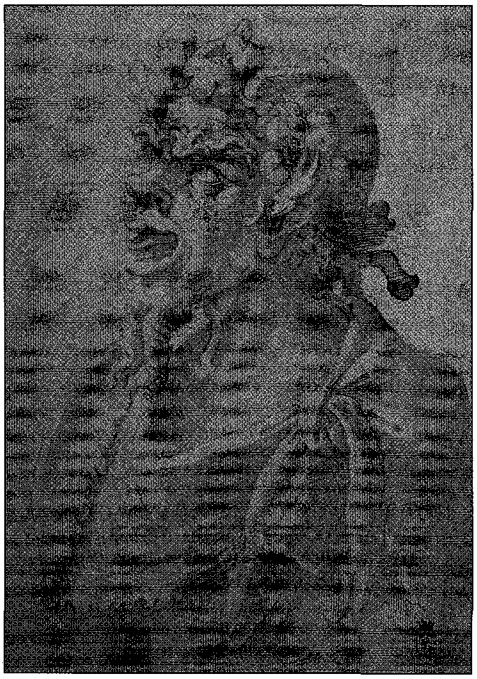
Columbus Ave. at 66th St.
New York City 212/595-9533
Tues.–Sun. 11:30AM–7:30PM

Presented by Fireman's Fund®

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART
www/folkartmuseum.org

GIULIO ROMANO

MASTER DESIGNER (1499–1546)



Satyr Crowned with Vine Leaves (c. 1531-32). Private Collection, New York

SEPTEMBER 16
TO
NOVEMBER 27, 1999

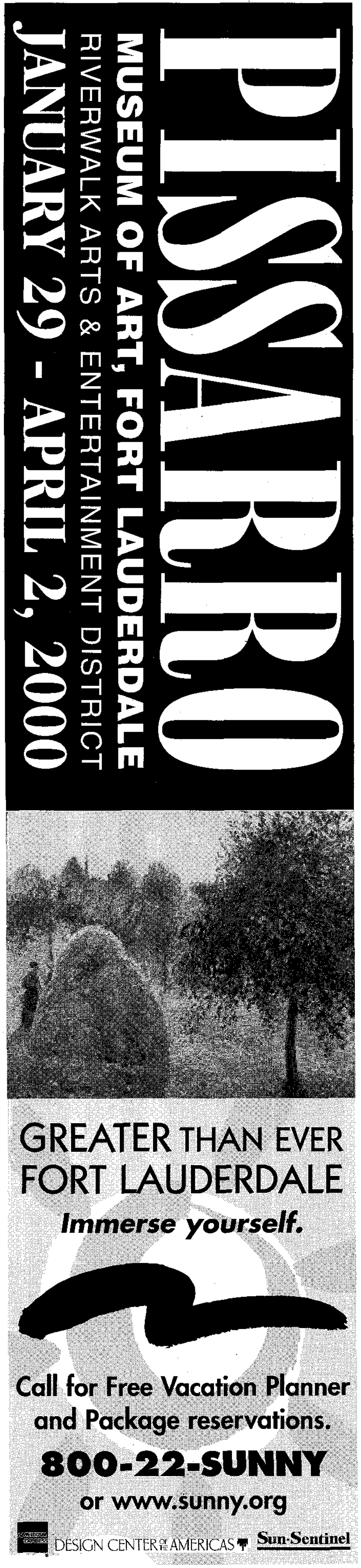
The Bertha and Karl Leubsdorf
Art Gallery, Hunter College

68th Street and Lexington
Avenue, SW corner
New York, NY 10021
212-772-4991

Gallery hours:
Monday through Saturday
1:00–6:00 pm

The Robert Lehman Foundation, Inc.
is the principal sponsor of the exhibition

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE ARTS



PISSARRO
MUSEUM OF ART, FORT LAUDERDALE
RIVERWALK ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT DISTRICT
JANUARY 29 - APRIL 2, 2000

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DESIGN CENTER OF THE AMERICAS Sun-Sentinel

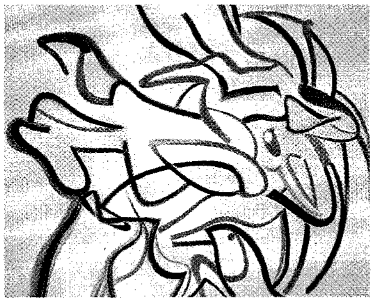
MUSEUM OF ART, FORT LAUDERDALE

In the spirit of the millennium, two exhibitions organized by the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale are at the core of a two-year "Immerse Yourself in Celebration" campaign presented by the Greater Fort Lauderdale Convention and Visitor's Bureau and the area arts and entertainment organizations.

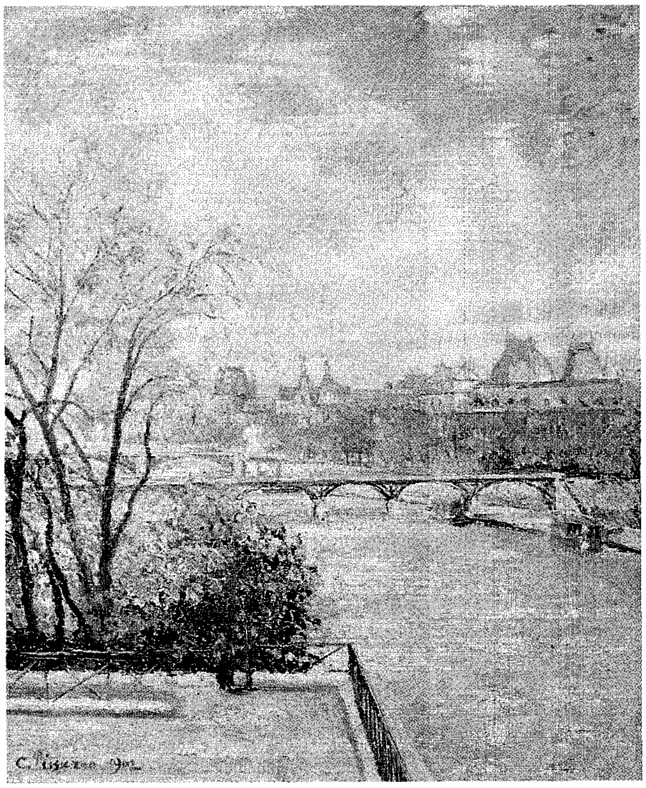
Impressionism and Beyond: Camille Pissarro and the Pissarro Family runs from January 29-April 30, 2000 bringing together the paintings of the world-renowned "Father of Impressionism," Camille Pissarro, and works by other members of the Pissarro family. This stunning exhibition includes over 100 works from collectors around the world. The Museum of Art is the only venue for this show.

The exhibition *Willem de Kooning: In Process* presents paintings and drawings created by the Abstract Expressionist master between 1968 and 1988, many of which have never been shown before. Curated by Klaus Kertess and running from March 26-July 10, 2000, the exhibition reveals the means by which the artist achieved his results and provides new opportunities to better understand his vocabulary.

Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale
One East Las Olas Blvd.
Fort Lauderdale, FL 33301
954-535-5505
Hours: Tues., Wed., Thurs., and Sat.
10 a.m. - 5 p.m.; Fri. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.;
Sun. 12 p.m.-5 p.m. Closed Mon.



Willem de Kooning, oil on canvas
(No Title), 1986



Camille Pissarro, oil on canvas
The Lourve, Morning, Spring 1902

MOVIES PETER RAINER

Pulling Punches

'Fight Club' serves up frustrated Everymen under extreme duress; 'The Straight Story' serves up David Lynch in an unnervingly benign mood.

Candide in hell: Ed Norton (left) with Brad Pitt on the prowl in *Fight Club.*

A CYNICAL EXERCISE IN DESIGNER existentialism, **Fight Club** has that raw-sleek look that often shows up in fragrance or jeans commercials, and yet the film supposedly is all about how consumerism and the corporate culture destroy us—or, to be more specific, men. Intended as a great big howl of a movie, it comes closer to being a mammoth snit fit—a snit fit with pretensions (the worst kind).

Edward Norton plays the film's nameless narrator in a nameless city. (Beware of films set in nameless cities; they're out to sell you something.) Early in the movie, sodden with insomnia, he renews himself for a time by attending self-help groups for the terminally ill, embracing and weeping right along with his fellow twelve-steppers, who think he is one of them. This conceit has its black-comic possibilities, but the narrator is crying for himself before we've had much of a chance to find out who he is; and when we learn more, there's still not much there there. His condo is outfitted to the gills by Ikea, but the poor sap remains unfulfilled; his job as recall coordinator for a major auto company involves flying around the country checking on accidents to determine how cost-effective it would be for the company to lie low. He's the Organization Man as Everyman, and his little life is just waiting to be exploded.

The blandness of his days, played out in look-alike plane seats and hotel rooms, is interrupted when he meets Tyler (Brad Pitt), who wears loud print shirts and leather jackets and sunglasses indoors; Tyler sounds like a cross between a Bowery Boy and a Buddhist sage, and he's everything the poor sap apparently isn't. After the narrator's condo mysteriously blows up, he goes to live with Tyler in his condemned house near a toxic-waste site. This trickster makes ends meet working a projector at a movie house, where, for sport, he splices a few frames from a porno film—just enough to cause subliminal discomfort—into the evening's family-entertainment fare. He also makes soap, which, as we see from an escapade where he and his housemate raid the Dumpsters of a liposuction clinic, derives from human fat. He gets a kick from selling the soap back to liposucked ladies.

The pair's greatest achievement, though, is the creation of Fight Club, where, in a hidden-away city basement, men congregate and pummel one another in order to experience the liberating effects of pain. We're treated to a succession of these head-splitting, blood-frothing spectacles, whose participants, led by Tyler, eventually form a cultlike terrorist militia aimed at taking out corporate America. The narrator, increasingly repulsed by Tyler's commando cruelties, tries to sabotage the sabotage.

In its muzzy mix of paleo-men's-movement musings and bone-crunch, *Fight Club* could be the god-awful offspring of the WWF's Vince McMahon and Lionel Tiger, or of the Susan Faludi of *Stiffed.* Clearly something deep and bellowing is going on here: These men, disenfranchised by franchise-mad America, are the rabid battalions Starbucks hath wrought; zonked by malaise, they can feel alive only when they hurt. Director David Fincher and screenwriter Jim Uhls, adapting the cult novel by Chuck Palahniuk, want us to know that like Tyler, we men are all living in a toxic dump, and it's called America. Even though Tyler turns into a scourge by the end, his rantings are meant to resonate: We've all been deluded by advertising, he says; we've had no great wars or Depressions to preoccupy our testosterone. What's a poor primal guy to do?

Fight Club rolls out its indictments and its Zen koans, but what it really resembles, perhaps unknowingly, is the squall of a whiny and essentially white-male generation that feels ruined by the privileges of women and a booming economy. (The underclass,

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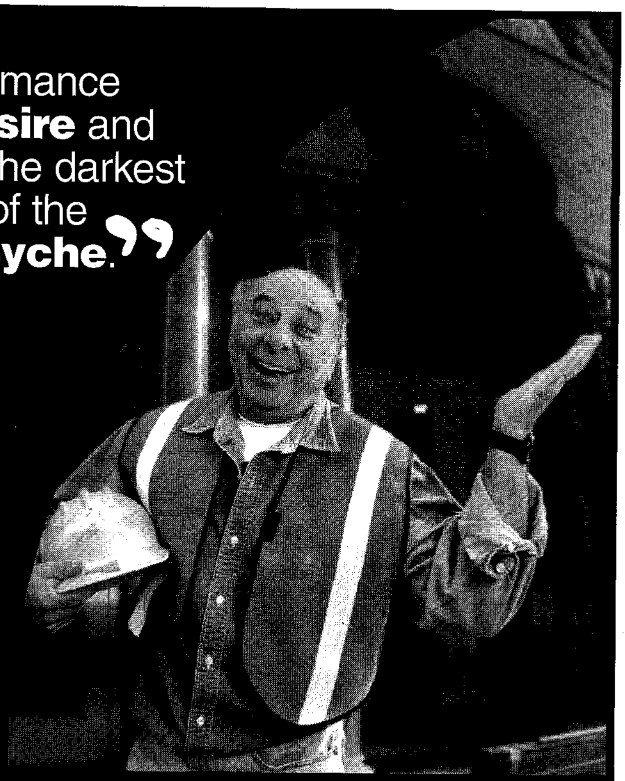

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which would feel excluded from this argument, isn't much of a factor in *Fight Club*—this is a well-to-do guys' whine.) Fear of castration is a running theme throughout; so is stigmata imagery, for that holy, martyred effect. The male squadron in *Fight Club,* vaguely homoerotic, is striking a blow for atavism, but it's the kind of tribal tom-tom atavism that doesn't allow for women who might also be enraged by the hollowness of corporate culture; the film doesn't even have the wit to recognize that that culture might itself just be a more lustrous and galvanized form of blood lust. (Haven't these filmmakers spent any time in Hollywood's corridors of power?) Except for an appearance by Helena Bonham Carter, playing a grungy vixen who moves in with the guys, the film is pretty much female-free in its front ranks—although serious sport is made of a twelve-stepper turned Fight Clubber (Meat Loaf Aday), whose steroids have given him D-cup dimensions. This is how pathetically low the men in *Fight Club* have sunk—they've sprouted breasts! Even Marx could not have foreseen this baleful result of a capitalist free-market economy.

As part of the new growth industry in masculinist socio-pop fantasias, *Figh Club* at least has the distinction of being lively, like an acid-rock show. (Camille Paglia will want to take a look.) It's al hepped up about the vileness of materialism, and so, of course, David Fincher unleashes on us his vast array of TV-commercial-derived whammies: The film is a hard sell about no sell. (Nothingness here looks awfully burnished.) Brad Pitt jangles like a lethal jitterbug, and Edward Norton, with his gift for making anonymity frightening, is perfectly cast. But I hope this film isn't going to be given the brink-of-the-millennium treatment by deep-think commentators. Ideawise, *Fight Club* has about as much going on in its head as an afternoon with Oprah. Actually, Oprah may have the edge.

THERE ARE TWO WAYS OF REGARDING **The Straight Story**: As a movie, or as a *David Lynch* movie.

As the former, it's a sweet and ruminative odyssey about a crotchety, crippled oldster, Alvin Straight (Richard Farnsworth), who leaves his devoted daughter (Sissy Spacek) and travels clear across Iowa on his riding mower to visit his ill estranged brother (Harry Dean Stanton in a brief appearance). If, however, one chooses to evaluate this film as the latest work from the director of *Blue Velve* and *Twin Peaks,* it's surely one of the most perverse movies ever made. No pustules, no raging cretins are to be found No boogying dwarves. The cornfields and sunset-tinged landscapes don't disguise a lurking rot; the people don't morph into the Other. In the context of Lynch's oeuvre, this seems far more bizarre than his usual fare.

Is the comfy, G-rated Disneyishness of it all simply Lynch's capitulation to commercialism and Hollywood's newfound wholesomeness after a flagging career as freak-out artist? I don't think so. For one thing, the film seems honestly made; it doesn't have the coerciveness of schmaltz, in which every emotion is handed to you gift-wrapped. *The Straight Story* has a winning modesty—it could be the best Hallmark Hall of Fame movie that Hallmark never made. The performances of Farnsworth and Spacek are strong; the bits of local color add up to a pretty palette. Still, Lynch isn't drawing here on the most livid and voracious aspects of his talent, and while that may not be such a bad thing given the brain-numbing terribleness of much of his recent film work, the results are still somewhat thin. Lynch doesn't really live in this calendar-art universe of homilies and home truths; perhaps he wishes he did. He's just a tourist—a visitor paying his respects.

IN ROB REINER'S **The Story of Us**, SCRIPTED by Alan Zweibel and Jessie Nelson, Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer play a married couple, with two preteen kids, who agree to a trial separation on the heels of their fifteenth wedding anniversary. Most of the movie is taken up with flashbacks and flash-forwards about what went right, what went wrong; there's lots of talking directly into the camera, lots of smiling through tears and cuddling and gnashing.

Willis plays a writer who wants his wife to be the sprite she was when he married her; Pfeiffer, a crossword-puzzle designer, wants everything neatly in place. He accuses her of lacking spontaneity, and the same charge could be leveled against this exhaustingly schematic hunk of sitcom blubberiness. The relationship between Willis and Pfeiffer is so tricked-up and fractured that we often have trouble figuring out where we are—not to mention what the "issues" are. By showing us only the high and low points of the alliance, the filmmakers seem to be concocting a greatest-hits album of marital-movie clichés, dragging down their stars in the process. The mating dance between men and women is, of course, presented as a great and ineffable mystery, with everybody in the movie offering up his or her cosmic 2 cents. For a film that proudly proclaims "there are no answers," it's awfully smug about knowing all the questions. ■

Peter Rainer's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

C U E

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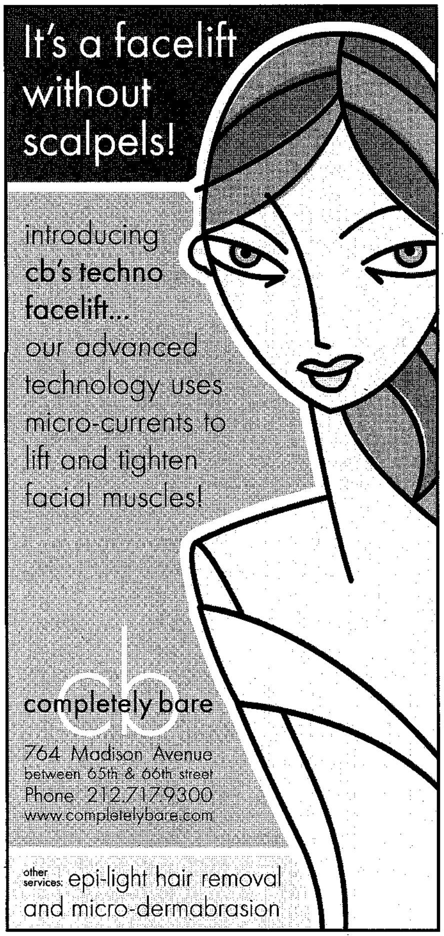

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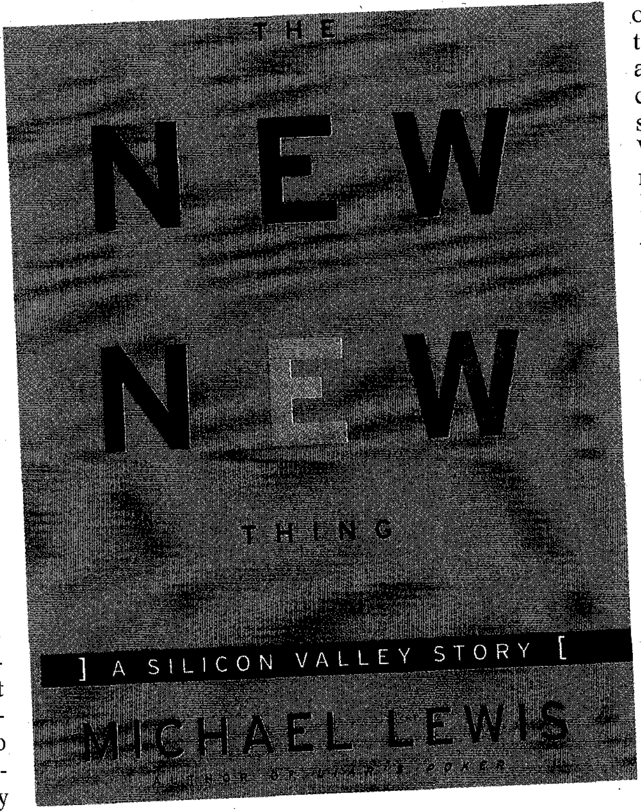
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Toy Story

In Michael Lewis's new book, a 'Last Tycoon'-ish tale of brilliant excess, a Silicon Valley genius builds the tallest sailboat in the world.

The New New Thing
BY MICHAEL LEWIS
W. W. Norton & Company; 269 pages; $25.95

NO LITERARY GENRE NEEDS METAPHOR MORE than the nonfiction business book. From *Liar's Poker* to *Barbarians at the Gate,* successful stories of markets and investors have come to depend on simple, striking imagery as a way of bringing down to earth the ethereal workings of high finance. Find your metaphor, you've found your book. And that's the wonder of **The New New Thing**, Michael Lewis's tale of billionaire Jim Clark, the founder of Netscape and the pair of lungs behind the still-inflating Internet stock bubble: The book's big metaphor supplied itself, and Lewis was wise enough to let it be, knowing that it could never be improved on.



Thanks to Lewis, the graph of soaring security prices that has become the outline of the nineties finally has a recognizable shape: that of the world's tallest sailboat mast and sail. The mast belongs to the *Hyperion,* Clark's computer-operated superboat, paid for by the initial public offering that turned a profitless, blue-sky Internet start-up into one of the decade's greatest companies and thereby spawned a boom (no pun intended, although it's an aspect of the metaphor's beauty that it inspires maritime puns galore) so vast and precarious that it makes the twenties seem like a decade of puritan thrift and prudence. Even scarier, the connection between Clark's boat and the era of high hopes surrounding it isn't merely literary but actual. According to Lewis—an instinctive joker who, in this case, isn't joking, it seems—the primary reason Clark took Netscape public was to raise cash to launch *Hyperion.* The folly preceded the fortune, in other words. It's a fantastic, deeply troubling notion: In an economic demonstration of the unlikely workings of chaos theory, one man's covetousness and eccentricity have ended up transforming global finance, from the exalted halls of Goldman Sachs to your own lowly IRA account.

***The New New Thing* tells the story of how one man's covetousness and eccentricity have ended up transforming global finance.**

One trembles to think, and yet *The New New Thing* is not, on its surface, a cautionary tale about the price of human arrogance. That price—in the form of a crippling market collapse, as AOL goes from 115 to 1 and a million leased Lexuses limp back to the dealerships—has yet to be paid, and perhaps never will be. Lewis makes no predictions, at least no explicit ones; he confines himself to narrating the run-up, the voyage out. It's an adventure story, full of peril, full of miscalculations and reversals, both at sea and on the stock exchange, but one that stops short of catastrophe. Which makes it all the more suspenseful, finally. Because if Jim Clark's *Hyperion* ever goes down, if it ever proves unseaworthy, there aren't enough lifeboats on the planet to carry all the passengers back to shore.

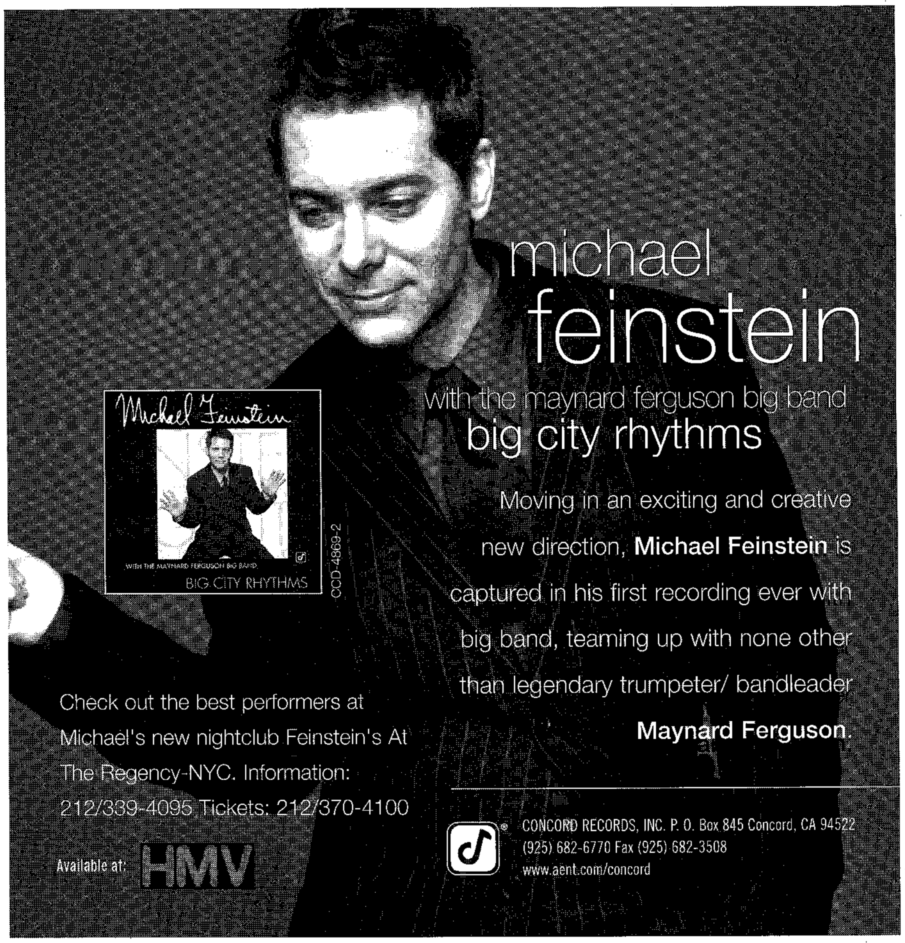
The *New New Thing* of Lewis's title refers, before anything else, to Clark himself, a man so terrifyingly self-made, so ferociously independent and unconventional, that he's a physical danger to those around him. Married again and again, and a serial hobbyist whose idea of fun is building helicopters in his driveway, Clark begins his entrepreneurial tear by founding Silicon Graphics, a manufacturer of high-end workstations. Clark bails when the firm is taken over by suits and calls together a cadre of engineers to create Netscape, whose greatest innovation—beside its Internet browser, Navigator—is its corporate structure. At Netscape, the engineers are on a par, stock-option- and prestige-wise, with the executives. The scientists take over from the moneymen, loosing a thousand pent-up dreams and schemes and ushering in a manic new regime of technological libertarianism. Following the IPO, which nets him more money in a shorter period than anyone had got before him, Clark becomes both a billionaire and an oracle, capable of turning his napkin scribblings into zillion-dollar paper fortunes.

Lewis stands at just the proper distance from Clark—near enough to see his rages and hear his rants, but far enough away to keep the spittle from flying into his eyes. Joining Clark in his careening helicopter or on his pitching ship, Lewis plays the coward Everyman—a conservative Nick to Clark's outlandish Gatsby. In the manner of someone who assumes, deep down, that he'll likely end up attending the great man's funeral, Lewis is awed by Clark, but mostly amused by him. He feels the same way about Silicon Valley, adopting a vaguely Fitzgeraldian, post-crack-up tone when discussing its excesses and enthusiasms: "The Valley was a little experiment in capitalism with too much capital. For a brief but shining moment capital lost its purchase on its own process. The process took on a momentum all its own."

The *Lost Tycoon* style goes too far at times, as though Lewis were already practicing his funeral oration for Internet America, entranced by the speech's literary possibilities. Then again, the sheer unlikelihood of a sustained bull market that sometimes seems to be built on the prefixes *e-* and *i-* may well prove him wise. What's more, his comic fatalism seems sincere, part of his person, not his bag of tricks, and it contrasts nicely with Clark's utopian zeal. In one of the book's hallmark scenes, he goes with Clark to the Bay Area office of a buttoned-up Swiss bank. As part of an obscure vendetta against a European who owes him money, Clark intends to open a modest account (a couple hundred thousand dollars). The banker, a symbol of old-fashioned prudence, quizzes Clark on his tolerance for risk and his investment obectives. Clark just stares. The questionng, Lewis writes, "was a social gaffe, on the order of inviting the fastest gun in the West to court at Versailles."

Besides the echoes of Fitzgerald, there's a lot of Tom Wolfe in Lewis's book—a vintage New Journalism verbal snazziness and a Wolfe-ish profusion of exclamation marks ("The customer was laughing! At the Bank Julius Baer questionnaire! At the Bank Julius Baer!"). Like both of his apparent masters, Lewis seems to want to make a statement about a period, not just a man, and about a general cultural mood. He achieves the effect, but at a cost—a cost only high-tech hardheads will mind paying. By reducing the Internet craze to a grand yarn about one man's insatiable appetites—for money, for stimulation, for a big sailboat—Lewis has chosen roundness over detail, humor over complexity. More power to him. Troy, no doubt, fell for reasons besides Helen, but Homer would not have been Homer if he'd listed them. ■

Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.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A bleak play about Ireland in the seventeenth century, 'The Clearing' suggests that if bad things change at all, it's usually for the worse.

Irish slings: Sam Catlin and Alyssa Bresnahan in *The Clearing*.

SIX YEARS AFTER ITS LONDON PREMIERE, HELEN Edmundson's **The Clearing** arrives here in a modest but chiseled Blue Light Theater production well worth the wait. This is a traditionalist historical play in the manner of Miller and Sartre, smartly conceived, caringly crafted, and speaking a universal language. Covering three years (1652–55) in County Kildare, Ireland, it tells of the English settler Robert Preston and his Irish wife, Madeleine; of their darling little boy (unseen throughout); and of their friends and neighbors Solomon and Susaneh Winter, an older English couple. Cromwell has defeated the Royalists and the Irish forces, and has now come up with the diabolical scheme of giving away choice Irish land to his soldiery and other supporters, and getting rid of the natives either by transplanting them to the arid Irish west or shipping them off to the American colonies as indentured servants. Those trying to remain would be exterminated. Many Irish men fled to the Continent, some joined the Tory guerrillas, thousands hung from roadside gallows. An Irish head was worth as much as that of a marauding wolf; either would fetch you five pounds.

The Prestons, including Madeleine's childhood friend Killaine, now her cosseted servant, are hopeful that after so much bloody fighting, in which Robert participated, no further troubles threaten. But word reaches Solomon from England of an impending quasi-genocidal decree, which, to be sure, could be contested under certain circumstances, and Robert counts on his friendship with the English governor, Sir Charles Sturman. The birth of his son fills him and Madeleine with hope. Pierce Kinsellagh, another childhood playmate of Madeleine's, very fond of both the lady and her maid, foresees doom and joins the Tories.

Things go from bad to worse, and the play deftly conveys, through its seven main characters, a dismal period in history that perfectly foreshadows our own times as it both eloquently and intimately portrays the evils of colonialism, religious intolerance, conflicting nationalisms—in fact, all the ills that politics can inflict on private lives.

Edmundson's characters are not black and white: The good people have their tragic flaws, and the bad ones at least firmly believe in their righteousness. The language is literate without being *recherché*, and we are kept in steady involvement and suspense. Michael Countryman nicely embodies both the staunchness and the ultimate weakness of Preston; Patricia Dunnock is compelling as Killaine, who undergoes a shattering transformation; Joseph Costa and Sandra Shipley are touchingly understated as the Winters.

Simon Brooking is a doughty yet sensitive Pierce, Sam Catlin a perhaps slightly overstated but still persuasive Sir Charles, and Steve Juergens does justice to several small roles. My only problem is with the Madeleine of Alyssa Bresnahan. Not blessed with an instantly pleasing exterior, she compensates with accomplished and impassioned acting. But she makes the intransigent, heroically noncompliant character maybe a bit too bulldozerish, her face in bewilderment assuming an expression perilously close to hebetude. Still, she and Countryman complement each other well.

In the skimpy and unaccommodating space of the former Second Stage, the canny director, Tracy Brigden, and her savvy designers (Jeff Cowie, sets; Susan Hilferty, costumes; Howell Binkley, lights; John Gromada, music and sound) aptly circumvent a sense of crampedness and evoke an authentic atmosphere. The *Times* dismissed *The Clearing* as so much junk, but I beseech you not to believe this. In neatly concentric circles, we get the tragedy of a marriage, a country, and embattled humanity itself. ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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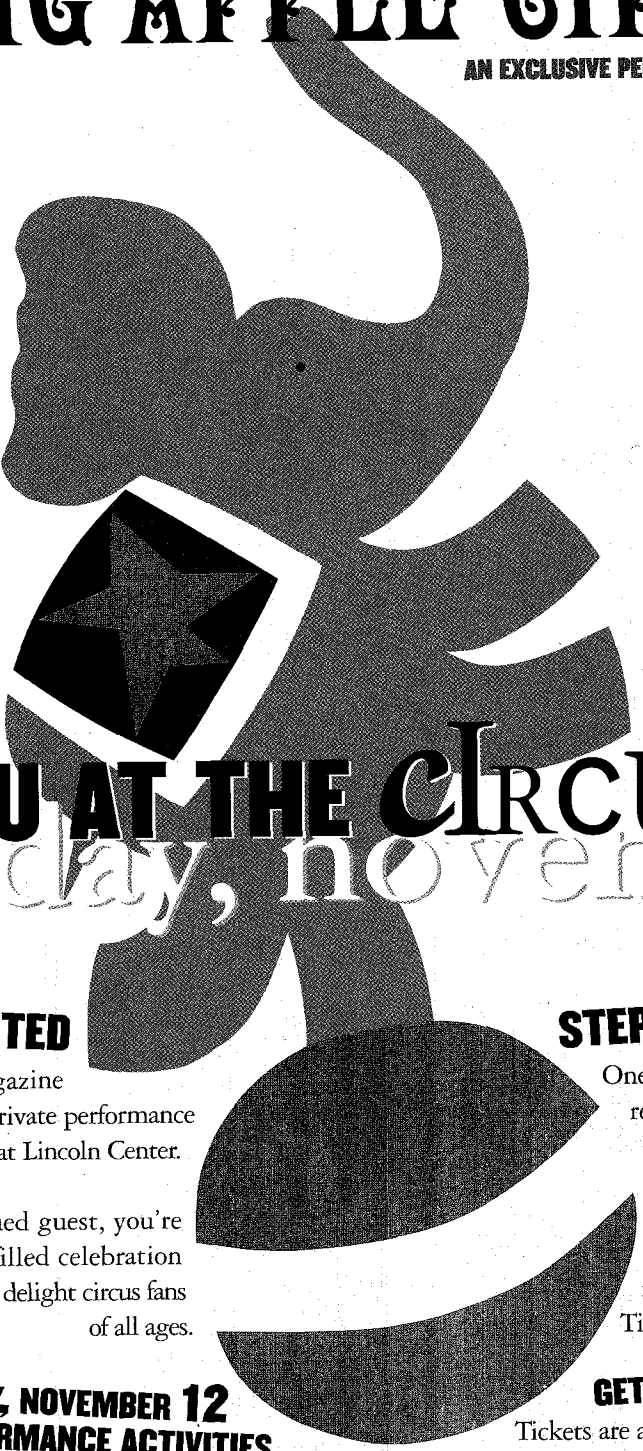

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Carbone Aria

'A View From the Bridge' becomes a finely crafted opera; Laurie Anderson's whimsical, evocative meditations on Melville make 'Moby Dick' sing.

SINCE COMPOSERS EVERYWHERE SEEM TO BE writing operas these days, a viable repertory of American work may actually be on the horizon at last. Now at the Lyric Opera of Chicago is William Bolcom's **A View From the Bridge**, an operatic setting of Arthur Miller's 1955 play. No new opera could ask for a more favorable launch: the active participation of the famous playwright himself, a production budget of $1.4 million, a starry cast of singers, a Tony-award-winning director (Frank Galati, for *The Grapes of Wrath*), reams of advance publicity, 68 critics on hand to spread the word around the globe, and the prospects of a trade with the Metropolitan Opera, which will send its production of John Harbison's upcoming *The Great Gatsby* to Chicago in exchange for Bolcom's *View.*

Expectations ran high on opening night, perhaps unreasonably high. Not, I hasten to say, that *A View From the Bridge* is a dismal failure. Bolcom is an important composer in his prime, who writes confidently in an eclectic style that is musically sophisticated but always accessible. The material has been craftily adapted by the composer's longtime collaborator, Arnold Weinstein, who retains the drama's taut structure while still allowing ample opportunity for lyrical expansion. The basic elements of Miller's play are unchanged: The Brooklyn dock worker Eddie Carbone pursues his tragic destiny, a fatal attraction to his niece that results ir his death. The main addition is a commenting chorus o neighbors led by the lawyer Alfieri, a device that underscores the play's kinship with Greek tragedy. Powerfully and subtly manipulated, their presence is a tellin demonstration of how opera can add extra dimension t spoken drama.

That said, I wonder if such a play, essentially a highly charged linear melodrama of the sort that Puccin set to music so skillfully, is really right for Bolcom whose bold catholic style lends itself better to pageant like subjects (as in his previous opera, *McTeague*) The score is nothing if not apt and theatrically savv with a delicious feel for the underlying pop idioms o the time (early fifties), but the characters seldom com alive through their music. Nearly everyone has a sol of some consequence, although these set pieces neve grab the ear or look deeply into the emotions of th moment. One aria is a serious miscalculation, lengthy monologue for Marco—the instrument of Eddie's death but still a minor character—that fatally undercuts the relentless progress of the opera's finale Eddie, in fact, seems almost a complete musical cipher, and the problem of how to portray a man s inarticulate and unaware of himself is never really addressed. In *Wozzeck,* Alban Berg had similar challenge, which he solved wit a heart-crunching orchestral interlude Eddie has no such epiphany, and, musically, at least, he remains a very shadowy figure.

Greek tragedy: Kim Josephson (top) and Gregory Turay in *A View From the Bridge.*

Photograph by Eric Y. Exit/Lyric Opera of Chicag

The Lyric Opera's production coul not be more effectively mounted o splendidly cast. Santo Loquasto's set and Wendall K. Harrington's fluid projections capture the poetic realism of th piece to perfection, locating the Carbones' suffocating apartment in th midst of a constantly changing Brookly community. Frank Galati directs with keen eye for detail and character definition, and Dennis Russell Davies encourages the orchestra to savor the score' purely musical beauties without compromising the drama's swift pacing Working as a honed ensemble, the cas never strikes a false note. Kim Josephson (Eddie), Catherine Malfitano (Beatrice), Juliana Rambaldi (Catherine) Gregory Turay (Rodolpho), Timoth Nolen (Alfieri), and Mark McCror (Marco)—singers seldom reach this level of assurance and precision on th night of a world premiere.

AURIE ANDERSON MUST BE SEEN TO BE BEieved—literally. As with most performance artists of her generation, now in heir fifties, her multimedia inventions ook cramped and airless on home-entertainment formats, and their onstage surival is hard to imagine without her presnce to set their fairly quirky themes into notion. Too much depends on the live efect of the high-tech mix, the uses of real pace to create audio as well as visual lrama, the narrative spontaneity of the naterial, and the offbeat persona of Anlerson herself. In an odd way, the sheer ransitory nature of her art makes it just hat much more appealingly vulnerable. 'his is especially true of **Songs and Stories rom Moby Dick**, a musical reimagining of he Melville novel that recently opened at he BAM's Next Wave Festival.

Whittled down to around 90 minutes ince it was seen at the Spoleto Festival in 'harleston last June, the show will most kely continue to be altered and refined s long as Anderson chooses to perform . Right now, though, this free-associative ow of music, images, and sound collages eems to have found a satisfyingly correct hape and length, one that will likely only re eyes and ears unresponsive to Anderon's whimsical take on Melville's world. s the title says, what we have here is a ollection of songs and stories, more reections and variations on themes found n *Moby Dick* than any attempt to retell a ale already told. Often a character, incient, or description from the book will et Anderson off to ponder the implicaons of homely facts about whales or sailg, unexpectedly arriving at a poignant eflection on the human condition.

An ingeniously constructed context is artly what draws the audience in and ets it thinking: The split-screen images f tumbling oceanographic icons, the ddly sensuous sounds of rushing seas nd creaking ship timbers, the musical eartbeat of a 200-ton mammal, the avelike ebb and flow of dramatic enery. An even more potent ingredient is nderson's own pixie presence, her enaging way of presenting big ideas withut being pretentious or patronizing, and er ability to tell a good story. The eleconic musical tools she uses contribute o the Pied Piper effect: her trademark ape-bow violin, keyboard synthesizers, nd a "talking stick" equipped with miroprocessors that conjure up ghostly ffstage orchestras. Whenever she leaves e stage and four male colleagues take ver, *Songs and Stories From Moby Dick* uddenly no longer seems very interestg. No surprise about that. Laurie Anerson has always been, and continues to e, a one-woman show. ■

'eter Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available t **newyorkmag.com**.

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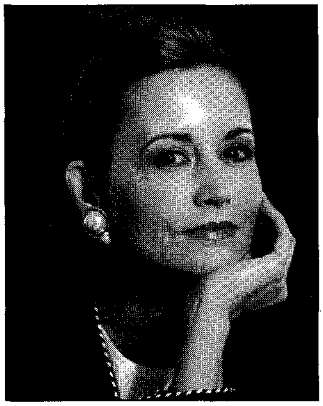

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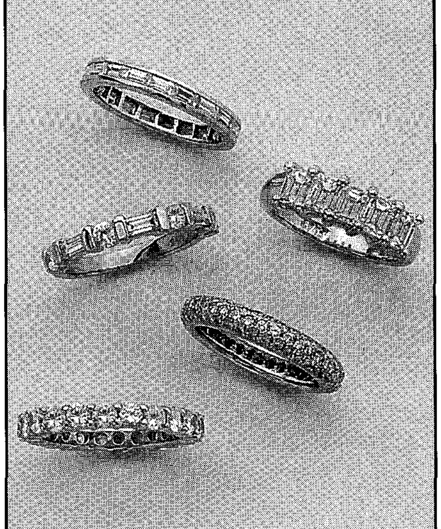

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DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

Uncommon *Sense*

Doug Varone's compelling new 'Plain Sense of Things' highlights an eclectic Limón Dance Company program at the Joyce.

TO SOME DEGREE, THE **Limón Dance Company**, recently at the Joyce for two weeks, knew what it was getting when it commissioned a dance from Doug Varone. Varone performed for a while with the group back in the late seventies and remained connected to the humanistic Limón outlook and to the fluent grace of the Limón movement style in the work he subsequently made for his own troupe. In 1997, he mounted a version of an ambitious piece he'd created for his own people on the Limón dancers, who took to the material as if it were familiar turf.

The new work—*The Plain Sense of Things,* set to Philip Glass's *Saxophone Quartet*—is a typical Varone dance, handsomely loose-limbed with a good command of stage patterning, more abstract than not, its subtext focused on the fraught nature of the personal relationships that nevertheless lie at the heart of human existence. I'm predisposed to Varone because his choreography isn't pompous or gimmicky, either in theme or in action, so one more manifestation of it, sound and serious-minded, is fine with me. Still, I've got to admit that business-as-usual Varone never quite holds one's interest sufficiently as abstract dance; it cries out for some indication of what it's *about*—information Varone too often relegates to a program note and doesn't really make manifest in the dancing itself.

The Limón company in *The Plain Sense of Things.*

Photograph by Ellen Crane

In *The Plain Sense of Things,* he moves beyond that state of affairs. His triumph occurs in the third of four movements, where he reveals a family—let's assume they're mother, father, and two grown daughters—seconded by a kind of society at large. Mother is unraveling physically and mentally; let's call her condition Alzheimer's disease. She's terrified and enraged by her dissolution and dependence, all too understandably volatile in her responses. Her nuclear family and their larger circle try to cope, but who, in such a situation, could do enough? They're all hurtling toward a terrible end—the isolation of death. No amount of love, no amount of support can rescue anyone involved.

Varone has found the physical metaphors to say all this exactly and piercingly, in the most ordinary terms. Each gesture might be something you did a moment ago in your living room Whether the choreography would be so cogent without the performance of Nina Watt, a veteran dancer of genius, as the central figure is hard to say. After seeing her twice in the role, I didn't even wan to know if there was a second cast.

The major novelty of the Limón season was the company's production o Antony Tudor's *Dark Elegies,* created for England's Ballet Rambert in 1937 and subsequently a staple in the repertory of American Ballet Theatre. Many important issues converged in thi event. While Tudor is indisputably one of the century's foremost choreographers, his output was limited; there are perhaps a half-dozen masterpieces These poignant ballets, in which the classical vocabulary is transmuted into a language of psychological expression are rarely performed today. The classical-ballet world, from which Tudor sprang, is no longer interested in work that emphasizes emotional nuance over technical virtuosity, and so hasn't cultivated dancers competent to perform the small, precious Tudor canon persuasively. What's more, Tudor's work registers most tellingly on stages o modest proportions, now the province of modern dance while the ranking classical companies prefer to operate on a huge, bold opera-house scale. The infrequent and ineffectual productions of Tudor in the past two decades have served only to undermine the legend of his genius

So, Tudor being the ballet choreographer most naturally allied to the concerns and strategies of mid-century modern dance, it seemed right that a traditional modern-dance company adopt a segment of his oeuvre *Dark Elegies* was the obvious choice, since it doesn't re quire pointe work. The Limón company seemed to be nicely suited to the undertaking, since Tudor and Limón, almost exact contemporaries, were both essentially explorers of human feeling. By all accounts, the people in charge of the Tudor legacy considered the company worthy of being the first modern-dance troupe granted permission to perform the piece. A credential-laden custodian of the Tudor repertory, Donald Mahler, was entrusted with the staging so that nothing would be lost in the translation. And yet the results, so far at least, are astonishngly disappointing.

Dark Elegies, set—indeed, bonded—to Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* (*Songs on the Death of Children*), is a half-abstract depiction of a small peasant community in he aftermath of the sudden, tragic loss of ll its young. It is a universal dance of wrenching anguish and eventual resignaion. Effective performance of the choreography requires the impassive surface of people stunned by grief to be inflected with pasmodic bursts of gut-sprung energy uggesting the coiling and thrusting of a rapped animal. In their first performance, he Limón dancers were scrupulously careul, weightless, and bland, lacking even the orce to make their moves, let alone the eeling behind them, strike home. Where hey should have been viscerally expresive, they hovered between the timid and he mechanical. One can only hope, now hat they've mastered a fastidious blueprint of the choreography, that they will pply themselves to fleshing it out, both physically and emotionally.

A modest blast from the past came from he reconstruction of Sophie Maslow's 948 *Champion,* inspired by the Ring Lardner story of the same name. Maslow nd Donald McKayle (a fixture with the Limón company, who was in the original ast) put the present version together on memory and instinct, without benefit of notation or film. The dance tells the tale of mean-minded fellow who thrusts his vay to the top of the boxing racket, remorselessly leaving beyond-the-ring vioence and sorrow in his wake. Simplistic in ts characterizations and its theme—as is Lardner's tale—the piece takes on ironic elevance today, when so many of our top logs' personal-life failings are being exposed. Maslow doesn't come up with a dance equivalent for Lardner's striking prose style—lean, unerring colloquial-American. Her choreographic language is more conventionally lyrical and sentimenal. But she seizes and echoes the vivid graphic quality of Lardner's work, and hat alone makes the piece worth keeping. hope somebody's making a reliable record of it this time round. ■

Tobi Tobias's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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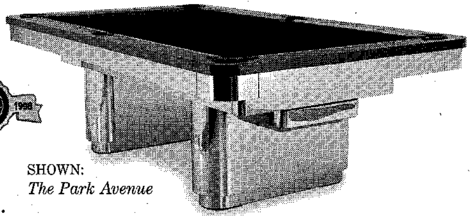

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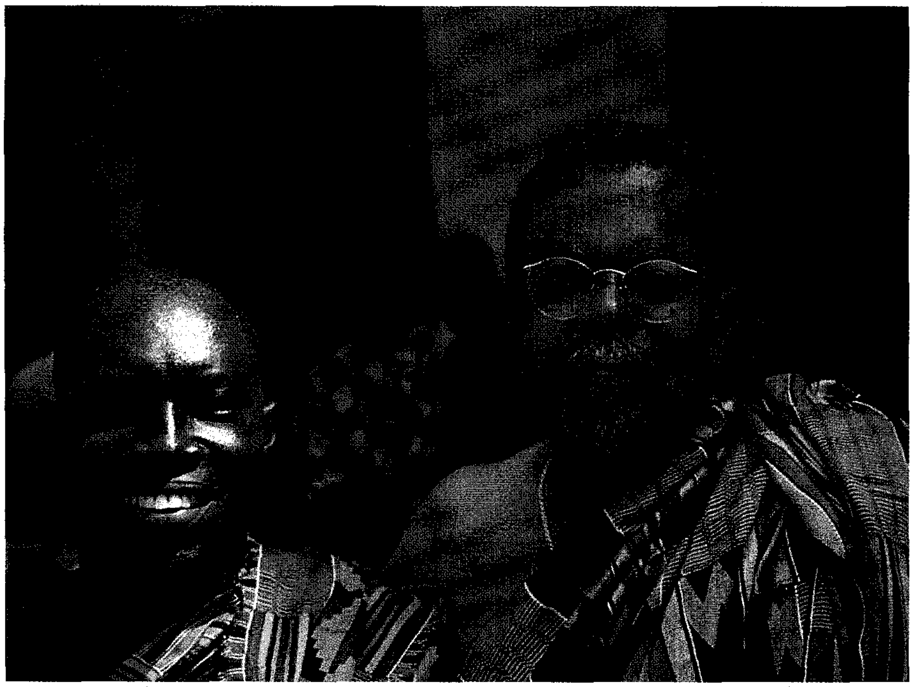
Under African Skies

The very game Henry Louis Gates Jr. explores the continent's history and its wonders for PBS; HBO's 'Butterfly Collectors' is British noir.



Wonderful world of color: "Skip" Gates (right) with Ivor Agyeman-Duah at an Asante Festival in Ghana.

IN THE FOURTH LIVELY HOUR OF **Wonders of the African World** (Monday through Wednesday, October 25–27; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13), Henry Louis Gates Jr.—who introduces himself as "Skip" to everybody he meets from ancient Kush to modern Soweto—just happens in Addis Ababa to run into Louis Farrakhan. Farrakhan, on his own whirlwind tour of Africa, is not at all happy with an article about his calypso singing and his anti-Semitism that Gates wrote for *The New Yorker.* But Skip is as irresistible as he is irrepressible. After being frisked by burly bodyguards, he persuades Farrakhan to bite some sound for his BBC/PBS cameras. It turns out that the Black Muslim numerologist is delighted to be in Ethiopia, the only African country never to have been colonized by the West, because he digs "the idea of a black monarch."

You don't say no to Skip, this brother from a friendly planet. Skip, in fact, seems an odd nickname. While he's certainly nimble, leaps and bounds from point to point, has been known to ricochet, and often resembles a melodic interval, there's very little about our political, literary, or popular cultures that he merely skims and nothing he omits, and he never leaves town without paying up. When he isn't writing articles for *The New Yorker,* trolling for tenured professors to poach for Harvard's Department of Afro-American Studies, standing by in Stockholm for Toni Morrison's Nobel Prize, introducing the Nigerian exile Wole Soyinka at a Guggenheim forum on "The Identity of Africa," publishing a lovely memoir (*Colored People*), conspiring with Cornel West on a book length chat about W. E. B. DuBois (*The Futur of the Race*), and editing a 2,665-page compendium of dazzling artifacts (*The Norton A thology of African American Literature*), he i on a night train from Cairo to Abu-Simbel, or ferry from Dar-es-Salaam to Zanzibar, or dhow in the Limpopo, or on sneakered foot in colonial-Portuguese slave port.

He journeys into a past it has been conve nient for imperializing Europe to deny. O this trip he is not exactly Kenneth Clark, se monizing on the monumental. Confidin qualms to the camera, he even occasionall giggles. But he's on a dream quest. At the ba bershop in his West Virginia boyhood, Ski heard stories of black pharaohs, black saint black Amazons, a Queen of Sheba, and t once-upon-a-time of Timbuktu. How come few tourists know about the Nubian pyrami in the Sudanese Sahara? Or the sacred mou tain of Jebel Barkal, who conquered all Egypt in the eighth century B.C.? Or the meg liths of Kerma, which went up centuries b fore Stonehenge? Why, in the bare ruine choirs of Great Zimbabwe, did German an British archaeologists mistakenly decide that Roma must have built it, or maybe Arabs, but certainly n Africans? Gede! Shanga! Gondar! Axum!

Not that *Wonders of the African World* is a six-hour e ercise in Afrocentric propaganda. Gates knows perfect well that the kings of Asante (now Ghana) and Dahom (now Benin) were slaveholders (in their palaces) and sla traders (selling POWs and their own criminals to t Arabs and Europeans). He meets, in Kumasi, in Abome and in Ouidah, descendants of the royal families and me chant princelings who facilitated the transatlantic shi ping of his own ancestors to the sugarcane fields and co ton plantations of the Americas. He is sarcastic about ho many Bantu-speaking black people on the Swahili coa prefer to think of themselves as Arabs and how man Zanzibari would really rather be Persian. He is appalle by female circumcision. And he is far too enamored of t possibility that the Ark of the Covenant is hiding out i Ethiopia, as if this series should have been called *Indian Skip and the Tablets of Mosaic Law.*

But see Skip sit in on a spirit-cult exorcism in Mo basa, or follow a trail of gold and salt to the Gre Mosque of Djenne, or go up a rope to a crypt of mu mies in the sixth-century Debra Damo monastery, frighten Afrikaners in a karaoke bar by singing John De ver songs. Because he's been such an eager, energet and informative tour guide to lost kingdoms, vanishe civilizations, amazing monuments and ruins, we rejoic with him when he discovers, in Timbuktu, a 500-year-ol

Photograph by Katrina Philli

university *and* a private library of 50,000 books previously unknown and untranslated, written by Africans in Arabic between he fourteenth and seventeenth centuries. He is beside himself with scholarly pleasure at having happened on “the mind of he black world.” Of course, he brought his rich mind with him, all the way from West Virginia.

Butterfly Collectors (SUNDAY AND MONDAY, OCober 24 and 25; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; HBO Signature) is a mesmerizing amalgam of, say, Ruth Rendell and Ian McEwan—a psychoogical police thriller and *The Cement Garden*. Asked to investigate the murder of a dealer in junk and drugs, burnt-out Manhester detective-inspector John McKeown Pete Postlethwaite) decides that 17-year-old Dex (Jamie Draven) may have burglarzed the crime scene but probably didn’t do he homicidal deed. McKeown also finds imself drawn to Dex, his younger brother nd sister, and their makeshift household n a council estate with a wonderful garden he teenager has fashioned out of furniture nd shrubs stolen from public parks. The mother of these children apparently abanoned them, the father is dead, and McKewn has parenting issues of his own to resolve. He risks his tattered career to help rphans in a burning world.

Gradually, the disappearance of Dex’s mother begins to look suspicious, the eath of his father even more so, the chilren’s behavior problematic, and the garen like a burial ground of guilty evidence. As McKeown swings wildly between magetic compass points of cop paranoia and escue-fantasy protectiveness, surprise wists pile up and class war breaks out. The teleplay by Paul Abbott (*Reckless*) and he direction by Jean Stewart (*Cracker*) are oth Freudian-Gothic, and Postlethwaite *In the Name of the Father*) is a dead-end haracter out of Samuel Beckett.

In brief: NATASHA LITTLE AS BECKY SHARP AND production that seems to have been inpired by Hogarth should be enough to make you watch **Vanity Fair** (Sunday and Monday, October 24 and 25; 8 to 11 P.M.; A&E), even if, like me, you hate the Thackray novel. . . . **Tobacco Wars** (Thursday, Ocober 21, 9 to 11 P.M.; Friday, October 22, 9 o 10 P.M.; TLC), talking for three hours to octors, marketers, politicians, and cigaette-industry insiders, will confirm everyhing you’ve always suspected about the merchants of death. Nevertheless, I admit o missing bygone days when our Bogies nd Bacalls gazed at one another through a wall of mall, before we became a shameless epublic of moralizing busybodies, postherapeutic vegetarian hysterics, and Roaine-abusing Health Nazi joggers. ■

ohn Leonard’s 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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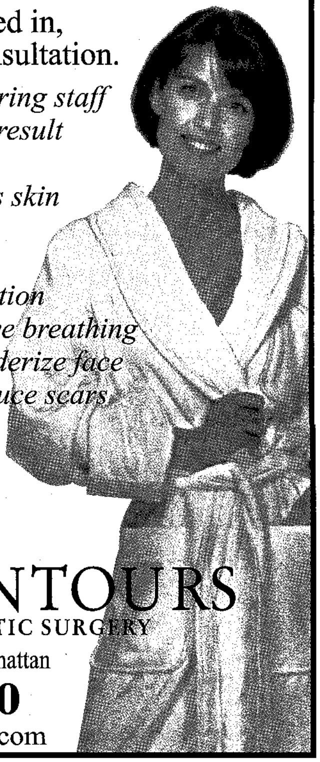

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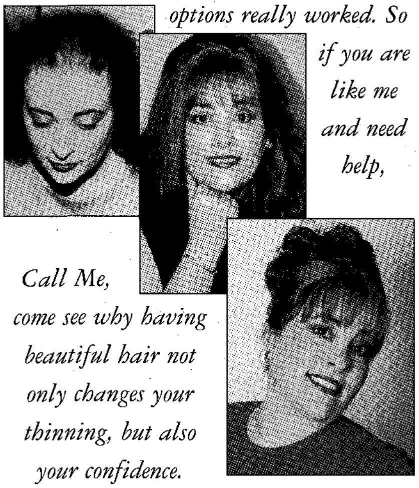

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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC **GAEL GREENE**

The Empire Strikes Back

A touch of alchemy lifts the weighty Austro-Hungarian cooking at Danube, David Bouley's velvet-swathed restaurant in TriBeCa

DAVID BOULEY IS COOKING WIENER SCHNITZEL. The grand master of the ethereal is slapping bread crumbs on small rectangles of veal and frying them. Yes, I mean *Wiener schnitzel.* Nostradamus was right. This is the end of the world as we passionate gourmands know it. The priest of purity, avatar of the organic, that same David Bouley famous for rutting about in pure pastures demanding boutique roots and sprouts has suddenly become an outright contrarian. We have been waiting for the new and better Bouley since he retired his vaunted restaurant on Duane Park.

Instead, he served up first the Bouley Bakery and now waltzes and Wiener schnitzel in the beautiful, boldly retro **Danube**, bustled in striated velvet and baubled like a Hapsburg princess. Let all the other chefs of Ne
York—the masters, the journeymen, the contenders an
pretenders—market their Contemporary American
Progressive American Cooking, New World Cuisin
Global Table. Bouley has been rolling in cobwebs, e
ploring dusty tomes of history, high on the fumes of p
prika, fixated not just on Vienna—whose food he cam
to love in the kitchen of the long-ago Vienna 79—but c
all of *Mitteleuropa,* part of the empire that once skirte
the Danube. Everyone else is stuffing foie gras in a peac
or floating Moroccan-spiced sea bass on Peruvian s
viche. But Bouley is playing with turnip and kohlrab
pickling cabbage, whisking up airy palatschinke, t
classic Hungarian pancake—brilliantly wrestling
weighty heritage into manna for modern appetites.

Up a river: The scene at Bouley's Danube.

As always, there's a crowd pawing the carpet of Da
ube's lounge at 9 P.M. one Thursday, waiting in vario
stages of misery for early birds to vacate their tables. I
a savvy first-nighter crowd, trying not to appear t
anxious but ready to pounce should a later arrival g
ushered in first. At last, we are led to the back wall
the narrow, oddly asymmetric, flatiron-shaped spac
"Is this the main room?" one of my guests asks, n
normally a candidate for Siberia yet not secure enou
not to ask. A few minutes later, I hear the same que
from a Wall Street voluptuary across the way.

Yes, this is it, inspired by Jacques Garcia's anci
régime décor of Hôtel Costes in Paris. Venetian stucc
gold-veined and polished to a lustrous sheen, glowi
iron columns, painted ebony paneling, ultrasuede ba
quettes, bouffant velvet at the windows, dramatic *fa*
mosaics, and huge Klimt paintings that would be wor
millions if they were real. (Clearly, Bouley picked up
least one trick from his partner Warner LeRoy befo
their rancorous, litigious schism. LeRoy employs a g
nius who paints charming Chagalls and Kandinskys
Danube is quite silly and totally wonderful. Starch
tablecloths and silver bells atop the butter.

Walter, the maître d', can't stop smiling. The somm
lier is so proud of his Blaufrankisch from Sudburge
land and the more powerful Zweigelt from Mittelbu
genland—both agreeable partners to this food—that l
insists on pouring a taste of Beerenauslese (Austria
cuvée of frost-sweetened grapes) with dessert. The
seems to be one staff member on hand for every patro
Lyle Lovett and his nymphet companion get no mo
fawning than any Wall Street pup here tonight. Nothi
I taste in four visits is less than good (even the bass a
the wild salmon I find too cooked). And tonight's t
umphs, caviar-heaped scallops and shrimp on a th
purée of leaf spinach, the barely jelled char glazed wi
red-wine sauce, and the meltingly rich beef cheeks wi
delicate chive spaetzle provoke uncontrollable sighs
pleasure at our table.

The four of us sharing à la carte (entrées $28 to $3

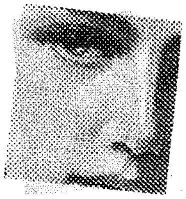
Photograph by Kenneth Ch

will spend $380, wines included, and sample nearly as many dishes as anyone investing in the $80 tasting. Even the $35 lunch begins with not one but three *amuses-bouche,* each on its own square plate: warm bass on pickled cabbage, tomato-water mousse on heirloom-tomato gazpacho, and a sardine with a sage-leaf coverlet belted onto a potato (like a patient on a stretcher) and deep-fried. And, bargain that it is, the meal climaxes with a goblet of elderberry sorbet in elderflower soup with bits of peach or quince as a prelude to dessert.

Daylight from Hudson Street makes the room even prettier, and there is—so far, anyway—no forced detention in the outer chamber. On a recent Friday at lunch, I decide I can no longer avoid tasting the Tyrolean wine soup with apple-smoked-trout crêpe—the juxtaposition strikes me as weird if not inedible, but I'm wrong. The tang of turnip and pickled kohlrabi with the trout inside a duo of rolled-up crêpes makes a thrilling counterpoint to he creamy foam of milk and wine. (About hat foam: It's not a new obsession, but ately it's been getting the kind of press reerved for pony-skin handbags or Al Gore's tie. I fear we'll soon be drowning in oam. At that first dinner, Danube's kitchen is foaming all over the place. By my fourth visit, I notice the sauces have almost stopped bubbling. Let's pray it's not coincidence. An idle quirk quickly becomes a mania these days, like the inexplicable rage for candied cilantro, ribbons of basil, and bay-leaf syrup in desserts.)

Bouley is so caught up in his quest to esurrect and reinvent the Austrian Empire, he isn't embarrassed, or even ironic, bout his fascination for the schnitzel. We'll be doing all kinds of schnitzels," he onfides. "Pork, of course. And guinea hen. Even sturgeon. We're changing the crumb mix every Thursday." He is standing near the bar looking bushed as we exit that irst dinner, the green light of his cell phone flashing in his pocket. "Have you een my room downstairs?" he asks. We rail after him into the then-unfinished private-party room, where he points out the precious wines. He caresses the corridor wall, with its many layers of scraped-on glue stucco. "In Venice, they do it with the back of spoons," he says. "Did you notice he ceiling upstairs? In daylight, you'll be able to see the gold veins." Every fiber of Bouley's being is enmeshed in the details.

A few nights later, keen for cod but wary of the accompanying "julienne of Styrian Wurzelgemüse," one of my guests elaxes when told that ominous-sounding phrase means nothing more than slivered vegetables. Though when the captain ranslates "Mohr im Hend" as "the man in he black shirt" rather than as chocolate-mousse cake, he does invoke an unfortunate image.



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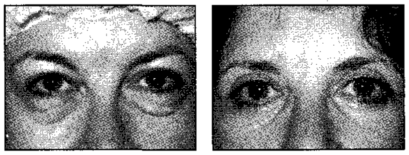
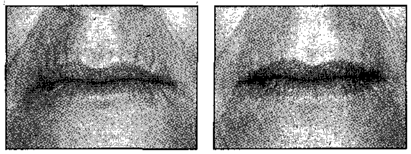


BEFORE & 8 DAYS AFTER UPPER & LOWER LID LASER BLEPHAROPLASTY & CHEEK LIFT

BEFORE & 7 DAYS AFTER LASER WRINKLE REMOVAL



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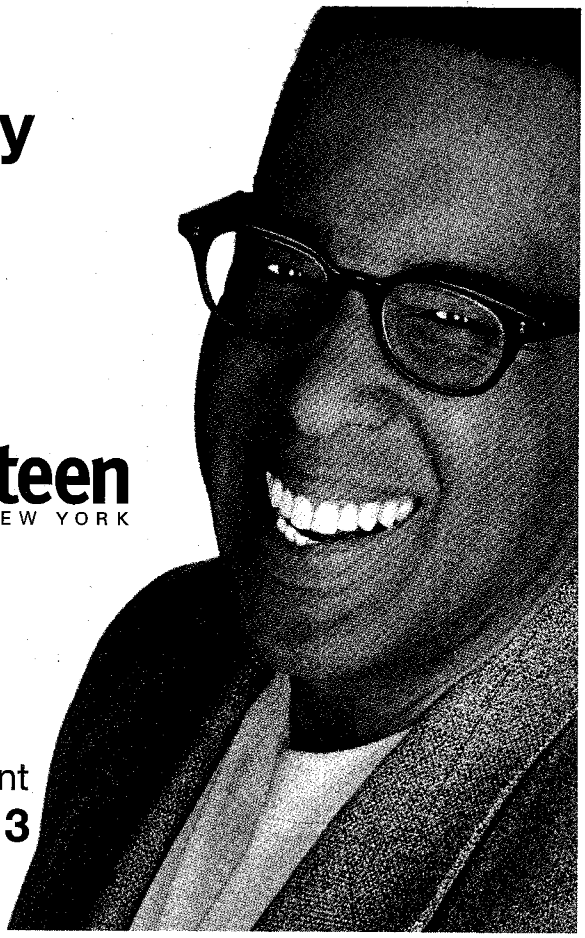

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Still, Danube is *Mitteleuropäisch* but not suicidally so. There's goulash, and farmer-cheese dumplings, and dozens of fine wines that most of us have never encountered before. But I doubt they serve harvest corn with cheese ravioli in Corinthia, wherever that is. I also suspect the Viennese in the Empire never stacked baby greens anywhere near their Wiener schnitzel or roasted their game with the lighthearted brilliance that Bouley brings to his antelope. The marvelous ragout of foie gras and lobster with veal-shoulder ravioli in pea foam that arrives at our lunch table unbidden is pure vintage Bouley. (Of course, we eat every morsel.)

So far, none of the desserts comes even close to the luscious daring of that elder flower soup or the Concord-grape sorbe in plum nectar with Finger Lake grapes My friend Cassandra marvels that each grape is peeled, prompting another gues to confess that in his sheltered childhood the servants *always* peeled the grapes. I'm sure these farmer-cheese dumplings with wild Oregon huckleberries put everyday folk dumplings to shame. But neithe dumplings nor the palatschinke can com pare with Bouley's melting soufflés, pow erful sorbets, and haunting ice creams. am happy to see the chef's signatur chocolate mouse with its silken tail i back on the bonbon tray.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

David Bouley was going through th terrible twos last time I tried to deal wit him. He was inexplicably rude, indee sadistic. I must admit I hesitated to in vade his new Danube without lawyer in tow, or a bodyguard. No that I could even book a table at reasonable hour—six or ten was a the reservationist offered. (I had t get a friend of the house to arrange more reasonable nine o'clock seat ing.) So I am delighted to find tha Bouley has settled into a charmin Dr. Jekyll phase. His maniacal pas sion is quite disarming; I can now se why *People* magazine found him one o the world's 50 Most Beautiful. I like t imagine him out in the kitchen every af ternoon with his second, Mario Lohnin ger, choreographing his kohlrabis and siz ing up each new product the season de livers, "trying to bring it up to date in keeping with the way people want to ea today." I am fascinated by that chocolat rodent. "Does the mouse have a specia meaning?" I ask. "Not at all," he says heading me off at the couch. "Next week we'll be doing a penguin."

Danube, 30 Hudson Street (212-791 3771). Lunch, 11:30 A.M. till 3:30 P.M Monday through Saturday; dinner, 5:3 till 11:30 P.M. Monday through Saturday Closed Sunday. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are avail able at **newyorkmag.com.**

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

Too Darn Hot

Marin Mazzie and Brian Stokes Mitchell brush up their Shakespeare in a revival of *Kiss Me, Kate* (page 105)

art 109 **concerts** 119 **dance** 119 **kids** 126 **the mix** 123 **movies** 96
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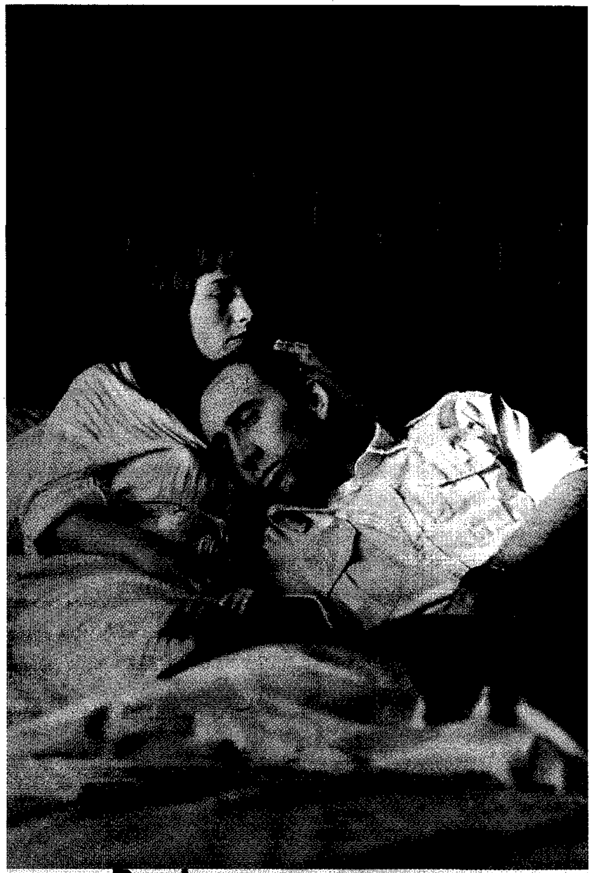
movies

Chomsky...Hazy in *The City*...*Crazy in Alabama*



Previews
GhoulFellas

In *Bringing Out the Dead,* Martin Scorsese returns to working with both screenwriter Paul Schrader (for the first time since *The Last Temptation of Christ*) and the mean streets of New York (for the first time since *GoodFellas*) for a truly haunting look at a paramedic (Nicolas Cage, above, with Patricia Arquette) in action. Starts October 22.

New Films

Achilles' Heel—A romantic comedy about a young Greek insurance salesman who falls for a dancing instructor. With Mather Zickel and Claudia Besso. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. His rebirth is brought about by his attraction to his daughter's cheerleader best friend (Mena Suvari). Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on the stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; BAM Rose Cinemas; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Autumn Tale—Eric Rohmer's autumn entry in his "Tales of Four Seasons" quartet is not as diagrammatic as some of his earlier films. He may be a moralizing *philosophe,* but he has his playful side. The plot for the film is almost too close to the sort of thing Hollywood attempts. A best friend (Marie Riviere) fixes up a widowed vintner (Beatrice Romand) by pretending to be her in the newspaper personal ads. It's a charming film. (Rainer; 7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *North Shore Towers.*

Bats—Sheriff Kimsey (Lou Diamond Phillips) has some trouble on his hands: Swarms of genetically altered bats have taken to tormenting the winsome inhabitants of his sleepy Texas town. Enter pretty zoologist (Dina Meyer) and her able assistant (Leon). (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Opens 10/22.*

Beefcake—Buff young men parade about scantily clad in this look at photographer Bob Mizer, the king of male-physique-magazine publishing during the fifties. Writer-director Thom Fitzgerald revisits this campy milieu by mixing dramatic sequences with documentary footage, including Mizer's home movies of "the boys." (1 hr. 33 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Best Man—A funny and touching look at the relationships between college friends. Taye Diggs is a writer who comes to New York for a college reunion built around the wedding of two close friends (Morris Chestnut and Monica Calhoun). But when his old flame (Nia Long) starts passing around an advance copy of his new book—a flimsily disguised autobiography—his friends start recognizing themselves in the characters, and he finds himself in a bit of a fix. (2 hrs.; R) *Opens 10/22.*

Black Cat, White Cat—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthier gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

The Blair Witch Project—A nifty, scary, zero-budge dramatic feature about a documentary crew tha investigates a local legend—the Blair Witch—in remote patch of Maryland woods. (1 hr. 27 mins R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Blue Streak—Martin Lawrence is a jewel thief posin as a cop in order to recover a diamond he's hidde in a precinct house. With Dave Chappelle an Luke Wilson. (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Vi lage; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84 Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concour Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Mult plex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies Sheepshead Bay; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astori UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at State Island.*

Body Shots—Gender cliché and foreplay does not movie make. A cable-TV movie, perhaps. (1 hr. 4 mins.; R) *Opens 10/22.*

The Boys—An Australian ex-con returns to his fam ily after a year in prison that has left him paranoi frustrated, and possibly questioning his sexuality. hr. 26 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Boys Don't Cry—The true story of Teena Brando who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romance the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by tw ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hila Swank plays Brandon, and her fine-cut androgyr seems supremely out of place in the trailer-tras milieu. Worth seeing, but first-time director Kir berly Peirce reduces the real-life drama's con plexity by framing it as a transgender *Rebel Wit out a Cause.* (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; F *UA Union Square; Lincoln Plaza Cinema Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; Cinemart.*

Bringing Out the Dead—Scorsese directs Nicolas Ca as a burned-out paramedic haunted by the sou that got away while on duty in Hell's Kitchen— *Clinton,* as you might refer to it. With Vi Rhames, Patricia Arquette, John Goodman, a Marc Anthony. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Opens 10/22.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documen tary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greate singers and musicians, many of them well over 6 whom he rescued from oblivion. I've never see another movie that so clearly expressed the sens al sustenance of great folk culture for its pract tioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *C Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BA Rose Cinemas.*

The City (La Ciudad)—Four black-and-white v gnettes that explore the new-immigrant exper ence in nineties New York. In Spanish with Eng lish subtitles. (1 hr. 28 mins.; NR) *Opens 10/22 the Quad and the American Museum of the Movi Image.*

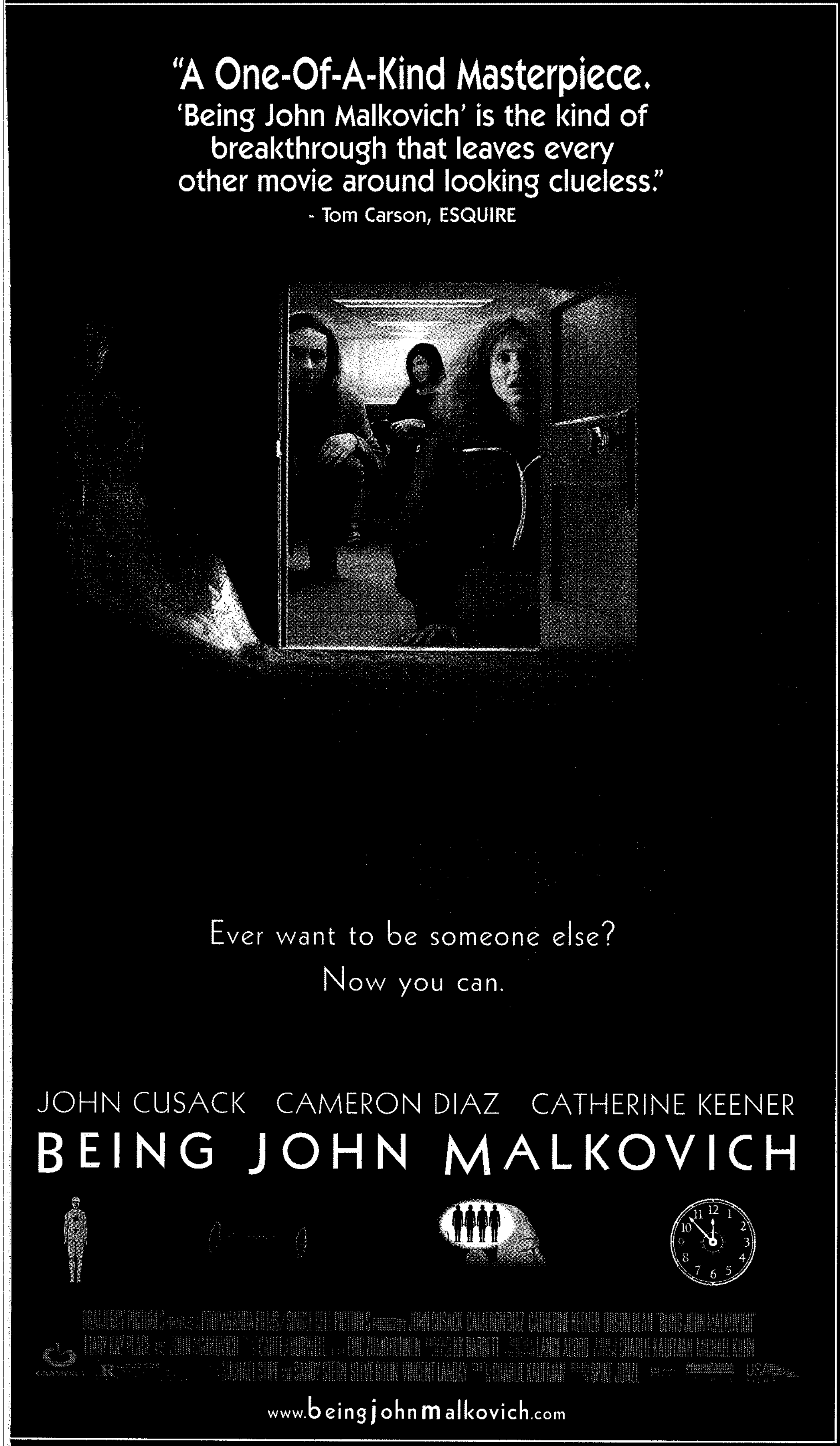
Crazy in Alabama—Antonio Banderas's directorial d but stars wife Melanie Griffith as eccentric Au Lucille. While she follows her dreams to Holl wood, back home, her nephew, Peejoe (Luc Black), is forced to come of age. With Cathy M riarty, David Morse, Meat Loaf Aday, and R Steiger. (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 10/22.*

Cremaster 2—Very loosely based on Norman Ma er's *The Executioner's Song,* this fourth installme in Matthew Barney's disparate and visually extr ordinary series is set in Utah and stars Barney murderer Gary Gilmore and Mailer as Har Houdini. (1 hr. 19 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage a Folles* comes a comedy about a contest in which t winner must have dinner with most boring perso imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 h

'Cue' cover photograph by Joan Marcu

SPECIAL PRIVATE SCREENING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SPECIAL ENGAGEMENTS START OCTOBER 29TH

22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre; North Shore Towers.*

Double Jeopardy—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country in an attempt to win back her son and finish off her evil husband. Thanks to a loophole and an exhausted Tommy Lee Jones, it's all fairly legal. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Drive Me Crazy—Melissa Joan Hart is *Clueless* while Adrian Grenier is more *Dawson's Creek*. But the two resolve to date anyway in order to make the people they'd *really* like to go to the prom with jealous. Teenagers can be *so* Machiavellian. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Bay Plaza; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Earth—Deepta Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Eyes Wide Shut—Stanley Kubrick's last film is about a swank Upper West Side couple, William and Alice, played by Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose marriage is derailed when the wife reveals to her husband an imagined erotic longing. (Rainer; 7/26/99) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

Fever Pitch—Colin Firth is an English professor obsessed with soccer (or football, as they call it) who falls in love. (1 hr. 42 mins; NR) *CC Village East.*

Fight Club—See Rainer, page 79. (2 hrs. 19 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

For Love of the Game—In this turgid weepie, Kevin Costner plays an over-the-hill pitcher for the Detroit Tigers who gets a shot at a perfect game against the Yankees. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Loews 72nd St. East.*

A Girl Called Rosemarie—Set in Frankfurt during the fifties, a young woman, played by Nina Hoss, is swept up into the world of high-stakes political intrigue and prostitution. (2 hrs. 7 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

The Grandfather—The story of a curmudgeonly count who—after learning of his widowed daughter-in-law's infidelities—tries to deduce which of his granddaughters is his rightful heir, until he's enlightened as to just how stupid that is. In Spanish with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 25 mins.; PG) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

Guinevere—Stephen Rea is a drunken and aging photographer who has a tendency to take in shy and pretty young women with potential, like Harper (Sarah Polley), and teach them about art, literature, love, and codependency. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Crown Gotham; UA East.*

Happy, Texas—A pair of escaped convicts, played by Jeremy Northam and Steve Zahn, end up impersonating a gay couple staging junior-miss beauty pageants in this high-low concept balderdash graced by an immensely touching performance by William H. Macy. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

In Too Deep—In this convincing street-crime story, Omar Epps is a detective who goes deep undercover in order to break up a Cincinnati drug ring. With a smooth and impressive LL Cool J, Nia Long, and Stanley Tucci. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Iron Giant—An animated film about the adventures of a boy and a 50-foot giant from outer space who likes to eat metal. With the voices of Jennifer Aniston and Harry Connick Jr. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Jakob the Liar—Why doesn't Robin Williams just get the Nobel Peace Prize already? Maybe that would end his stream of heartwarming/-wrenching treacle. This time he's playing a Polish Jew in a ghetto run by the Germans during World War II, and he's misty-eyed as all get-out. (1 hr. 59 mins.; PG-13) *North Shore Towers.*

Joe the King—Actor Frank Whaley's directorial debut stars Noah Fleiss as a young boy driven to a life of two-bit crime. With Val Kilmer and John Leguizamo. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Julien Donkey-Boy—Harmony Korine's at it again—this time with a murderous, gold-toothed schizophrenic named Julien, who works with the blind. (1 hr. 34 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

L'Ennui—The story of a middle-aged philosoph professor who is driven nearly to insanity by hi desire for one of his students. In French witl English subtitles. (2 hrs. ; R) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Life Is Beautiful—An English-dubbed version c Roberto Benigni's heartwarming, Oscar-winnin film about an Italian Jew, his wife, and their so who are taken to a concentration camp at the en of World War II. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *C(Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Limey—Terence Stamp has a remarkable loo here—whittled, with a shock of bright white ha and laser eyes. As Wilson, a career criminal fror England who has come to L.A. to avenge his daughter's murder, he's as implacably invincible as Le

Running Time

Cousin From Another Planet

When the time came for writer-director Malcolm D. Lee to begin shooting *The Best Man*, his older cousin (and producer) Spike gave him some advice: "He said 'Just relax, get some rest, watch some football—and make a great film,' " recalls the younger Lee (pictured, inset). And so he did—in that order. But unlike Spike's provocative films, which often confront issues around race and social injustice, *The Best Man* has a lighter, more romantic core: It's a brightly lit, dialogue-heavy mainstreamer about friends reuniting for a wedding weekend in New York. It's *The Big Chill* without the funeral and a lot less Motown. If Malcolm Lee's characters are shocking at all, it's because they are successful African-Americans more concerned for the time being with the intricate matters of their hearts than in explaining why they are successful African-Americans. "I'm just trying to make a good movie about real people dealing with real things," Lee explains. "For years I didn't see myself on television or in the movies, or if I did—very sparingly—it was rationed out. But there's a wide spectrum of stories to be told—it's not all hoochie mamas and thugs." Indeed, despite strides toward more-accurate portrayals of blacks onscreen in the past decade, it's still easier to find footage of a tsetse fly mating than a fully realized middle-class African-American character—let alone a movie full of them. "The perception was that these movies wouldn't make money," says Malcolm D. Lee. "When George Tillman first shopped around *Soul Food*, he actually got a comment back saying, 'How's it going to make money? Nobody gets shot!' " Armed with a strong cast (Taye Diggs, Sanaa Latham—both pictured below—along with Nia Long, Harold Perrineau, and Morris Chestnut), *The Best Man* deals seriously with everyone's pet topics. If fresh, funny talk of love, sex, fidelity, and poker don't attract a crossover audience, nothing will. Opening Friday in theaters everywhere. **BRETT KELLY**

Photographs by Davis Lee/Universal Studic

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Marvin was in *Point Blank*. But the film itself isn't to that level. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Loews 84th Street.*

ove Reinvented—A collection of twelve gay- and lesbian-themed shorts from France. With English subtitles. (1 hr. 15 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

ucie Aubrac—Set in 1943, Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance (Carole Bouquet) who engineered the liberation of her husband (Daniel Auteuil) from prison in Lyon during the German occupation. It's not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

ıe Minus Man—Owen Wilson plays a pleasant and perplexing villain who poisons people with a tainted flask of amaretto. With Janeane Garofalo, Mercedes Ruehl, and Brian Cox. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

olly—When an autistic woman (Elizabeth Shue) undergoes experimental medical treatment, she becomes a genius. She does not, however, at any time in this film hide the formula for cold fusion in her bra. (PG-13) *Opens 10/22.*

umford—Lawrence Kasdan has crafted a movie about a mysterious psychologist named Mumford (Loren Dean) who arrives in the rural town of Mumford and rights the lives of a number of its genial malcontents. The film has its low-key pleasures but it's a wispy, overly fatuous conceit. (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Sony Lincoln Square.*

uppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

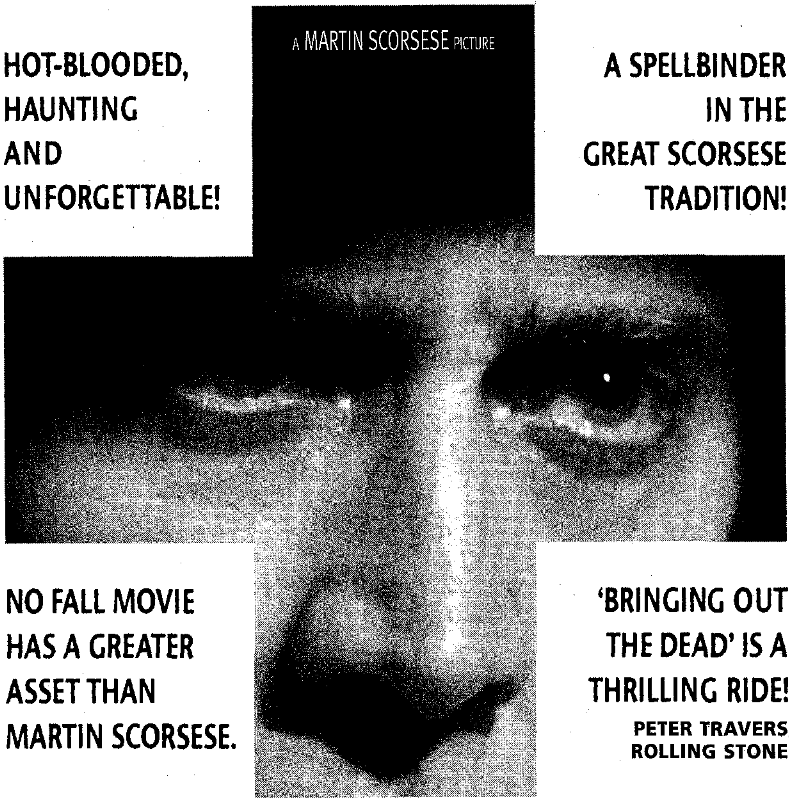
ystery, Alaska—The New York Rangers get some northern exposure when they challenge a small Alaskan town to a hockey game. With Burt Reynolds and Russell Crowe. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Sutton.*

ıtside Providence—Tim Dunphy (Shawn Hatosy) escapes the boonies of Rhode Island and his foul-mouthed dad (Alec Baldwin) when he's shipped off to boarding school. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas.*

unkett and Macleane—An unlikely buddy picture set in eighteenth-century England and starring Robert Carlyle and Johnny Lee Miller as lascivious highwaymen. With Liv Tyler and Alan Cumming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

ındom Hearts—Harrison Ford plays an internal-affairs cop in Washington, D.C., and Kristin Scott Thomas is a Republican congresswoman in this thick shroud of a movie wherein they learn that their spouses, who went down in a plane crash, were having an affair. Sydney Pollack directs. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (2 hrs. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

omance—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principal's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; BAM Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*



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★**Run Lola Run**—German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 59th Street East.*.

Runaway Bride—Julia Roberts and Richard Gere reteam for the first time in a decade, and the gloss is over. (Rainer; 8/9/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

Same Old Song—A happy musical about a woman looking for an apartment. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs.; NR) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Show Me Love—Lukas Moodysson's funny coming-of-ager was originally titled *Fucking Amal*, referring to the small Swedish town where this story of two young lesbians unfolds. In Swedish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 29 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Stigmata—After a supernatural experience, Patricia Arquette starts to find the markings of the crucifixion all over her body. Gabriel Byrne is a priest who goes to exorcise whatever it is that has possessed this otherwise lovely person. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II.*

Stir of Echoes—Kevin Bacon is a telephone repairman who is haunted by visions of a dead teenage girl after being hypnotized at a party. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's Chelsea; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Story of Us—See Rainer, page 81. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Straight Story—See Rainer, page 80. (1 hr. 51 mins.; G) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Superstar—*SNL*'s Molly Shannon brings her awkward, finger-sniffing, Catholic-schoolgirl caricature Mary Katherine Gallagher to the big screen. (1 hr. 28 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

That's the Way I Like it—In Singapore during the Disco invasion of 1977, a grocery-store stock boy exchanges his Bruce Lee idolatry for a John Travolta obsession. (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square.*

The Thomas Crown Affair—The 1968 romantic caper starring Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway has been revamped and updated and now stars Pierce Brosnan and Rene Russo. (Rainer; 8/16/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*.

Three Kings—Four soldiers—played by George Clooney, Mark Wahlberg, Spike Jonze and Ice Cube—go AWOL in search of stolen Kuwaiti gold bullion after the Gulf War and end up unlikely heroes. Writer-director David O. Russell seems intent on making a flip absurdist war movie that's as charged-up as *The Road Warrior.* (Rainer; 10/4/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marbor UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnysid Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astori UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaz UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Three to Tango—Neve Cambell, Matthew Perry, an Dylan McDermott in yet another fun young lov triangle. Matthew Perry's character is not gay, bu everyone thinks he is. Not that there's anythin wrong with that. With Oliver Platt. (1 hr. 38 mins PG-13) *Opens 10/22.*

West Beirut—Two 12-year-old boys play amid th despair, flirting with girls and shooting Super- films in the streets of Beirut at the outbreak of th civil war in 1975. In Lebanese with English sul titles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Whiteboys—Comedian Danny Hoch plays a whi wannabe gangsta in working-class Iowa wh moves to the Chicago ghetto. With Dash Miho Eugene Byrd, and Piper Perabo. (1 hr. 37 mins.; F *bam Rose Cinemas.*

Previews
American Tale

David Riker's *La Ciudad* ("The City") opens with sweeping shots of an overcast city and small crowds of Latinos waiting on street corners for day work. As the film unfolds, it turns out the city is "Nueva York," and the elegant black-and-white film's four vignettes chronicle the new-immigrant experience in this foreign, often unforgiving land. Starts October 22 at the Quad Cinema and the American Museum of the Moving Image (as part of the museum's new evening-screenings program every Wednesday through Sunday). The filmmaker will also give a talk at AMMI on the 24th.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (212-929-3350) *The Blair Witch Proje Stir of Echoes.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (21 995-2000) *Buena Vista Social Club; The Grand ther; Julien Donkey-Boy; The Limey; Run Lola Ru The Straight Story.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (21 529-6799) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; D ve Me Crazy; Fever Pitch; Guinevere; The Minus M Mystery, Alaska; Same Old Song; The Sixth Sense.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Bl Cat, White Cat; L'Ennui; The Boys.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd (777-FILM#603) *Random Hearts; The Story of*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-811 *Beefcake; Cremaster 2.* (See also "Museums, So eties, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (5 LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; D ble Jeopardy; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Ear A Girl Called Rosemarie; Love Reinvented; Roman Show Me Love.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Can (212-334-2100) *Eyes Wide Shut; West Beirut.* (S also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-25 2225) *Boys Don't Cry; Fight Club; Happy, Texas; the King; Mumford; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Story of Us; That's the Way I Like it.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-68 6548) *Fight Club; Mumford; Outside Providence.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (77 FILM#597) *Drive Me Crazy; Mumford; Plunk and Macleane; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Stir Echoes; The Story of Us.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (77 FILM#614) *Three Kings.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (5 LOEWS#858) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grou land; American Beauty; Double Jeopardy; The Six Sense; Superstar.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Av (505–6397#558) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grou land; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopar Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; S perstar; Three Kings.*

42nd–60th Streets

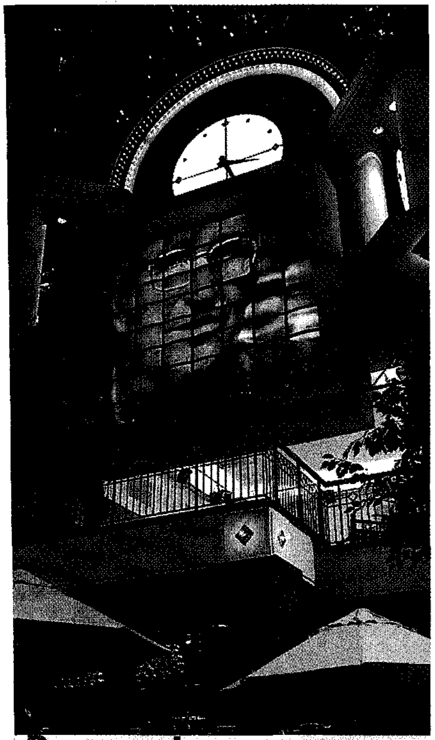
CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th (212-753-6022) *Happy, Texas; The Sixth Sense; T Straight Story.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th a 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Guinevere.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th a 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Romance.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Mu ford; Mystery, Alaska.*

Photograph by Ariane Burge



Documentary
No Comment

Perhaps the most ironic scene in Mark Achbar and Peter Wintonick's good-natured 1993 documentary 'Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media,' is a Canadian news broadcast about a chimpanzee named Nim Chimpsky—in honor of the tireless linguist and radical political theorist, no doubt—which had ultimately failed to communicate at the level scientists had hoped. "He can ask for things," the newscaster reports of the diapered monkey, "but not much more." Hey, at least he tries. At Anthology Film Archives on October 23.

learview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Run Lola Run.*
learview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *The Story of Us.*
) Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Double Jeopardy.*
) Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *The Blair Witch Project; Deep Blue Sea; Life Is Beautiful; Runaway Bride; The Thomas Crown Affair; Universal Soldier: The Return.*
oews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Double Jeopardy.*
oews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Random Hearts; Stigmata; Superstar.*
aris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*
A Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts.

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(212-354-0900) *Blue Streak; Drive Me Crazy; Fight Club; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Fight Club; Mystery, Alaska; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Fight Club; A Girl Called Rosemarie; The Story of Us; Superstar; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Drive Me Crazy; Happy, Texas.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *For Love of the Game.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Three Kings.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Random Hearts; Superstar; Three Kings.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Guinevere.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Fight Club.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Double Jeopardy; Three Kings.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Fight Club; Random Hearts.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Black Cat, White Cat; Boys Don't Cry; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; L'Ennui; Lucie Aubrac; Same Old Song.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; The Limey; The Story of Us.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Blue Streak; Stigmata; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Three Kings.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Mumford; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Straight Story; Superstar; Three Kings.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc." for Sony IMAX.)

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Three Kings.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; The Iron Giant; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *American Beauty; Black Cat, White Cat; Buena Vista Social Club; Romance; Whiteboys.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *American Beauty; Breakfast of Champions; Fight Club.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Three Kings.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *Boys Don't Cry; Happy, Texas; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Double Jeopardy; The Sixth Sense; Three Kings.*

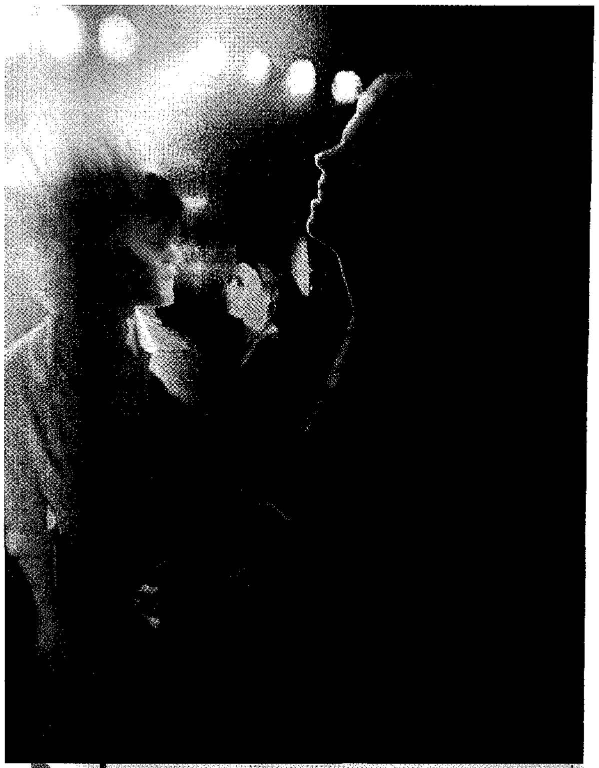
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; In Too Deep; The Iron Giant; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; Boys Don't Cry; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Superstar; Three Kings.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Blue Streak; Fight Club; Superstar; Three Kings.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*



Previews
Invading Forces

Starting October 22, the New York Underground Film Festival joins BAM's Next Wave to present the XENO International Film Festival, featuring ten films and more than 50 shorts from the European fringe, including the bare, no-budget British manifesto *Destroy All Mobsters,* and more visually enhanced snapshots like Austria's *Sunspots* (above). October 22–24 and 29–31 at BAMcinématek. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.)

Photograph courtesy of Xeno International Festiva

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; Boys Don't Cry; Double Jeopardy; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Double Jeopardy; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *Achilles' Heel; The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Fight Club; Happy, Texas; Random Hearts; Runaway Bride; Stir of Echoes; The Story of Us; Superstar.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (718-441-9835) *Blue Streak; The Iron Giant; Muppets From Space; Romance; Stir of Echoes; Superstar.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *American Beauty; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Muppets From Space; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy
Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Autumn Tale; The Di*
ner Game; Jakob the Liar.

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Coror
(718-639-0012) *Double Jeopardy; Fight Club.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvc
Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for shov*
times.

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (77
FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave
Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for shov*
times.

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Bl*
Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; The Six
Sense; Stigmata; Three Kings.

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hil
(718-544-1020) *Random Hearts.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhave
Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Blue Strea*
Fight Club; Three Kings.

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St
Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *The Adventures of E*
mo in Grouchland; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Craz
Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; The Sto
of Us; Superstar.

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Fo
est Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; Dri*
Me Crazy; Fight Club; Happy, Texas; The Story
Us; Three Kings.

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Av
(718-225-7711) *Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Ra*
dom Hearts; The Story of Us.

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Dou glaston (718-423-7200) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Staten Island

trium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *American Beauty; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

A Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Random Hearts; The Story of Us; Three Kings.*

A Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland; American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Drive Me Crazy; Fight Club; Random Hearts; The Sixth Sense; The Story of Us; Superstar; Three Kings.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

nerican Museum of the Moving Image—"Evening Screenings" every Wednesday through Sunday. Starting 10/22: *The City*. 10/23–10/24: "A Don McKellar Retrospective." 10/23: *Twitch City* (Episodes 1–6; 1998); *Blue* (1992); *Last Night* (1998); *Elimination Dance* (1998); *Bloody Nose* (1992). 10/24: *Twitch City* (Episodes 7–13; 1999); *Highway 61* (1991). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

thology Film Archives—10/19: *The Surrender* (1927). 10/20: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Utopia; Teeth; Caretaker*. Feature: *The Waiting Game*. Also on 10/20: "New Selections From the Filmmakers' Cooperative." 10/22–10/23: "The Films of Marie Menken." 10/23–10/24: *Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media* (1993). Through 10/31: "The Jiri Menzel Retrospective." 10/20: *Cutting It Short* (1980); *Festival of the Snowdrops* (1983). 10/21: *Closely Watched Trains* (1966). 10/22: *Festival of Snowdrops; My Sweet Little Village* (1985). 10/23: *My Sweet Little Village*. 10/24: *The Life and Extrordinary Adventures of Private Ivan Chonkin* (1993); *Closely Watched Trains*. 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

ia Society—10/20: *The #7 Train: An Immigrant Journey* (1999). 725 Park Ave., at 70th St., (212-517-ASIA; www.asiasociety.org); $10; $7 members.

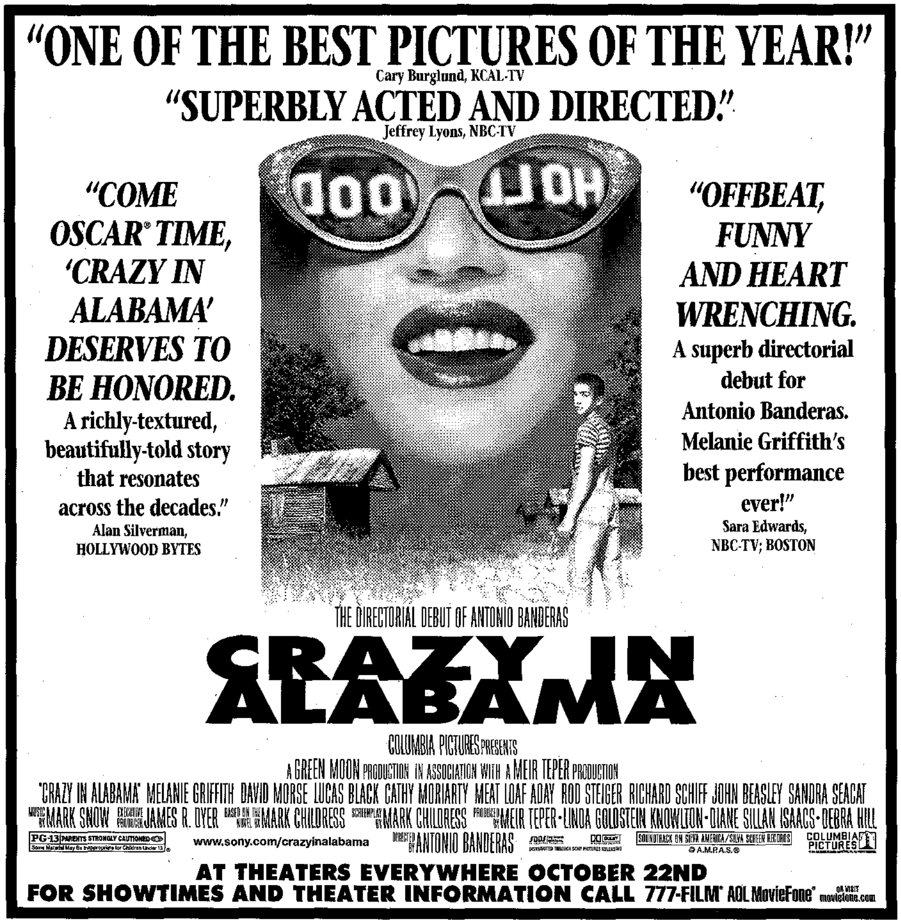
M Rose Cinemas—10/19: *First Name: Carmen* (1983). 10/20–10/21: *My Dinner With Andre* (1982). 10/22–10/24: "Xeno International Film Festival." 10/22: *Slidin' Bright and Shiny World* (Austria). 10/23: *Roxy: No Other Drugs Required* (Netherlands); *Get Yer Irish Up!* (Ireland); "Half a Lager and a Packet of Crisps: New British Underground Films." 10/24: *Beyond Ultra Violence: Uneasy Listening by Merzbow* (Netherlands-Japan); *Blablabla* (Spain); *Cinico TV: The Dark Vision of Cipri & Maresco* (Italy); "A Secret History of European Music Video." Mondays through 1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 10/18: *Ladies of Leisure* (1930). 10/25: *The Miracle Woman* (1931). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

nema Classics—10/19: *Road Warrior* (1981). 10/20–10/21: *The Car* (1977). 10/22–10/23: *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (uncut; 1976). 10/24–10/25: *Bad Timing: A Sensual Obsession* (1979). Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 212-675-6692 for info.

lumbia University—Through 10/25: "The Films of Elia Kazan." 10/25: *Boomerang!* (1947); *A Streetcar Named Desire* (1951). Miller Theater, Columbia University, Broadway and 116th St. (212-854-7799); $8; students and seniors, $5.

fferent Light—10/24: *Daughters of Darkness* (1971). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (212-989-4850); free.

m Forum—Ending 10/19: "Dreyer" 10/19: *Gertrud*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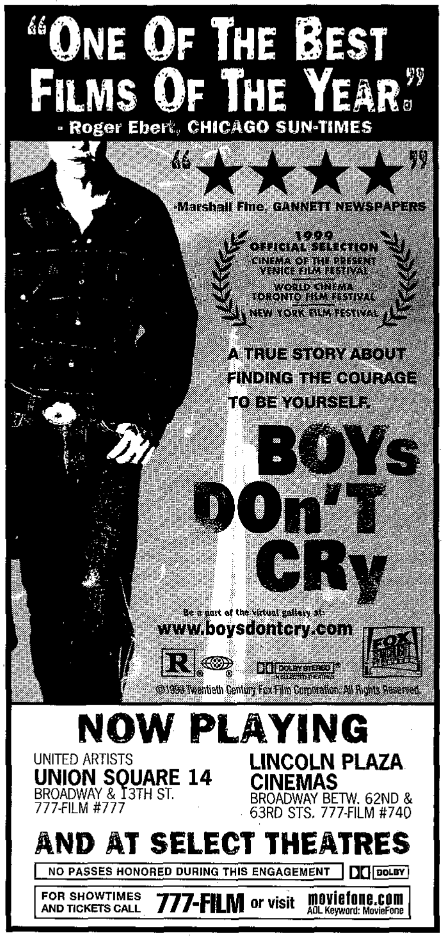
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Smith *continued from page 47*

While BMX ultimately proved to be a fad, Jonze managed to gain a toehold in Southern California's subcultural elite when he began photographing bikers and skateboarders for *Freestylin'* and *Trans World Skateboarding.*

Jonze's first foray into video was *Video Days,* a twenty-minute-long tape of a skateboarding team named Blind doing tricks in various suburban settings. It's standard stuff shot on a single handheld camera, but Jonze brought something new to the form. "He was a really good skateboarder," says Jenkins, "so he could skate right alongside and shoot, which not many people could do." But it was Jonze's outrageous sense of humor that really set the video apart. The opening sequence shows prepubescent pro boarder Guy Mariano riding to the Jackson Five's "I Want You Back"—a bold and ironic departure from the usual hardcore-punk and speed-metal soundtracks found on skate tapes. To get permission to use the song, says Lewman, Jonze convinced his lawyers to tell the Jacksons' copyright administrator he was using it in an anti-drunk-driving film. To justify his claim, he then shot a sequence in which the team's mostly underage members swill booze as they hurtle down a dirt road in a giant blue Lincoln that eventually careens into a canyon.

As Southern California's skateboard subculture began to intersect with alternative rock, *Video Days* became an underground legend. And when a skater friend of Jonze's showed it to two members of Sonic Youth, the band hired him to shoot footage of skateboarders for their "100%" video. That clip caught the eye of director Peter Care, who hired Jonze as a cameraman and eventually got him a directing contract with the Polygram-owned Satellite Films.

Rather than abandon his wise-ass skateboarder sensibility, Jonze brought it onto MTV in his funny, frenetic videos for alternative-rock groups like Weezer, Ween, and the Breeders. When he was in Chicago to film a video for the band Wax, "we stayed out all night drinking," says Dan Field, one of Jonze's skateboarding friends. Just after five in the morning, when the two were in a cab doing about 30 miles per hour, "I could tell that he was getting ready to do something, and I kept saying, 'No, no, don't do it!' " Field says. "He just opened the door and let himself fly out. I looked back and I could see him rolling. The sound of his head hitting the pavement was so loud and so gross—it was like a bowling ball." When the cab screeched to a halt, Field ran back to his friend. "He kind of started laughing, but I could tell he was in a lot of pain. He put his hand behind his head and pulled it out, like in the movies, and there was tons of blood on his hand." For years afterward, Jonze bragged about the incident to almost everyone he met. "Deep in the back of his head," says Field, "Spike wants to be a stuntman."

While Jonze was busy becoming a fixture on MTV, *Freestylin'* was going belly up as its readers grew up and got driver's licenses. And when Jonze, Lewman, and Jenkins befriended the editors of *Sassy*—Jane Pratt's amusingly subversive magazine for teenage girls—"Our first question was, 'Why isn't there a boys' version of *Sassy*?' " Lewman says. "And they were like, 'I don't know; you should do it.' "

Though it lasted only a few issues, *Dirt* (subtitled "Fuel for Young Men") exposed Jonze's amateur stunt photography to several hundred thousand readers and exposed Jonze himself to the Beastie Boys. The rappers (whom Jonze met when he photographed them for *Dirt* and not, as he has claimed, because his sister was in the same traffic-school class as Yauch) became friends and mentors who shared his cheeky, punk-rock sense of humor.

"For years, [Beastie Boy] Adam Horovitz had been talking about doing a photo session as undercover cops—wearing ties and fake mustaches and sitting in a car like we were on a stakeout," recalls Yauch. When the trio approached Jonze, he dove into the project literally headfirst, accompanying his subjects on a prop run to a Hollywood wig outlet. "Then, while he was taking the pictures, he was wearing this blond wig and mustache the whole time," says Yauch. "For no apparent reason."

The Beasties had so much fun playing dress-up that they hired Jonze to make the "Sabotage" video, where his do-it-yourself instincts helped create an authentically low-rent feel. "We'd done videos where the production people came up with these elaborate budgets, and it started to feel really awkward on the set," Yauch says. "So we asked Spike to work with just a couple of people, so we could fit the whole production in one van. Then we just ran around L.A. without any permits and made everything up as we went along." The video would have come in on budget if Jonze hadn't accidentally destroyed two rented cameras. He ruined a Canon Scoopic by using it for an underwater shot protected only by a Ziploc bag, although he managed to convince the rental company that it had simply stopped working on its own. The Arriflex SR3

(continued on page 125)

(1964). 10/20–11/2: *North by Northwest* (1959) 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Read Theater)—Through 10/27 "An Unfolding Horizon: The Films of Hou Hsiao-Hsien." 10/19: *City of Sadness* (1989); TBA program for the hearing-impaired. 10/20: *HHH: A Portrait of Ho Hsiao-Hsien* (1997); *Dust in the Wind* (1987); *Goo Men, Good Women* (1995). 10/21: *The Boys Fengkuei* (1983); *Dust in the Wind.* 10/22: *Daughter of the Nile* (1987); *Goodbye South, Goodby* (1996); *Dust in the Wind; Flowers of Shangh* (1998). 10/23: *A City of Sadness* (1989); *The Puppetmaster* (1993); *Good Men, Good Women.* 10/2 *Flowers of Shanghai; A Time to Live, A Time to D* (1985); *Summer at Grandpa's* (1984). 10/25: *Goo Men, Good Women; HHH; A City of Sadnes* 10/21: "Independents Night" presents *Shado Boxers.* 10/23–10/24: "Movies for Kids." *Reven of the Creature* (1955). 65 W. 65th St., plaza lev (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$1 "Movies for Kids" $3.

Museum of Modern Art—Through March 200 "From Automatic Vaudeville to the Seventh Ar Cinema's Silent Years, 1893–1928." 10/19: *A Fo There Was* (1915); *Mistress Nell* (1915). 10/2 *Mistress Nell; Hell's Hinges* (1916). 10/22: *Wh the Clouds Roll By* (1919); *The Cabinet of Dr. Cal gari* (1920); Griffith Biograph: Program 1; Edis Company: Program 1; *The Clodhopper* (1917 10/23: *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari;* Griffith Bi graph: Program 2; Harold Lloyd Shorts: Progra 1; Vitagraph Company: Program 1. 10/24: *T Clodhopper;* Vitagraph Company: Program *Flirting With Fate* (1916); Edison Company: Pr gram 2. 10/25: *Flirting With Fate; When Clou Roll By.* Through May 2000: "Big as Life: A American History of 8-mm. Films." 10/21: Fil by Levine, Otis, Conner, White, Kuchar, Wielan 10/21–10/22: "New Documentaries" presen *Halsted Street* (1998). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-70 9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—"Silent Screams" 10/20: *T Bells* (1926); *The Cat and the Canary* (192 "Viewpoint . . . Slavic Stories." 10/21: *Across t Lake* (1997); *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (196 Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-62 0619); free.

Ocularis—Through 10/25: "Perspective Canad 10/24: *Le Confessional* (1995). 10/25: *Double Ha piness* (1994). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Broo lyn (718-388-8713). $7.

Sony IMAX—*Siegfried & Roy: The Magic Box; L5-First City in Space; Across the Sea of Time; T-Re Back to the Crustacean; Encounters in 3-D.* At So Lincoln Square, 1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (5 LOEWS#638).

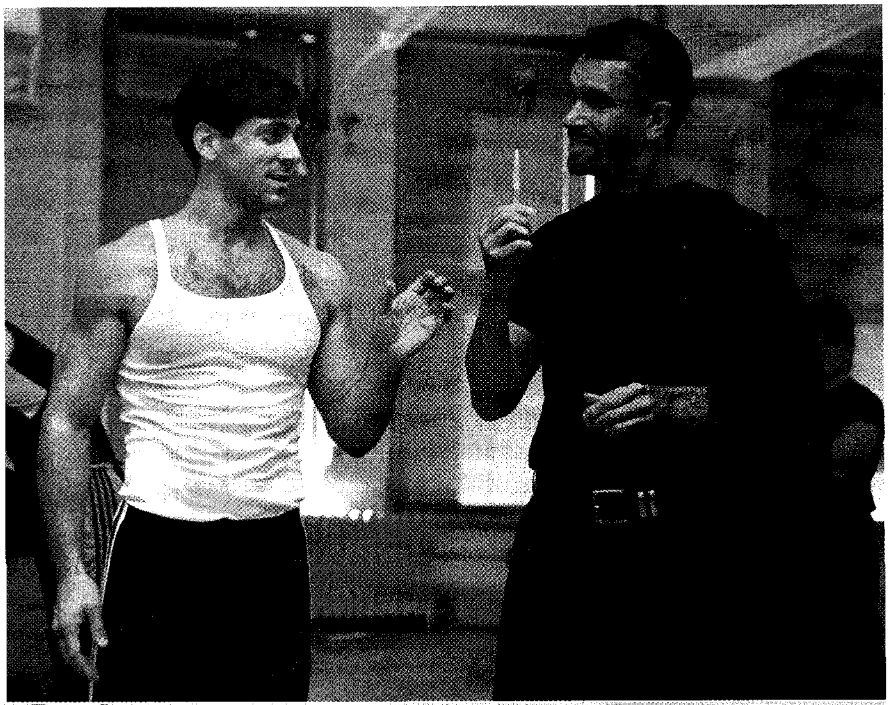
The Screening Room—Through 10/28: "Frame Frame: An HBO Documentary Film Serie 10/19: *Children of Chabannes; Rock the Bo Crimes of Honor; King Gimp; Growing Up Fa George.* 10/20: *Bach in Auschwitz; Growing Fast; Children of Chabannes; Children in W George; American Hollow.* 10/21: *George; Corne stone; Children of Chabannes; King Gimp; Growi Up Fast.* 10/22: *Scenes From a Transplant; Child in War; Bus Riders Union; The Tulsa Lynchings 1921; American Hollow; Lenny Bruce: Swear to T the Truth; Kurt & Courtney.* 10/23: *Speaking Strings; The Tulsa Lynchings of 1921; Children War; Let Me In; I Hear Laughter . . . A Salute to t Friars; Lenny Bruce: Swear to Tell the Truth; Bus Ri ers Union; Taxicab Confessions 6.* 10/24: *Bus Rid Union; Bach in Auschwitz; The Tulsa Lynchings 1921; American Hollow; Scenes From a Transpla Super Chief.* 10/25: *Cornerstone; Rock the Boat; B Riders Union; Children in War; The Tulsa Lynchin of 1921.* $5. Fridays and Saturdays at midnig *Disco Dolls in Hot Skin* (XXX in 3-D). Sund brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theat for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $8 ($5 f Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 10/25: "Son Youth Tour Film" (1998). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfo St. For more info, call 212-358-7501 or vi www.tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—10/23–10/24: *First Name: Carm* (1983). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-73 9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

theater

Mamet...Donald Margulies...*Kiss Me, Kate*



Previews

“Another Op’nin’, Another Show”

The score is jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, so it’s no wonder each generation has rediscovered *Kiss Me, Kate* since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell (above right, with Michael Berresse) and Marin Mazzie will interpret Cole Porter’s feuding couple—actors who play *Shrew*’s Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical—for a generation obsessed with the backstage canoodling of celluloid Shakespeareans like DiCaprio. (See “Broadway.”)

Broadway

Previews and Openings

s Me, Kate—The Cole Porter phenomenon, star-ing Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie. 25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Pre-iews begin 10/25 for an 11/18 opening. *Martin eck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

inmaker—Once the goofy farm boy of *Cheers,* Woody Harrelson returns to a parched farm in this evival of N. Richard Nash’s family drama directed y Scott Ellis. Also starring Jayne Atkinson. 40–$65. Tues.–Sun. at 8. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. reviews begin 10/21 for an 11/11 opening. *Brooks tkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

urday Night Fever—Flared pants! Hits by the Bee ees! Disco balls spinning hypnotically from the afters! $30–$80. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at . In previews for a 10/21 opening. *Minskoff The-tre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Now Playing

ie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the harp-tongued, sharpshootin’ gal from Cincinnati vho eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by om Wopat), in Buffalo Bill’s traveling Wild West how. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter tone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Ved. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 roadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

aret—The Roundabout is to be roundly ap-lauded for re-creating Sam Mendes’s 1993 Lon-on production, even if with some diminishment. ided by Rob Marshall as co-director and chore-grapher, Mendes confirms his directorial reputa-ion with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff’s re-urbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 erlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the vriter hero. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this evival has enough to satisfy all but the most fas-idious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan gan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, at. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *tudio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

s—Now and for the foreseeable future. $40–$75. on. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. t 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter arden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-39-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

cago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! roduction of this musical to Broadway, but since ’s about women who kill their men and the mer-enary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems ke the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in his production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan and the ravishing Ruthie Henshall. $20–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—The grande dame of the British stage flies in from London, bringing all her draggy voluptuousness with her for this one-woman show. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. Most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. He is a bull slowly wrestled down in some terrible tauromachy. Elizabeth Franz, after a bit too much tremolo and head-waggling, settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O’Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—The boop-a-doop cutie, Kristin Chenoweth, whose admirers have been neurotically divided between 6-year-old girls and 28-year-old men ever since her Tony-adorable performance as Sally in *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown,* now gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin’-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain’t Nothin’ but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

xcept where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and re dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind he TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available for that day’s performance only) to many Broadway nd Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway nd 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine lev-l; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a pro-uction and want to submit details for a possible list-g? Call 212-508-0740.

tograph by Joan Marcus.

Kat and the Kings—The Olivier Award–winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*. Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—The long-running reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. Carolee Carmello, who nabbed a 1999 Tony nomination for her moving performance as Lucille Frank in *Parade*, takes over the female lead. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 10/31. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. Through 1/16/00. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Previews

The Middle Ages

Perennial Pulitzer contender Donald Margulies (below) is best known for addressing contentious public issues in plays that derive from very personal obsessions. In *The Model Apartment*, the Jewish playwright confronted the Holocaust; in *Sight Unseen*, the successful playwright wrote about the struggles of a famous artist; and in *Collected Stories*, the Yale professor of drama staged a timely Ivory Tower dispute over intellectual property. Now Margulies says he's written his "most autobiographical" play yet, *Dinner With Friends*, but he has traded page-one stories for the basic problem of divorce. "Every one of my plays begins with something that is troubling me," Margulies notes. "Those plays tend to deal with aspects of my past. This is more a play about where I'm at in my life now, a capsule of life with a small child and a long relationship." His marriage is hardly on the rocks. Happily married, working and teaching in untrendy New Haven ("As they say, it's a nice place to get your work done," he admits), Margulies polishes television, film, and theater scripts in his house on a tree-lined street. "I just turned 45 and found myself completely incredulous," Margulies says, "in the same relationship with my wife *for twenty years*, and suddenly some of our closest friends, some people long known and expected to be a part of our lives, are breaking apart and changing." The result, Margulies says, is "a fairly lean play," in which divorce ends one relationship and threatens to destabilize another. Most of the dialogue occurs over dinner. "As I grow older," he explains, "my work tends to become more spare." Still, that hasn't stopped him from tackling something unapologetically ornate: Margulies is writing a four-hour NBC mini-series based on Tom Wolfe's *A Man in Full*. (See "Off Broadway.")

Logan Hill

Photograph by Joan Mai

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Barefoot Boy With Shoes On—A new play by Edwin Sanchez about a Latino man, his family, and his attempts to make it out of the SRO where they live. $35. In previews for a 10/20 opening. Tues.–Sat. At 8, Sat. At 2. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (212-333-4052).*

The Dead—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/28 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Dinner With Friends—Donald Margulies's new drama of divorce and fine dining. Previews begin 10/21 for an 11/4 opening. $25–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

An Experiment With an Air Pump—Unrelated to Reebok's next prototype shoe, Shelagh Stephenson's drama of familial clashes is presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club. In previews for a 10/26 opening. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2 Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 1 at City Center, 131 W. St. (212-581-1212).*

Cranes—The New Group's founding director, S Elliott, directs this play about estranged Rus couples living in Baton Rouge. $20– Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews f 10/20 opening. *Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Stars in Your Eyes—With an assist from the Ma the Moon, six lost souls find love and clarit this Kennedy-era musical by Chip Meyrel Gabriel Barre directs; a cast of Broadway stars. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, S at 3 and 7. In previews for a 10/24 openi *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-2 6200).*

The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness—The Atlantic T ater Company kicks off its Mamet retrospec with these two one-acts. Karen Kohlhaas dire $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. a In previews for a 10/20 opening. *Atlantic The 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story ab divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma le Gramps for his best friend) returns to Linc Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway vete assuming the key roles. This is a reading only most actors will have scripts firmly in hand. The first cast includes David Aaron Barker, Philip Bosco, Blythe Danner, Edward Herman, and Elizabeth Wilson. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Avenue A—A revival of David Steen's noirish drama about despair in the big city. $30. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. *29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-465-0575).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

Boys—Two Chelsea roommates meet a new man. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 11/13. Phil Bosakowski Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (212-532-8887).

Chesapeake—Lee Blessing's new comedy about the quest of an NEA-funded performance artist to fell his right-wing enemies. Mark Linn-Baker stars. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

he Clearing—Helen Edmundson's drama about the doomed love between an English aristocrat and his Irish wife in Cromwell-occupied Ireland. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. Through 10/31. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Contact—A new dance-theater work by Susan Stroman (the inspired choreographer behind *Crazy for You* and *Showboat*) and John Weidman. A successful, suicidal adman (Boyd Gaines) falls in love with a stunning dancer in a yellow dress (Deborah Yates). $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

he Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

he Country Club—Having cordially disliked Douglas Carter Beane's *As Bees in Honey Drown* by the Drama Dept., where Beane is artistic director, I expected little from his current Drama Dept. offering. Imagine my surprise: This play about Wasps in their late twenties who hang out in the Cub Room of a provincial Pennsylvania country club is both funny and moving, devilishly well observed, and niftily constructed. The dialogue is by turns glibly posturing, fumblingly poetic, cuttingly punchy, often covering up aches and voids beneath, and always right. Amy Hohn is a splendidly rambunctious Pooker, Amy Sedaris an irrepressibly self-absorbed Froggy. Cynthia Nixon is the dream Soos, getting every contradictory facet of that tricky creature dazzlingly right. The production is impeccable. Christopher Ashley has directed with ingenuity and assurance. (Simon: 10/4/99) $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Through 11/6. *Greenwich House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-239-6200).*

he Country Girl—A gritty play about the folks working on theater, by the late pioneer of workers' theater, Clifford Odets. $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Sun. at 3. Through 10/24. *Theatre 22, 54 W. 22nd St. (212-472-1789).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

he Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple. Under John Tillinger's sympathetic direction, *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fully Committed—Becky Mode's comedy about the put-upon, out-of-work actor manning the phones at Manhattan's trendiest restaurant and the people harassing him. Directed by Nicholas Martin (*Full Gallop, Betty's Summer Vacation*); starring Mark Setlock. $39. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. Through 10/30. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-0303).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-239-6200).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—The Roundabout presents the New York premiere of Brian Friel's most recent play, about the rivalries between two writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Eight names shine over the marquee, including players Kate Burton, Michael Emerson, John Glover, and Joel Grey. $55. Tues.–Sat. At 7:30. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Gum—Daphne Rubin-Vega, Tony-nominated for originating the steamy role of Mimi in *Rent*, is cast as a young, veiled Indian woman who discovers gum and other earthly delights that are shunned in her community. $10–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Women's Project & Productions Theatre, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $19.99–$49.50. Mon., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened: 2/14/98. Reopens 10/13. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

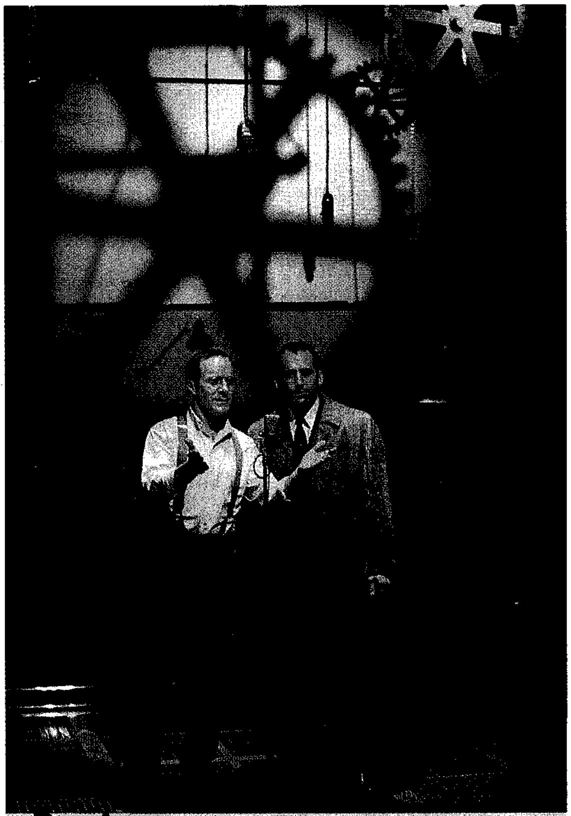
I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Invasions and Legacies—An evening of folksongs, poetry, and lore from Tommy Makem, godfather of Irish music. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk*. $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Look Back in Anger—In Jo Bonney's production of John Osborne's definitive "angry young man" drama from 1954, Tony nominee Reg Rogers rages against another almost-won, Enid Graham.



Previews
Getting in Gears

To kick off the Atlantic Theater Company's all-Mamet-all-the-time season, the company founded by David Mamet and William H. Macy will open two of the playwright's works on October 20. Bob Balaban plays a thirties radio host in the one-act, one-man 'Mr. Happiness'; then Steven Goldstein (above left) plays a genius inventor besieged by corporate slimeballs (like Peter Jacobson, right) in 'The Water Engine.' (See "Off Broadway.")

'hotograph by Carol Rosegg.

$25–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 11/14. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Mirandolina—Goldoni's classic about four characters in pursuit of the same landlady, as interpreted by the Pearl Theatre Company. $26–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Missionary Position—Tara Greenaway's one-woman show about reconciling sex, spirituality, and illness. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/17. *Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-279-4200).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Now Hear This!—Kathy Buckley, who describes herself as "America's First Hearing Impaired Comedienne," won multiple writing and theater awards when this, her comic one-woman show, premiered in Los Angeles in 1997. $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30. *Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

OctoberFest 1999—The Ensemble Studio Theatre's 19th annual month-long festival ropes in diverse works from Leslie Ayvazian, Horton Foote, Shel Silverstein, Tennessee Williams, and many, many more—and it's free! Call for reservations and schedule information. *E.S.T., 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about four meddling Italian-American grandparents. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Shockheaded Peter—What if Tom Waits met the Brothers Grimm in a film directed by Tim Burton? Macabre puppets jilt and tilt and frightening actors pantomime, and a phenomenal, accordion-heavy score by "castrato crooner" Martyn Jacques and the Tiger Lilies explains what happens to children when they're very, very bad. $10–$25. Call for times. Through 10/31. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

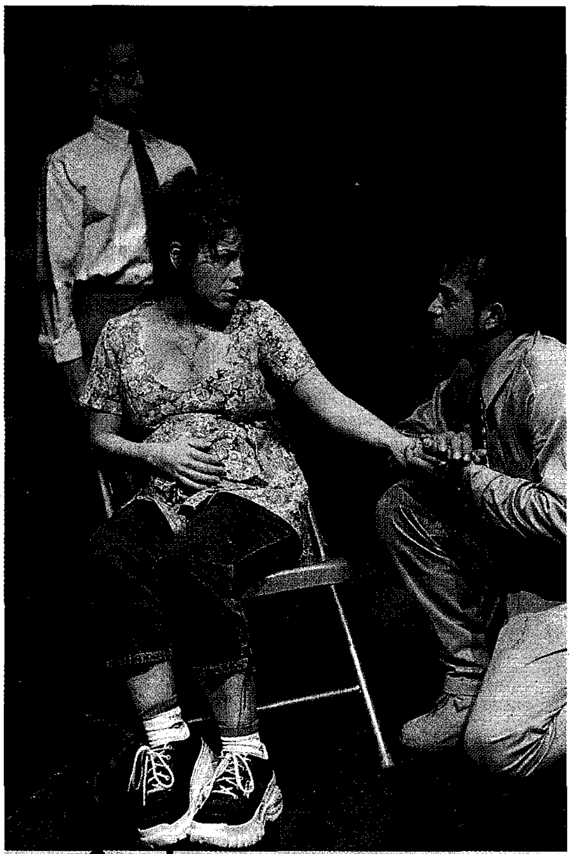
Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

Taxicab Chronicles—A new comedy by actor Gary Gere about the interactions of five Manhattan cabbies with their customers. $25–$29. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway (212-726-TAXI).*

Thwak—"We are bringing mime into the new millennium," proclaims one of the hilarious, kinetic Australian Umbilical Brothers, "And how are we doing it? With sound." $15–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*



Opening

Getting Out

In Edwin Sanchez's new play *Barefoot Boy With Shoes On,* Nelson Vásquez (above right) plays Rosario Cortez, a Hispanic man struggling to wrest four generations of his family—grandfather, father, girlfriend (Abigail Lopez, center), and unborn son—from the crummy SRO where they all live. Opens October 20 at Primary Stages. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by James Leyns

Off-Off Broadway

Afro-Spic: A Macha Dose of Spanishfly—Maria Costa, who portrays the lover of Garth Brooks in the upcoming film "In the Life of Chris Gaines," gets raunchy in her one-woman show with comedy and dance. $10. Thurs.–Sun. at 7. Through 10/24. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

The Bad Seedling—Varla Jean Merman, one of the most sumptuous drag queens in the biz, plays the role she was born for: the homicidal tyke of *The Bad Seed.* And it's set to music! $25–$30. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sun. at 5 and 7:30. *Mother, 432 W. 14th St. (212-358-3436).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptatio of *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* with even loose morals. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 9. *El Flamingo, 547 W 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Goner—Brian Parks, the author of the *Americana Absurdum,* one of last year's most praised productions delivers a play that mixes conspiracy theories medicine, and documentary filmmaking. A gargantuan talking tumor brings it all together. $12 Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/6. *Present Compan Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

The Magic of Czech Puppetry—This sixth annual festival features three performances of elaborate puppetry for both kids and adults. Call for schedule Through 10/31. *Bohemian National Hall, 321 E 73rd St. (212-631-3518).*

The Miraculous Mandarin—In this Needcompany production for the New Europe '99 Festival, Belgium's Grace Ellen Barkley recasts Bela Bartók work as hip Chinese opera. $20. 10/21–10/24 a 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477 5288).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistan with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in a intimate setting. $25–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sulliva Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-307-4100)*

Never Swim Alone—Winner of the Fringe Festival Overall Excellence Award, Daniel MacIvor's pla pits two male buddies against each other in a brutal verbal boxing match with a female referee. $1 Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. Through 11/6. *St. Mark Theater, 94 St. Mark's Place (212-777-6088).*

North Atlantic—Featuring Willem Dafoe and Ka Valk, the Wooster Group reworks this tech-savv decentered multimedia piece about the U.S. i Reagan's early 1980's. Elizabeth LeCompte d rects. $25. Call for schedule. Through 11/21. *Pe forming Garage, 33 Wooster St. (212-966-3651).*

Nuyorican Stories: Culture Clash in the City—The com edy troupe Culture Clash inaugurates Intar's ne performing space with a giddy show about t experiences of several well-known Puerto Rican Chicanos, and African-Americans. $25. Wed.–Sa at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/24. *Intar Theatre, 508 53rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Odin Theater—Led by director Eugenio Barba, Den mark's leading experimental theater company pre sents six plays. Call for schedule and price Through 10/31. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th S (212-475-7710).*

Play—Samuel Beckett's 1963 work about three peo ple living in confinement, goaded into speech an confession by an inquisitive spotlight. $1 Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 11/20. *Axis Theatre, Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).*

Showy Lady Slipper—The perfect happiness of thre gabbing girls is ruined by the the arrival of (gas a boyfriend, in Obie-winning director Richa Maxwell's newest play. $15. Thurs.–Sun. at 7:3 Through 11/14. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th S (212-477-5288).*

Six Characters in Search of a Working Title—A Pu Pop and Fringe veteran that uses cartoon imag to explain life's mysteries, including the fate of t dinosaurs, the problem with the Middle Ages, an confectionary cooking. $12. Through 10/3 *Show, 675 Eighth Ave. (212-420-1466).*

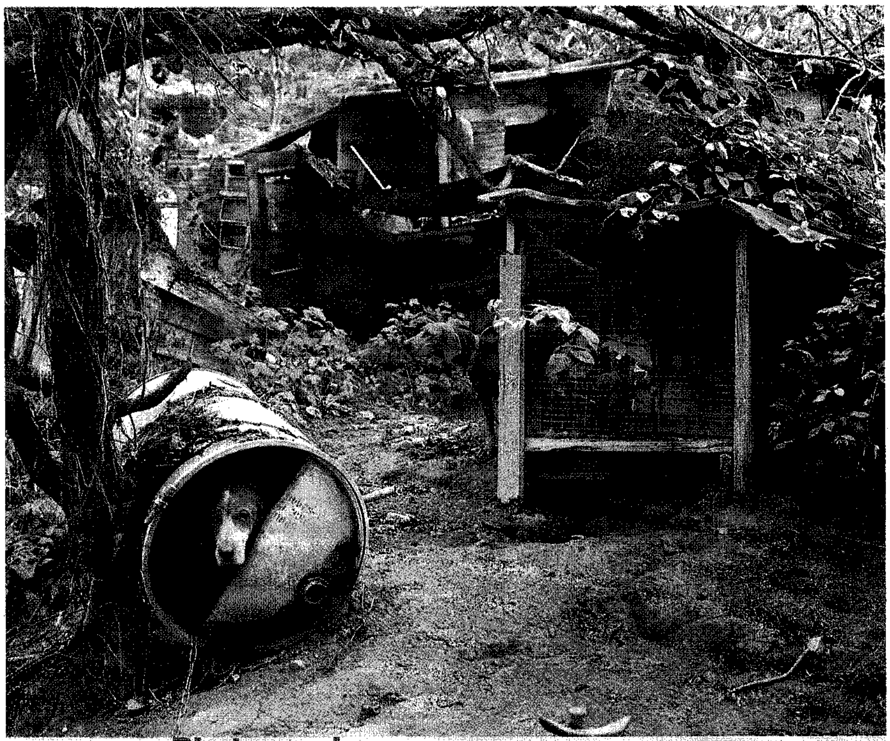
Tulpa—A spiritual leader is stalked all the way t Giuliani's shining city, and ends up crashing wit two lesbians in the East Village. By Todd Alcot who wrote the script for *Antz;* directed by Davi Herskovits. $12–$15. Tues.–Sun. at 8. In preview for a 10/19 opening. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

Vick's Boy—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy abou the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cu throat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; pre sented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–Sa at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/31. *Theatre Off Par 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).*

Watson Arts Workshop—A series of staged reading Highlights include "Devotion" by curator Ma Fulham, and "Geneva" by journalist and man many letters, Nicholas Von Hoffman. $10 suggest ed donation. Call for schedule. Through 10/24. *L MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

art

Metronome...Mike Smith...Candy Jernigan



Photography
Scene in Tennessee

Though he occasionally photographs the people of Eastern Tennessee, Mike Smith, himself a sixteen-year resident of the state, is more likely to evoke their isolation—and watchful presence—through images of their homes and hounds. At Yancey Richardson Gallery, 560 Broadway, at Prince Street; through November 20.

Galleries
Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

ilippe Cognée—Paintings that depict throngs of people in unidentifiable places; through 11/13. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526).

chael David—Recent abstract encaustic paintings; hrough 11/6. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (212-794-550).

rcel Duchamp—An exhibition curated by Fran-is Naumann of examples of the artist's replicat-d work, from regular and deluxe editions of *he Green Box* to various versions of *Boîte* and *oîte-en-valise,* his famous portable museum; hrough 11/24. Moeller, 167 E. 73rd St. (212-88-4500).

ul Jenkins—The artist's early abstract paintings rom the late fifties; through 11/20. Rickards, 045 Madison Ave. (212-924-0858).

en John—Paintings and works on paper by the ritish artist (1876–1939) from the collection of er nephew Edwin John; through 11/13. Davis & angdale, 231 E. 60th St. (212-683-0333).

ul Manes—New abstract paintings incorporating he artist's signature bowl shape; through 11/13. ouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888).

id Mann—New abstract paintings; 10/21–11/13. raham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

go Rivera—Works on paper by the Mexican artist athered from private collections, among them his tudies for murals; through 11/13. Martin, 23 E. 3rd St. (212-288-2213).

l Steinberg—Drawings and mixed-media con-tructions spanning the early fifties through the ighties; through 12/18. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd t. (212-861-7338).

57th Street Area

thus—The first U.S. survey of the Polish-de-cended artist's paintings and works on paper in nore than fifteen years, including landscapes, por-raits, still-lifes, interiors, and urban scenes; hrough 11/13. Beadleston, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-81-7544).

es Barsness—New paintings of humorous imag-nary events; through 11/13. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. 212-644-5665).

ford Beal—Paintings of seascapes and coastal cenes near Rockport, Massachusetts, from the wenties and thirties; through 11/13. Kraushaar, 24 Fifth Ave. (212-307-5730).

phen De Staebler—A survey of the artist's bronze nd clay sculptures from the eighties, many of vhich depict an elongated figure; through 1/20. Franklin Parrasch, 20 W. 57th St. (212-46-5380).

x Katz—Recent paintings, including landscapes of Maine and nocturnal scenes of New York City; hrough 11/6. Marlborough, 41 W. 57th Street 212-541-4900).

i Kuper—Paintings of seascapes on found objects nd photographic glass plates; through 11/6. oshii, 20 W. 57th St. (212-265-8876).

ce Marden/Bruce Nauman—Drawings, etchings, ilkscreen prints, and monoprints from the early eventies to the early eighties by both artists; hrough 11/7. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-539-451).

th Marten—Watercolor paintings in which per-onas are made distinctive through their hair; through 11/6. Littlejohn, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Fausto Melotti—Abstract sculptures and drawings spanning the career of this Italian artist (1901–1986) known for his collaborations with artists and architects; through 11/6. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

Ernesto Pujol—Photographs and digital prints of staged tableaux in which the artist plays a novice and a nun; through 11/13. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Saul Steinberg—A survey of the late artist's drawings from the sixties through the eighties, including parodies of Cubist still-lifes and rarely seen rubber-stamp drawings; through 10/30. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Billy Sullivan/Mark Workman—Recent large-scale pastel drawings of floral still-lifes/Paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes. Through 11/13. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (212-759-2345).

Trevor Winkfield—New still-life paintings in the artist's signature puzzlelike style; through 11/13. De Nagy, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-262-5050).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Robert Barry—A sound installation, a digital video projection, and new paintings; through 11/6. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (212-941-5777).

Jean-Michel Basquiat—A selection of neo-expressionist paintings that appear in the new book *Jean-Michel Basquiat Paintings,* published by the gallery and featuring essays by Hilton Als, Glenn O'Brien, and others; through 11/13. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (212-274-9300).

Francesco Clemente—Fresco paintings made from the early to mid-eighties by the artist, whose work is currently the subject of a retrospective at the Guggenheim Museum; through 11/6. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Brad Kahlhamer—New paintings and drawings by the onetime road musician and design director that reflect his Native American heritage; through 11/6. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Jerry Kearns—Large-scale paintings that depict six young boys who hover between the innocence of childhood and the sexual and psychological pressures of impending adulthood; through 11/13. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Kiki Lamers—Paintings that depict children staring wide-eyed with unchildlike confidence; through 11/13. C/R/G, 93 Grand St. (212-966-4360).

Jonathan Lasker—New abstract paintings; through 11/6. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Larry Miller—Works that use photography, drawing, and other media to explore such topics as genetic engineering, cloning, and gene rights; through 11/6. Harvey, 537 Broadway (212-925-7651).

Jonathan Monk and Liam Gillick—A collaborative installation involving a 16-mm. film projection, sculpture, and photographs by Monk, and a work by Gillick titled *Delay Screen;* through 11/13. Kaplan, 48 Greene St. (212-226-6131).

Jenny Saville—Paintings that depict monumental female figures as if cascading across the canvas by the British artist, whose work is included in the Brooklyn Museum's "Sensation" exhibition; through 11/6. Gagosian, 136 Wooster St. (212-228-2828).

Darren Waterston—New paintings; through 11/13. Cowles, 74 Grand St. (212-925-3500).

Chelsea

Bill Barminski—Paintings by the Los Angeles–based artist that incorporate embossed text, scarred surface textures, and images derived from advertising; through 11/20. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Lynda Benglis/Wols—New sculptures cast in aluminum, bronze, and glass whose forms suggest tangled masses of thick, irregular cords or filaments/Photographs of food and household objects taken in the thirties. Through 11/13. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Jimbo Blachly/Janet Kusmierski—Paintings of images derived from the urban landscapes/Three sculpture installations. Through 11/13. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (212-463-9666).

Günter Brus and Hermann Nitsch—Works by two artists who were involved in Vienna's Actionism movement of the sixties, including Actionist drawings and image-poems by the former and poured paintings, films, and photographs by the latter; through 12/18. White Box, 601, W. 26th St. (212-727-0767).

Lewis deSoto—Paintings and sculpture on the theme of reclining and the state of dependency on another; through 11/13. Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. (212-741-3318).

Carroll Dunham—Paintings incorporating the artist's signature psycho-animated narratives and characters; through 11/26. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (212-206-7100).

Phil Frost—Recent paintings; through 11/13. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (212-645-1701).

Nicky Hoberman/Chantal Joffe—Works by two British figurative painters; through 11/27. Feigen Contemporary, 535 W. 20th St. (212-929-0065).

Jacqueline Humphries—New abstract paintings; through 11/27. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Konstantin Kakanias—Works on paper and a 48-person ceramic dinner service that depict the adventures of a woman who decides to reenact and recreate the most famous performances and artworks of the past 30 years; through 11/13. Postmasters, 459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323).

Alex Katz—Early ink sketches, landscape watercolors, and collages that prefigure the artist's later work; through 11/24. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262)

Gary Lang—Recent abstract paintings; through 11/6. Stark, 555 W. 25th St. (212-807-1051).

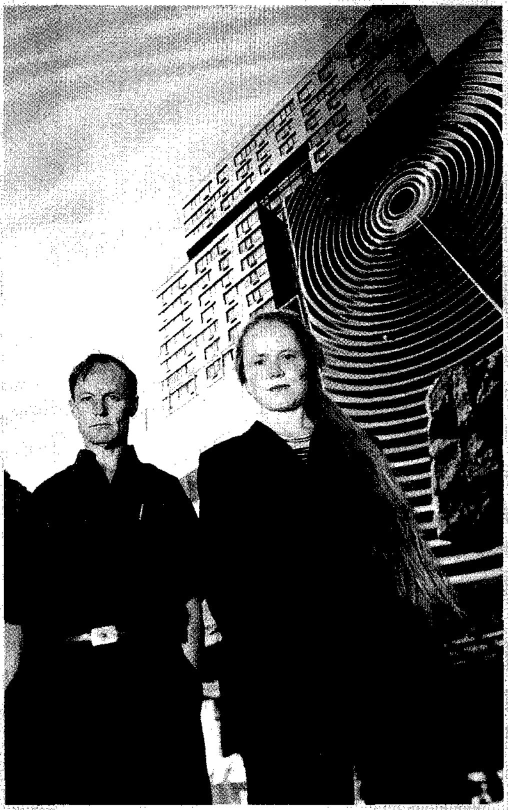
Sherrie Levine and Joost van Oss—Collaborative sculptures consisting of steel units arranged in grids; through 11/27. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Jason Middlebrook—Styrofoam that is carved and painted to mimic natural objects; through 11/13. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-3686).

Elliott Puckette—New abstract paintings in a palette of reds, yellows, and blues that incorporate calligraphic lines drawn with a razor; through 11/6. Kasmin, 293 Tenth Ave. (212-563-4474).

Happening
Time and Again

Almost three years have passed since Kristin Jones and Andrew Ginzel (pictured, below), won a competition for an art wall on the façade of One Union Square South; this week, *Metronome*, their ambitious ode to New York past, present, and future and the mysteries of time, will be inaugurated. New Yorkers have already witnessed the installation of the work's static components—its concentric rings of gold-glazed brick, a bronze sculpture of a hand (based on the hand of George Washington in an equestrian statue in Union Square Park), and a concrete cast of an actual rock face of Manhattan schist. Now, on October 26 at noon, the kinetic elements of the art wall (whose $3 million–plus cost was underwritten by the Related Companies, the building's developers) will operate simultaneously and synchronistically for the first time: The linear electronic clock will tell the time, the moon will revolve in its hemispherical cavity, the incandescent search lights will rotate, the stainless-steel port will emit puffs of steam, and the metal cone will produce low sound tones. Harold Fredenburgh, the consulting architect for the piece, is confident that even the most skeptical New Yorkers will be won over by *Metronome*'s exuberance. "We'll see how many people we have standing out there on New Year's Eve 1999," he says. "Union Square and Times Square in competition."



Edith Newhall

David Row—New abstract paintings; through 11/27. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Diane Samuels—A mixed-media installation that traces the seven-minute journey of a beam of light in the Trnava Art Center, a former synagogue in Slovakia, as it makes its way across a crumbling fresco wall to a Star of David; through 11/13. Foster, 529 W. 20th St. (212-966-9024).

Jan Schoonhoven—Drawings, monochrome reliefs, and other media incorporating geometric patterns and grid motifs; through 11/27. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Michelle Stuart—New encaustic paintings that suggest celestial configurations; through 11/13. Weber, 529 W. 20th St. (212-691-5711).

James Surls—New cast-bronze sculptures of leaflike forms and etched-granite stones created in a collaboration with the poet Robert Creeley; through 11/6. Marlborough Chelsea, 211 W. 19th St. (212-453-8634).

Dale Wettig—Paintings on the theme of dictatorship and abuse of power, executed on found paper and other recycled materials; through 11/14. Wessel + O'Connor, 242 W. 26th St. (212-242-8811).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of histo earthenware and 23 contemporary works; throu 12/12.

C&M Arts—45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020). "Figu tive Art From the Twentieth Century"; throu 12/4.

57th Street Area

Lelong—20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470). Paintings Magill, Shepherd, Thursz, Zeniuk, artists of fc different generations whose work explores co and minimal abstraction; through 11/16.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). "T Modern Child," twentieth-century images of ch dren by Beckmann, Coe, Dix, Hopper, Schrim Sommer, others; through 11/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "S face Tension," works exploring skin with X-r thermosensitive video, inframetric imaging, a other techniques in photographs, paintings, scul ture, and new media; through 10/30.

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). exhibition of works by nine artists, curated Robert Longo and exploring the John Ford fi *The Searchers,* and works by game designer E Zimmerman; through 11/6.

Marcus—578 Broadway (212-226-3200). "Aprop Making Art After Duchamp in the Age of M

Photograph by Bernd Au

chanical Reproduction," organized by Duchamp scholar Francis M. Naumann and including works by Bidlo, Levine, Pettibone, and Sturtevant; through 11/30.

Chelsea

arks—522 W. 22nd St. (212-243-0200). Previously unseen work by de Kooning, Horn, Fritsch, others, plus a large triptych by Ellsworth Kelly and Brice Marden's refined *Study for the Muses;* through 11/27.

Photography

ichael Ackerman—Photographs taken in Poland; Paris; Marseille; New York; Cabbagetown, Atlanta; and Benares, India; through 11/30. Bodell, 13 E. 7th St. (212-477-1820).

kin & Ludwig—Photographic prints of historic gravestones, resurrected from Ludwig's 1965 book, and new works; through 11/20. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

uigi Chirri—Color images by the Italian photographer (1943–1992) known for chronicling the landscape and architecture of central Italy; through 11/24. Saul, 560 Broadway (212-431-0747).

aul Himmel/Erwin Blumenfeld—A retrospective of photographs by a key member of Alexey Brodovich's circle who worked for *Harpers Bazaar* and *Vogue,* including personal images of his family and experimental work with color and movement/Photographs of nudes by this photographer best known for his fashion work; 10/23–11/27. Danziger, 851 Madison Ave. (212-734-5300).

P—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (212-860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Propaganda and Dreams: Photographing the 1930s in the USSR and U.S." A comparison of Farm Security Administration photography created in the U.S. with Socialist Realist pictures produced in the USSR; through 2/13/00.

P Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Bill Brandt: A Retrospective." Approximately 150 prints spanning 50 years of the British photographer's career, including his documentation of British class structure in the thirties, atmospheric landscapes, surrealistic studies of nudes, and portraits of Francis Bacon, Henry Moore, E. M. Forster, and other important artists and writers of his day; through 10/31.

immo Jodice—Black-and-white photographs of the Mediterranean region; through 11/6. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

ana Kingsley—Photographs that capture fleeting moments in everyday life; through 11/13. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-6411).

ewseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596), Mon.–Sat. 10–5:30; free. "*Vanity Fair* and the Birth of the Modern Age: Portraits, 1914–1936." Images of the celebrities of the day shot for the magazine by Abbott, de Mayer, May Ray, Steichen, others; through 1/3/00. . . . "The Century in Times Square." The evolution of New York's most famous gathering place as told through photographs from the archives of the New York *Times;* through 1/29/00.

icholas Nixon—"25 Years of the Brown Sisters and New York," a collection of the artist's annual group portraits of his wife and her three sisters; through 11/20. Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. (212-752-1223).

se Maria Sert—Thirty-two gelatin-silver prints the artist used to create murals, drawings, and paintings; through 12/4. Barefoot, 580 Broadway (212-625-8899).

ike Smith/Mark Steinmetz—Color photographs that continue the artist's ongoing exploration of the rural environs of eastern Tennessee/Black-and-white photographs depicting everyday life in the suburban South. Through 11/20. Richardson, 560 Broadway (212-343-1255).

taley-Wise—560 Broadway (212-966-6223). Images of Marilyn Monroe by Arnold, Greene, Stern, Stock, Willoughby, others; through 11/13.

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Artist as Patron." A benefit photography exhibition to support the Alternative Museum, with works by Baer, Chapman, Gray, Johan, Nix, Schlesinger, others; through 11/6. 594 Broadway (212-966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Craft Museum—"The Beaded Universe: Strands of Culture." The largest and most comprehensive survey of the art of beads, including beaded talismans; religious artifacts from the Buddhist, Christian, and Islamic faiths; and purses and costumes; through 1/30/00. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter." An exhibition of 300 to 500 live, free-flying butterflies from Central, South, and North America housed in a vivarium that approximates the butterflies' natural habitat; through 2/28/00. Central Park West, at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"China: Fifty Years Inside the People's Republic." A survey of images of China by 33 photographers from Asia, Europe, and the United States; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, including paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; through 1/9/00. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Sensation" is $9.75 for adults, $7.75 for students and seniors and includes general admission).

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"Two Views of Venice: Canaletto and Menpes." Fifty rare prints depicting scenes of Venice by Giovanni Antonio Canal (1697–1768), the celebrated Venetian painter, and Mortimer Menpes (1855–1938), an Australian-born British artist; 10/26–12/19. . . . "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention." A major retrospective of works by the husband-and-wife team considered among the greatest designers of the twentieth century, featuring their furniture, buildings, toys, films, and photographs dating from the forties to the seventies; through 1/9/00. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 seniors and students.

Dia—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Frick Collection—"Watteau and His World: French Drawing From 1700 to 1750." Works on paper by Watteau and by his forebears and followers, among them François Boucher, Nicolas Lancret, and François Lemoyne; 10/20–1/9/00. . . . "Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"John Singer Sargent, Draughtsman: Works From the Corcoran Gallery of Art." More than 90 works on paper by the expatriate American artist (1856–1925) from the Corcoran's permanent collection, among them some very early drawings made while he was living with his parents in Italy, charcoal portraits of fashionable personalities of the Edwardian era, and drawings for two Boston mural projects; through 10/30. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Clemente." A retrospective spanning the Italian-born, New York–based artist's career from the early seventies to the present, including paintings, watercolors, pastel drawings, sculpture, and book illustrations; through 1/9/00. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; free.

Japan Society—"Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog." The first retrospective exhibition of the work of the celebrated Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, including some 130 vintage prints from the sixties through the nineties, concurrent with an exhibition of prints from Moriyama's 1972 *Hunter* series at the Metropolitan Museum; through 1/2/00. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"John Singer Sargent: Portraits of the Wertheimer Family." A group of portraits of the London art dealer Ager Wertheimer and his family painted by the American artist between 1898 and 1908; through 2/6/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Portraits by Ingres: Image of an Epoch." An international loan exhibition of portraits by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres (1780–1867), whose paintings of France's ruling elite inspired such artists as Cézanne, Matisse, and Picasso; through 1/2/00. . . . "Carleton Watkins: The Art of Perception." An exhibition of works by the American landscape photographer (1829–1916) best known for his large albumen silver prints of Yosemite Valley taken in the 1860s; through 1/9/00. . . . "Rodin's Monument to Victor Hugo." Sculptures relating to Rodin's *Monument to Victor Hugo,* among them a terracotta sketch, a life-size portrait in marble, and bronze castings; through 1/2/00. . . . "Daido Moriyama: *Hunter*." Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres." Examples of clothing designed during the French painter's six-decade career, selected from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 11/21. . . . "Farouk Hosny/Adam Henein: Contemporary Egyptian Artists and Heirs to an Ancient Tradition"; through 1/23/00. . . . "The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C.C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past twenty years; through 1/9/00. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. **The Cloisters**, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45; $10, $5 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Pepon Osorio: *Transboricua*." A

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

multimedia installation on the theme of cultural identity in transition and transformation; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pressing the Point: Parallel Expressions in the Graphic Arts of the Chicano and Puerto Rican Movements." An overview of prints and posters created by artists who were active in the artistic and social struggles of the sixties and seventies; through 1/9/00. . . . "Vivan los Muertos!: Artwork Inspired by the Day of the Dead Celebration." Paintings, drawings, and prints by California's Bay Area–based Chicano artists; through 12/2/99. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of Apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of Modern Art—"Modern Starts: People." A survey of figural representation in early modernism, with works by Marcel Duchamp, Fernand Léger, Pablo Picasso, Odilon Redon, and others; through 3/14/00. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Forgotten Gateway: The Abandoned Buildings of Ellis Island." A journey through Ellis Island's past and present through the photographs of Larry Racioppo and Shirley Burden; through 2/13/00. . . . "Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955." Original costumes for Broadway productions by Chanel, Valentina, Mainbocher, Hattie Carnegie, and other designers; through 2/27/00. . . . "Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

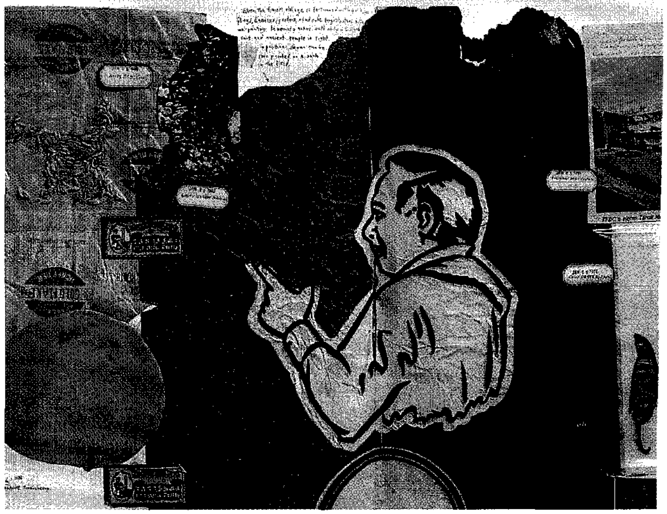
Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Dazzling by Design: Fashion Jewelry by Kenneth Jay Lane." A 40-year retrospective of more than 300 pieces created by the designer of costume jewelry; through 12/31. . . . "Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

New-York Historical Society—"The Italians in New York: Five Centuries of Struggle and Achievement." Clothing, objects, letters, photographs, and other materials documenting the lives of Italians in New York; through 2/20/00. . . . "$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. . . . "Building History: History Building," an exhibition tracing the uptown migration of the New-York Historical Society from its 1804 beginning in Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, to its present Central Park West location; through 10/27. . . . "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration." Works drawn from all of the library's research centers, augmented by items on loan from the New York Academy of Medicine and other collections, ranging from medieval renderings of the universe to the first photograph of the moon; 10/23–2/19/00. . . . "Sight/Insight: Visual Commentaries on the Physical World." Prints, portfolios, and illustrated books by contemporary artists who have drawn inspiration from the natural and physical sciences; through 1/8/00. . . . "Berenice Abbott: Science Photographs." Science-themed prints by the photographer; through 1/8/00. . . . "Adventures in Science and Exploration." Humorous drawings by Charles Addams of perilous and bizarre discoveries by scientists and explorers; through 1/29/00. . . . "In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg, and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

In Print

Candy Jernigan died of liver cancer in 1991, when she was only 39. She is remembered affectionately by her former design partner, Laurie Dolphin, and friends Stokes Howell and Chuck Close in *Evidence: The Art of Candy Jernigan* (Chronicle Books; $29.95), a collection of the late designer-artist's humorous and eclectic collages, paintings, travel journals, and installation pieces.



Photograph by John Bigelow Tayl

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"Minimalia: An Italian Vision in 20th-Century Art." An exhibition exploring simplification and reduction in twentieth-century Italian Art as seen in the works of Giacomo Balla, Francesco Clemente, Lucio Fontana, Michelangelo Pistoletto, and others; through 1/2/00. . . . "Sol LeWitt: Concrete Block." An exhibit mapping the artist's art-making process from preliminary drawings to wooden models to completed outdoor cinderblock sculptures; through 1/2/00. . . . "On Your Own Time." Works by artists who explore the passing of time, among them Teresita Fernández, Ceal Floyer, Sabrina Mezzaqui, Roman Opalka, and Lawrence Weiner; through 1/2/00. . . . "The Special Projects Program." Works by Cristian Alexa, Toshihiro Komatsu, and Isidro Blasco; through 11/30. . . . "The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." Photographs by Adams, Calle, Demand, Eggleston, and others, from the D. G. Bank collection in Frankfurt; through 10/24. . . . "The Artist Out of Work: Art & Language 1972–1981." Works produced during the seventies by the legendary conceptual-art collaborative; through 10/24. . . . "When I Paint I Call Myself Konrad Lueg." Paintings that appropriate motifs from popular culture that were executed between 1963 and 1968 by Lueg (1939–1996), who was also known as the Düsseldorf-based gallerist Konrad Fischer; through 10/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, the Morgan Library, and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Modern Odysseys: Greek American Artists of the Twentieth Century." The first museum exhibition to survey the contributions of Greek-Americans to modern and cor temporary art, including works by Stephen Ar tonakis, William Baziotes, Linda Benglis, Luc Samaras, Theodoros Stamos, and others; throug 1/30/00. New York City Building, Flushir Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-970 Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 st dents and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The Americ Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two a survey of American art and culture as see through more than 500 works of painting, scul ture, photography, installation, film, video, and r lated historical and cultural materials covering t years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's pe manent collection and from private collectio and public institutions around the world; throug 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-57 3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1- (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, senio and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets m be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online www.whitney.org.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-200 10/20 at 10: "The Alan & Simone Collection Regency Silver, English and Continental Silv Objects of Vertu and Russian Works of Art." C view from 10/15. 10/21 at 10 and 2: "Importa English Furniture." On view from 10/16.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-043 10/20 at 10 and 2: "Jewelry." On view fro 10/15. 10/26 at 10 and 2: "European Decorati Arts." On view from 10/22.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). Next au tion on 10/27.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 10/24 12: "Fine Antiques and Jewelry."

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-60 7000). 10/20 and 10/21 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelr On view from 10/15. 10/21 at 2: "English Cera ics." On view from 10/17. 10/22 at 10:15 and "English Furniture." On view from 10/17. 10/ at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 10/22.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-471 10/21 at 10:30 and 2: "Medicine, Science, a Technology." On view from 10/16.

restaurants

Lupa...Whiskey Withdrawals...Quince

Manhattan

Lower New York

ison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

nal House—The restaurant at the SoHo Grand Hotel, a beige-on-beige dining room with *Alice in Wonderland* fixtures and furniture, turns out surprisingly tasty regional American fare. Try the macaroni and cheese, the crab cakes, and the cornmeal-crusted chicken breast, or—if you're the type who likes to loiter in hotels—nurse a cocktail in the lounge. *310 West Broadway (212-965-3588). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

psouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Dishes to try include the terrine Provençal and the roast duckling with ginger-and-cassis sauce. *451 Washington St. (212-966-4900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

anterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

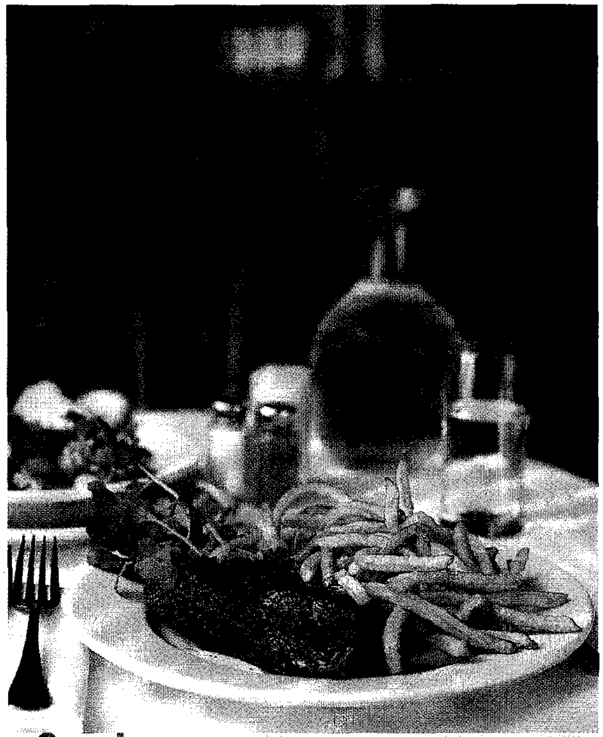
e Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

lley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

cole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

yla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

ntrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*



otograph by Carina Salvi.

Opening
Back to Bistro Basics

Two years ago, the perennially popular Odeon spawned a Latin-flavored, kid-friendly canteen called Bodega. But what the bistro-besotted neighborhood really needed—and what it got, last week—is an annex for Odeon overflow. Hence Bar Odeon, with a face-lift and a new menu of familiar Gallic classics like warm goat-cheese salad; steak frites; seared tuna; and for the youngest generation, which is still quite welcome, spaghetti and meatballs and chicken nuggets. (136 West Broadway; 212-285-1155.)

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shanghai Tang in SoHo—After opening to critical and popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japanese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining public. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or the renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sushi bar. *77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I–M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, third floor (212-227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (212-509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 75-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune, even while they maneuver all three courses in the prix fixe, which starts at $24. Late-night dining, too. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Belgo Nieuw-York—The current craze for all things Belgian—beer, mussels, waffles, and especially fries—continues with this ultramodern restaurant, the first American branch of a chain that originated in London. Choose from among 101 Belgian brews, or sample them in dishes like confit of duck leg on mashed celeriac with cherry-beer sauce. *415 Lafayette St. (212-253-2828). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (212-633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—An elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. As long as the weather permits, a backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—How do you make a huge space atmospheric? You decorate it with mission-style furniture and iron sconces, as the management ha done here, and light what seems like a thousan votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, an Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunc costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexica restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormou selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck wit cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812 (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiro American standout doesn't disappoint. The ma dining room manages to be both impressive an cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equal delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese cour and sample the varied selection of wines by th glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, D MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for surviv i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homema sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, t garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27 St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around fo ever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Ba bistro seems like it has. This is the place to co for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulad crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park A So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Meli Melo—A forerunner on the lower-Madis restaurant scene, this cheerful neighborhood sp offers a very reasonable fixed-price dinner $28.50 for four courses, all night. The seafoo heavy French menu has Asian and Mediterrane touches in dishes like seared tuna with baby b choy, rack of lamb with couscous, and a Vie namese fish soup. And there's a private party roo and ample parking. *110 Madison Ave., nr. 29th (212-686-5551). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavo and big portions. He developed his own signatu style, plundering the ingredients of the Americ Southwest for such mouthwatering creations roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-hone glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, pecially for those partaking of the house drink cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron spa is especially well suited to private functions, b even the lone diner (or foursome) will find t Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs o Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetab with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lam prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfyin Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturd *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) A CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upsca nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pa tas, which seem to have only beneficial effects all the fashion types and Elite models who made this room their home away from home. *1 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC,*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered t Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful client were bereft, unsure of what to do with themsel at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vau ed ceilings have been (for the most part) repaire and the regulars are taking their places at t counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, e tensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafo preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for co muters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Termin 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and serv with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

nion Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

erbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

mani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Tomato—If you've worked up an appetite prowling the aisles of Sixth Avenue's superstores, satisfy it with generous portions of diner-style American food. All the bases are covered—meat loaf, macaroni and cheese, chili, potpie—but someone in the kitchen has a vegetarian bent. Tofu meatballs, pressure-cooked vegetarian stew with tempeh, and a tempeh Reuben show a whole new side of comfort food. Brunch, bar menu, and a decent wine list too. *676 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (212-645-6525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

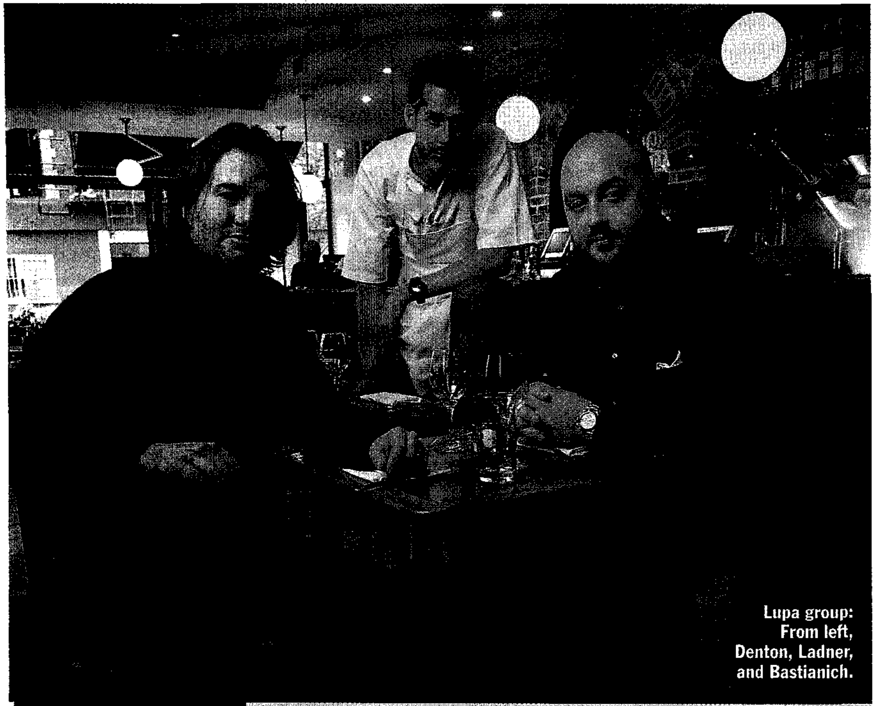
43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Lupa group: From left, Denton, Ladner, and Bastianich.

ASK GAEL

How do you navigate the choppy trattoria seas?

Italian restaurants seem to own this town. And all those copycat menus leave me cold. I look for proven provenance. When a pair of tyros like Babbo's Mario Batali and Joseph Bastianich team up with Jason Denton of 'ino and chef Mark Ladner with visions of robust Roman cooking, I get hungry. They found a spot with handsome bare-brick arches and filled it with bare wood tables. Too bad Lupa isn't elastic. It's going to be too small for the savvy masses about to descend on Thompson Street. My guest refuses to order bucatini all'Amatriciana after our waiter says it is sauced with pig jaw in tomato. "Couldn't you just say it's bacon?" I ask, forced to order my favorite Roman classic myself. It is wonderful, as are citrus-cured sardines with cracked wheat, the late-summer panzanella, Nero's taglierini with spicy calamari, rich oxtail stewed with root vegetables, lemon-curd gelato, and the nutty tartufo in a lush glue of chocolate-praline. Professional servers in butcher coats, pleasantly tame prices—pasta $9 to $12, entrées $11 to $15—and "reservations only in the back room" mean we'll be seeing trenchermen pawing the sidewalk outside from now on. (170 Thompson Street; 212-982-5089.)

otograph by Warren Salowe.

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gallagher's—This theater district steakhouse exudes Old Time New York, from the massive raw-meat window displays to the convivial bar and the wood-paneled dining rooms. Dry-aged prime steak is the way to go here, but you can't go wrong with prime rib, lobster, or the sublime chopped steak either. *228 W. 52nd St. (212-245-5336). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (212-302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at t churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different c of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit a served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazili music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fi menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-080 (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butte the centerpiece of this successful upscale chai take-no-prisoners march east across the count Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable cho chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of co nected, muted, and wood-paneled dining roo Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (212-2 9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

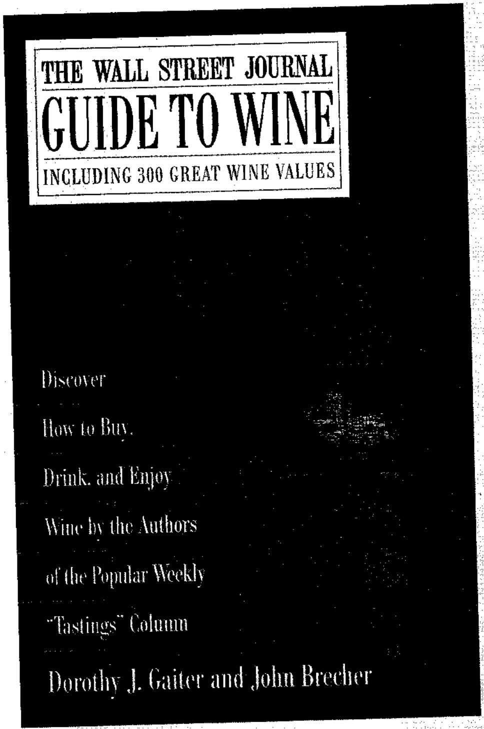
Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attra office workers and midtown's ever-growi hordes of tourists, who come for house specialt like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, a the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking transformed a formerly subdued space into a li ly canteen with his version of haute Southwe ern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo a garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin w cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has own snack menu and a super selection of mic

In Print

Time in a Bottle

Two cub reporters from Florida meet, marry, and spend their honeymoon, prophetically, in Napa Valley. Over the course of a quarter-century, John Brecher and Dottie Gaiter parlay their love of the grape (and each other) into a sideline career which culminates, this week, in the publication of their first book—and their third major collaboration after the birth of their daughters, Media and Zoë. The two writers were already on staff at the *Wall Street Journal,* where Gaiter reports on race issues and Brecher is the Page One editor, when they were recruited to turn their hobby into a regular column in the *Weekend Journal.* Besides another deadline to contend with, the column gave them a weekly format to lay the groundwork for *The Wall Street Journal Guide to Wine* (Broadway; $25), a refreshingly unintimidating, warm-spirited, and opinionated book, which intersperses a series of blind tastings with surprisingly personal reminiscences. Wines are memorable less for their objective characteristics than for the landmark occasions they mark: When John got a new job. When Media was born. When Dottie's cancer diagnosis proved, miraculously, erroneous. But to churn out a weekly column, you can't wait for things to celebrate. "We taste about eight wines a night," says Gaiter, bemoaning the insidious way pleasure has of turning into work. "My cousin says that's a real high-class problem." It's a rare treat to pick a favorite from their cellar—the closet where opera star Samuel Ramey used to store his costumes when the couple's Upper West Side apartment belonged to him—and savor it just for fun. But even compulsory nightly tastings haven't made Gaiter and Brecher lose their oenophilic appetite. And they get to write together, an unusual situation for journalists, never mind married journalists. Sometimes, though, their palates do clash. A recent column described a Cabernet that Gaiter liked and Brecher detested, comparing its taste to cardboard. The same wine showed up at a formal tasting in Washington, where Gaiter was vindicated. "They sided with me," she says, without a hint of smugness. After all, it makes for great copy. **ROBIN RAISFELD**



brews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

nnessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

mani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

ty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

a Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastiest gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

ers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (212-688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

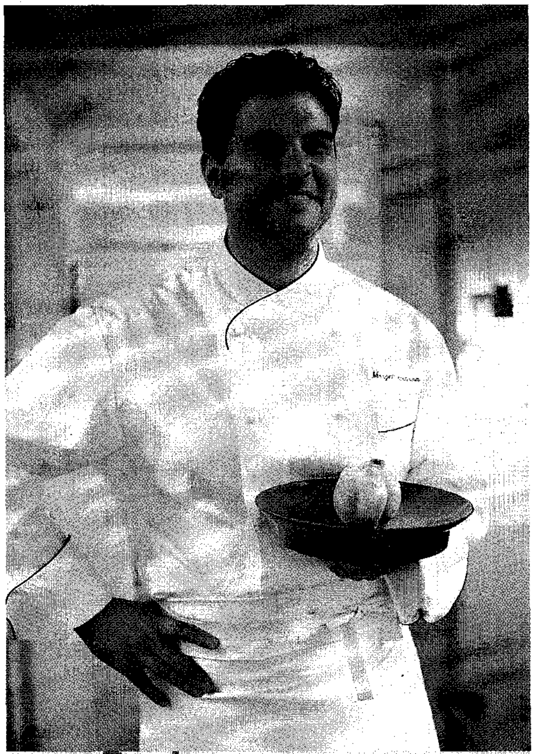
Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

eman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outerborough fantasy with his seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's Chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-*



Preview

Go Forth and Be Fruitful

Next week, chef-owner Morgen Jacobson transforms the former Restaurant Raphaël into Quince, named for his favorite fruit, an Asian import that reflects the Eastern orientation of the cooking style he first cultivated under Barry Wine at the Quilted Giraffe, where he was chef for two years before moving 35 floors upstairs to the private Sony Club. His menu will be available prix fixe only ($58 at dinner, less at lunch), and might include such cross-cultural concoctions as flash-seared sirloin of beef with black and white sesame sauces; sea scallops with roasted-pumpkin risotto, hon shimeji mushrooms, and basil sauce; and quince-brioche bread pudding with Armagnac caramel and nutmeg ice cream. (33 West 54th Street; 212-582-8993.)

otograph by Kenneth Chen.

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with the
girls ?

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Opening

Making a Mint

The Hebrew lettering on the awning of what used to be Edna's kosher deli has given way to the Celtic calligraphy of the Irish Treasury, the latest place to hoist a pint. Its Irish proprietors have come straight from the West Coast—not of Ireland but of the United States, where they operated pubs in San Francisco and Portland—with enough antique photographs, apothecary jars, children's books, church pews, and clay beer bottles to outfit two floors, including the city's tiniest snug. Classics like corned beef, smoked salmon, lamb stew, beer-battered fish and chips, and lobster shepherd's pie should satisfy the sporadic appetite for solid nourishment. (325 Fifth Avenue, near 32nd Street; 212-685-5049.)

0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Zucchero e Pomodori—What used to be two separate Italian restaurants have merged into one larger room serving fresh pastas, risotti, and seafood. Sidewalk dining available. *1431 Second Ave., nr. 74th St. (212-585-2100). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Artepasta—Extremely affordable pasta palace in a landmark townhouse with bright murals on the walls and unexpected extras like lamb shank, couscous with chickpeas, and salmon carpaccio. An unlimited-champagne brunch reels 'em in. *106 W. 73rd St. (212-501-7014). (I–M) AE.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Real Mexican food. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—*slow*-cooked to order. *2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (212-234-6114). (I–M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. *383 W. 125th St. (212-864-7326). (I) ($).*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in
Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan lc
cations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti cana
beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs th
strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave.,*
71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's Frencl
Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at
it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky wi
tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety fo
gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass
port to accompany the amazingly rich and wel
chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-72*
8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel o
townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New Amei
can West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighbc
hood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full
high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, tr
fles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 preth
ater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. A
now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222*
79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners frc
TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regio
Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sc
need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lun
buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy te
ritories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *18*
Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) A
DC, DS, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a hom
place for upscale down-home food like chick
potpie and pancakes. It also offers a childre
menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, w
homemade, award-winning jams and preserv
423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-628
(M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tra-
tion and ambience strong enough to draw loyal c
tomers from uptown and downtown. Live ent
tainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox A*
bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).

Wells—A talked-about chicken-and-waffle com
nation. One way or another, this restaurant
been a neighborhood mainstay for nearly 60 ye
2247 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd., at 132nd
(212-234-0700). (M) AE, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an e
gant and very well appointed room. Sensatio
antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-2*
0711). (M) AE, MC, V.

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak
four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your o
house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway*
Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a wa
er who tells you what you want to eat. The dc
ble-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarol
great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcook
pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the we
and call ahead on weekends. Regular private p
ties make getting a table frustrating, but it's alw
worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union*
(718-875-8689). (I) ($).

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as th
queue up for a table at this Greek fish tave
Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Inste
eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offeri
look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetc
es the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fri
pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st*
at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to t
charming bistro and garden that serves inventi
bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis
handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Roseba*
(718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Photographs by Joe Scafu

in concert

Felix Ruckert's German Dance on Pay-Per-View

Classical Music

ie **Philadelphia Orchestra**—Wolfgang Sawallisch leads works by Rachmaninoff and Shostakovich. 10/19 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$71.*

ffrey Siegel, Piano—Premieres Leonard Bernstein's "Meditation on a Wedding." 10/20 at 8. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $25.*

illiard String Quartet—Pianist Maurizio Pollini and clarinetist Alain Damiens play Webern, Berg, and Stravinsky. 10/20 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $19–$76.*

e Miró String Quartet—Works by Schubert, Shostakovich, and Mendelssohn. 10/20 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800); $21.*

verside Symphony—Works by Copland, Delius, and Schubert with soprano Korliss Uecker. 10/20 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-864-4197); $25–$45.*

bert Taub—Beethoven piano sonatas. 10/20 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330); $20.*

e ARTEK Singers—Take lunch. Find God. 10/21 at 1:15. *St. Francis of Assisi Church, 135 W. 31st St. (212-967-9157); free.*

uble Exposure—The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center plays works by Biscardi, Lam, and Maggio twice through. 10/21 at 6:45 and 8:30. *Rose Rehearsal Studio, 165 W. 65th St. (212-875-5788); $15–$22.*

rie Nazar—The 16-year-old pianist performs Bach's *Goldberg Variations.* 10/21 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $15–$45.*

w York Philharmonic—Christian Thielemann conducts Wagner, Bruch, and Schumann with violinist Glenn Dicterow. 10/21 at 8, 10/22 at 2, 10/23 at 8, and 10/26 at 7:30. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$77.*

tori—Works by Mozart, Corigliano, Franck, and Schoenberg with pianist Robert McDonald. 10/22 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $17–$61.*

e Vermeer String Quartet—Plays Mozart, Bridge, and Tchaikovsky with the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center. 10/22 at 8 and 10/24 at 5. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-875-5788); $25–$35.*

oples' Symphony Concerts—The Colorado String Quartet performs Haydn, Bartók, and Shostakovich on the cheap. 10/23 at 8. *Washington Irving High School, 16th St. and Irving Pl. (212-586-4680); $5.*

ulenc Plus!—Jonathan Sheffer conducts the EOS Orchestra with 12-year-old Vanessa Benelli on piano. 10/23 at 8. Dalton Baldwin conducts more *Melodies of Francis Poulenc.* 10/24 at 3. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $35–$45.*

rlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Claudio Abbado conducts works by Mahler, Nono, and Bruckner. 10/24–10/25 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $31–$151.*

eat Performers—The Shanghai Quartet performs Mozart and Ravel. 10/24 at 11. *Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18.*

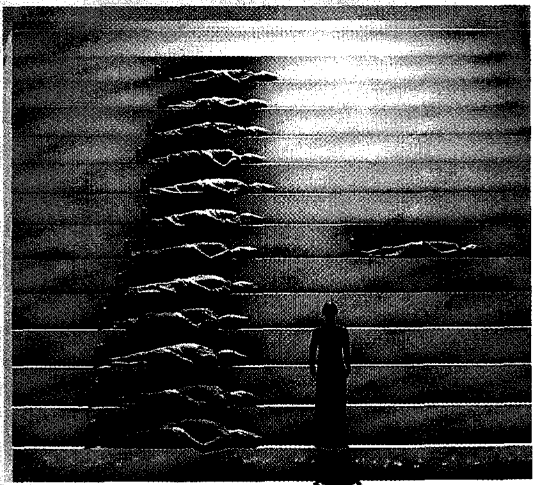
Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Previews

The Scientific Eye

With the elegance of neuroscience and the studied perfection of a triple bypass, *Operation: Orfeo* is art as surgery. Kirsten Dehlholm, artistic director of the Danish theater company Hotel Pro Forma, brings her carefully crafted visual opera to BAM on October 20. Like Robert Wilson, who was trained as a painter, Dehlholm has a background in textile and installation art, which has given her an obsession with visual detail. It shows: *Orfeo* (pictured) is half static exhibition and half living theater. "We want to cheat the eye and to play with the two- and three-dimensional," says Dehlholm, who enclosed the stage in a frame and placed her twelve a cappella singers, alto soloist, and solitary dancer on a white staircase that ascends out of view. *Orfeo* uses light, architecture, sound, and precisely modulated corporeal form to relate the myth of Orpheus and Eurydice as a scenic sequence of dark descent, dusky ascent, and blinding white remembrance. "Instead of starting with the story, I start with the perception—how we sense the light and the dark, the flat and the deep, the silence or the sound," Dehlholm explains. The music, which combines a Gluck aria with scores by John Cage and Danish composer Bo Holten, also plays with contrasts. "The music by Cage is more fragile, more thin, whereas the music by Holten is very fat, melodic, almost pop music—you can sing with it," says Dehlholm, whose aesthetic austerity does not preclude humor. "When the chorus sings the aria by Gluck, they're blowing up balloons," she confesses—a task that requires the accuracy of a surgeon. (See "Opera.")



ERIKA KINETZ

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, 10/19 at 8 and 10/23 at 1; *Aida*, 10/20 at 7:30 and 10/23 at 8; *Le Nozze di Figaro*, 10/21 at 8 and 10/25 at 7:30; *Tosca*, 10/22 at 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

New York City Opera—*Carmen*, 10/19 at 7:30, 10/22 at 8, and 10/24 at 1:30; *La Bohème*, 10/21 at 7:30; *Madama Butterfly*, 10/23 at 8. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$90.*

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler conducts mezzo Vesselina Kasarova in *I Capulet e i Montecchi*. 10/25 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-799-1982); $21–$90.*

Operation: Orfeo—A visual opera of the myth of Orpheus. 10/20 and 10/22-10/23 at 7:30. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $15–$30.*

Dance

Ballet: The Daring Project—Valentina Kozlova and Margo Sappington tackle the Rolling Stones and Jorge Luis Borges. 10/19–10/22 at 8, 10/23 at 2 and 8, 10/24 at 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $35.*

Lyon Opera Ballet—Mats Ek uses subversive classicism to take an astute look at love in *Carmen* and *Solo for Two*. 10/19–10/23 at 7:30, 10/24 at 3. *BAM Harvey Theater, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100); $15–$45.*

American Ballet Theatre—Turns 60 with Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid* and a premiere of Graham's *Diversion of Angels*. 10/20–10/22 at 8, 10/23 at 2 and 8, 10/23 at 2 and 7:30. Through 10/31. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $30–$60.*

Cie Felix Ruckert—Weimar cabaret and a taste of the old Times Square: Enter a booth and strike a bargain for a private dance. 10/20–10/24 from 7 to 11 P.M. Through 10/30. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479); $12.*

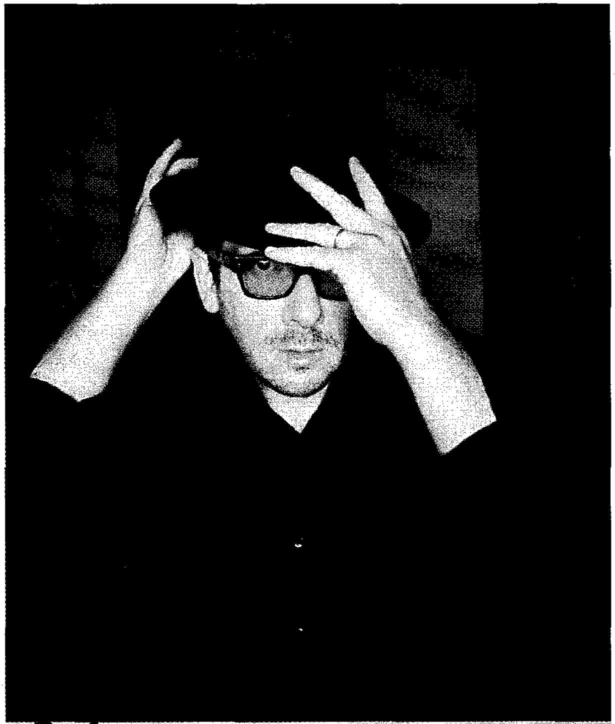
Grace Ellen Barkey—An Indonesian woman raised in Amsterdam, Barkey performs funky Chinese opera. 10/21–10/24 at 8:30. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (212-477-5288); $20.*

Sara Gebran and Virpi Pahkinen—Wild women, wild dancing. 10/22–10/24 at 8:30. *Danspace Project at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-674-8194); $15.*

otograph by Roberto Fortuna.

nightlife

Kristofferson . . . Costello . . . D. J. Shadow



Performance

Coming Attraction

Elvis Costello (pictured) isn't the angry young man he used to be (as his stiff performance of "Radio, Radio" on *Saturday Night Live's* recent 25th-anniversary special proved), but he's grown up to become a balladeer who can hold his own with Burt Bacharach, whom he collaborated with on 1998's *Painted From Memory.* For a pair of New York shows, October 24 and 25 at the Beacon Theater, he'll project that sensitivity with longtime collaborator and fellow former angry young man Steve Nieve, whose manic keyboards helped give Costello classics like *This Year's Model* their furious edge. (See "Concerts.")

Concerts

Bette Midler—10/25–10/26 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). $65.*

"Bluegrass Sessions"—10/20 at 8. Featuring Bela Fleck, Jerry Douglas, Tony Rice, Sam Bush, and Mark Schatz. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $32.50.*

Cesaria Evora—10/23 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $35–$45.*

Elvis Costello—With Steve Nieve. 10/24–10/25 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (212-307-7171). $40–$75.*

"Fania All-Stars: What Legends Are Made Of"—10/23 at 8. Featuring Celia Cruz, Johnny Pacheco, Ray Barretto, Bobby Valentin, Willie Colon, Ruben Blades, and many others. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). $40–$75.*

Gladys Knight/The Temptations—10/22 at 8. *The Theater at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (212-307-7171). $48–$78.*

Merle Haggard/Kris Kristofferson—10/25 at 8. *Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (212-840-2824). $35.*

Type O Negative—10/19 at 7:30. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $17.50.*

Small Stages

The Baggot Inn—10/19: Kole; Conrad Anthony; Scott Williams. 10/20: Vicky Genfan; Andrew Morse; EJ. 10/21: Emiko; John Michael Hersey; Dave Sutherland. 10/22: Violet Truth; Emiko; One Punch Nelson. 10/23: Pure Pablo; Wendy; Mighty 10/24: Reggae Party with Tribe of Djembe. 10/25: Acoustic Open Mic with Brooke and Matt. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—10/21: "Nightbirds," a celebration of woman performers featuring Judy Gorman, Leni Stern, Martha Wainwright, and others. 10/22: John Wesley Harding; Ramblin' Jack Elliot; Ellis Paul. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—10/19: D.J. Shadow. 10/21–10/23: They Might Be Giants. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Club El Flamingo—"The Donkey Show." Doors at 8:30, shows at 9. *Club El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10 and admission is free. Every Wed. in October: Dusty Wright and the Idle Rich; every Thurs.: Sheriff Uncle Bob and the Goodtimers. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—10/19: Buzzcocks; Lunachicks; Down By Law. 10/20: Burning Spear. 10/23: Squeeze; Julia Darling; Nick Harper (sold out). 10/25: Frontline Assembly. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub— 10/19: Kitty Brazelton. 10/20: Bethany Yarrow. 10/25: Keith David. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200)*

Knitting Factory—10/19: Mongolian Throat Singers; Grid Committee. 10/20: Bevis Frond; Sean Altman; Lee Feldman. 10/21: Larval; Leon Parker. 10/22: Genesis P-Orridge; Leon Parker. 10/23: Daniel Johnston; Leon Parker. 10/25: Antony and the Johnsons Orchestra; Adrian Legg; Straylight Dialogues with D.J. Olive. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $*

Maxwell's—10/20: Zoe Bliss. 10/21–10/22: Kristin Hersh. 10/23: Andre Williams. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—10/19: Creep Joint; Sharon Pryce. 10/20: Jessica Craven. 10/21: Innocence Mission. 10/22: Wheatus. 10/27: Local H. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Phoenix Room—10/21: Christine Santelli. *Phoenix Room, 570 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 87th and 88th Sts. (212-580-7755).*

P.S. 122—10/25: Tiger Lillies. *150 First Ave. (212-477-5829).*

Rodeo Bar—10/19: Jimmy Nations. 10/20: The Forbidden Pigs. 10/21: Bari Koral. 10/22: The Hangdogs. 10/25: Bovine. *375 Third Ave. at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 10/19: Orquesta Ritmo Oriental. 10/20: Bobby Sanabria & Ascension. 10/21: Basement Bhangra. 10/22: Island Heat; Mighty Sparrow. 10/23: Ogans. 10/24: Sheva. 10/25: Jimmy Bosch. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logi Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursday Groove Collective. 10/1 Yukon Cornelius. 10/20: B Ass Truck. 10/21: Fat Mam Lake Trout. 10/22: Conehe Buddha; Granian. 10/23: Seel ing Homer; Acoustic Junctio 10/25: Off Wall Street Jam. *1 Hudson St. (212-966-5244) $*

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—This bran new lounge cements its fa reaches-of-Alphabet-City hi ster status with a great Satu day-night house-music par called "School," with reside D.J.'s Melvin Moore, N Aline (of "BPM" and "Re dez-Vous"), and Matth Heilbroon. No cover. *104 A C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—10/19: Cla Gayton; the Untouchabl 10/20: Apollo Heights. 10/2 Nozmo King. 10/22: John Chan & the New Dynasty S 10/23: Toss 'N' Skin. 10/2 Colt 40 Fineburg. 10/2 Tamalalou; Missing Pieces. *1 Orchard St. (780-0287). $.*

Baktun—A small, way-way-w venue that's host to some of t city's most relaxed, unprete tious club nights, like the l weekly deep-house-them "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Ba The Party," a nifty trip-h night called "Nice & Easy," a "Direct Drive," a strictly dru 'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lic Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, a Chris Thomas. Log on www.baktun.com for compl schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (21 206-1590).*

Cheetah—This Chelsea–Fl iron-district nightspot m have lost the popular gay hi hop night "Phab," but gained some good parties the process, like "Boy's Lif (formerly at Limelight) and "Great British Hous (formerly at Vanity). *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-777*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away t rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, cl kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belo to the British rock of "Tiswas"; on Sundays, D Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, fun rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by James Minch

y Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays, big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

e—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What ouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a nod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque mid-week omp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is 'Legends," a soulful-house party with music from esident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursday night's "Get A ife!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash ridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly maintream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday ight, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films nd stage appropriately themed live entertainnent, takes over. Life also hosts a monthly drumn'-bass party called "Heat." *158 Bleecker St. (212-20-1999).*

other—This meatpacking-district mainstay plays ost to some of New York's wildest, weirdest paries. Tuesday's belong to "Jackie 60," the legendary ight with brilliantly off-kilter themes like the Kate loss–inspired, models-in-distress "Pooped-Out arty Girls." Thursdays are taken over by the very othic "Long Black Veil," and Fridays are the ladiesnly "Clit Club." *432 W. 14th St. (212-366-5680).*

n—Ohm offers loungey, too-cool vibes as well as brand-new restaurant called Fusion. Thursdays re the R&B-and-deep-house-dominated "Flirt"; ridays and Saturdays, the dance-floor-oriented Ego" and "Sky," respectively. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-29-2000).*

ndfactory—A curiously inactive presence in the ity's club scene, Soundfactory has almost comletely fallen off the clubland radar. But this ould change with the recently introduced (and nimaginatively named) "Soundfactory Fridays," hich offer big names from the worlds of techno, rum 'n' bass, and house. *618 W. 46th St. (212-89-0001).*

eed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," peeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP oom (for those occasions when plain VIP just on't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Thursdays elong to "Midnight Turntable Knockers," a hardore hip-hop party with D.J.'s like Doo Wop, Max lazer, and S&S. Every Friday, the main floor bengs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Vop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop while Frank elour spins house. "Cafe Con Leche," a Latinouse-themed night, takes over every Sunday. ook out for a Friday-night soulful-house party alled "Twisted," with D.J.'s Merritt and Father hris. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a arry ceiling and challenging acoustics. 10/22: he Camaros. 10/23: The Jumpin' Gigolos, featurng Larry Marshall. *240 W. 47th St. (212-921-940).53-1740).*

lo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest arquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like arl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl raights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. nior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy ollowing. 10/22: Josh Wink. *530 W. 27th St. (212-68-1600).*

l—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedoistic downtown space is now a dance-music urist's paradise. "Little" Louie Vega spins at the rexed, low-key (for now) house party "Sunset Rital" every Wednesday, Fridays are hosted by deepouse D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over y Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François 's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," proide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. On October 21, renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki begins a monthly residency. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the Warehouse and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th St. (718-992-5974).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 10/14: Carol Sloane. 10/20: Danish Wave '99 Presents Mad Cows Sing. 10/21–10/23: Ron Carter. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 10/19–10/24: Richard Bona Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

Jazz at Lincoln Center presents "Duke in Small Doses"—10/21 and 10/23 at 8. The Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra All-Stars perform the music of Duke Ellington. *Alice Tully Hall, 65th St. and Broadway (212-721-6500). $45.*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 10/22: Steve Kirby Quartet. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).*

"Jazz Insights: The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. Through 10/17: The Sonny Fortune Quartet. 10/19–10/24: Billy Higgins and the True Blue All-Stars. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish

Performance

Monday Evening Coming Down

On the Grammy Award–winning *American Recordings*, Johnny Cash reached his biggest audience in years by hooking up with producer Rick Rubin, scrubbing away the overblown production of his seventies and eighties work, and returning to the stark simplicity of his Sun sessions. On *The Austin Sessions*, Kris Kristofferson (pictured) pursues the same spare sound—except that in Kristofferson's case, he didn't have any old recordings worth emulating. "I listen to some of my earlier records and I'm embarrassed now," he says. "I'm sure I was drunk." What Kristofferson wanted to return to wasn't his old sound—producers cloaked his boozy voice under layers of keyboards and strings—but the songs themselves, sixties and seventies hits like "Me and Bobby McGee" and "Sunday Morning Coming Down." When he comes to Town Hall on Monday for a double bill with Merle Haggard, Kristofferson will take an even more minimal approach than he did on *The Austin Sessions*, which features guest harmonies from Steve Earle and Jackson Browne. His voice, as well as his songs, will stand naked—which is only appropriate for the first Nashville songwriter who didn't dance around sex. "For the Good Times" sounds like a hundred other heartbroken laments until it becomes clear the singer is begging his lover for a farewell screw; "Help Me Make It Through the Night" may chart the opening of a relationship, but it has the same thing on its mind. "I thought that's what all country songs were about," Kristofferson says. "I just described it differently." And how does he feel about showing off his famously weathered 62-year-old voice without the fig leaf provided by organs and overdubbing? "Well," he laughs, "I think it sounds pretty good." (See "Concerts.") PETE WELLS

otograph by Bruce Weber.

Performance

The Shadow Knows

Although the postmodern sampledelia of D.J. Shadow's (pictured) 1996 debut, *Endtroducing . . .*, set rock critics' hearts racing, his early singles for the London-based Mo' Wax label (collected on 1998's *Preemptive Strike*) were richer blends of jazz horns, drum breaks, and sampled poetry. Performing live, crouched over two turntables sans microphone, Shadow can be as enigmatic as his music, but he says his "International Goodwill Tour" will be retrospective as well as introspective. Shadow spins October 19 at the Bowery Ballroom. (See "Small Stages.")

night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6 to 10. 10/28 and 10/30: Freddy Bryant Trio. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: The Lenore Raphael Trio. Tuesdays: Stan Gold's Quartet. Wednesdays: Francine Whitney & the 52nd St. Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Swing Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. Sonic Youth curates the October lineup. 10/19: Mick Turner. 10/20: Gerard Malanga; Loren MazzaCane Connors. 10/21: Zeena Parkins; Loren MazzaCane Connors. 10/22: Jim O'Rourke; Loren MazzaCane Connors; Sex Mob. 10/23: Electro Putas; White Out; Loren MazzaCane Connors; Slow Poke. 10/24: Chris Lee; Christina Rosenvinge. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 10/19–10/24: Stefon Harris. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8, 10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Wednesdays: Rick Shapiro. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, an 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:4 Cover is $15 Fri.; $15 for 8 and 12:30 shows Sa $20 for 10:30 show; and $12.50 on weeknight no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62 Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron di trict. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcas Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 ar 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknigh two-drink minimum. Through 10/24: Col Quinn; Greer Barnes; Tom Papa; Nick DiPaol Wanda Sykes; Darrell Hammond. 10/20: "Come Salsa." 10/21: "An Evening of Irish Stand-up Cor edy." 10/22–10/23: Mitch Fatel; Billy Burr; Gr Carey; Jim Gaffigan. 10/27: "Girls, Girls, Girls . . *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

KGB—Thursdays at 10: Ahna Tessler and Lauren E gel. $5 cover. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-850*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny C hen and Jodie Wasserman while you separa your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Lau dromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-50 6061). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to dr by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterm* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thu at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, a midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, t Oak Room hosts some formidable names in cozy environs. Sundays: The Howard Fishm Quartet. Through 11/13: Mary Cleere Haran. so through 11/13: Rita Moreno. Early sho Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. *59 W. 44th (212-840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Vill landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-7 9105).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swi through the early set with Eddy Davis & His N Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no mi mum. Through 12/31: Bobby Short. *Carlyle Ho Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down ter an evening of overwrought Broadway fare t some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8: "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvi comedy. Saturdays in October and Novem Steven Brinberg in "Simply Barbra." $10 co two-drink minimum. 10/21: Joanne Mosca "Well-Healed." *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788)*

Duplex—10/23 at 8: Michael Garin. $10 cover; tv drink minimum. *Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (2 255-5438).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinste brand-new cabaret space at the Regency Ho shares the room with the restaurant 540 Pa Michael Feinstein appears twice nightly, at 8 and 11, starting 10/19. *540 Park Ave., at 61st (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest pc show snuggery, right next door to an overwrou Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossa dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine. We Thurs., sets at 9; Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 and 11. cover; $20 minimum. *363 W. 46th St. (212-5 0244).*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy a friendly piano bar features two performa spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy h self. 10/19: Ginny Dustin in "So Lucky to Me." 10/20: Helen Klass with Wes McAf 10/21: Stephanie Cheek with Wes McAf 10/22: Jaymie Meyer and Michael Murphy w Wes McAfee. 10/23: Judy Kreston and Da Lahm in "Portrait of the Artist." 10/24: Su Baum in "Sundays with Susan." 10/25: A Schmidt in "Something Else." *169 Eighth Ave. 21st St. (212-929-5410).*

Red Blazer—Thursdays in October: "Cary Hoffm sings Sinatra." $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Photograph by Michael Schreiber/Re

the mix

Guggenheim Day...Umberto Eco...Least Heat-Moon

John Leonard's TV Notes

azy for You (10/20; 8:30 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a Paper Mill Playhouse adaptation for "Great Performances" of the 1992 Tony-winning Gershwin musical, directed by Mike Ockrent; choreographed by Susan Stroman; pastiched by Ken Ludwig; sung by Jim Walton, Stacey Logan, Jane Connell and Bruce Adler, not to mention Larry inville. Terrific music, period laughs.

lution's Child (10/22; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) stars Ken Olin as a doctor who mistakenly fertilizes Heidi wedborg's egg with the sperm of a recently discovered specimen of Bronze Age man. The resultant baby cures headaches, talks to fish, and feels as f somehow he doesn't belong, even before the flu ug lands on him. Not exactly Doris Lessing's *The ifth Child,* nor even *The Clan of the Cave Bear,* but vatchable and not stupid.

Day Now (10/24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Lifetime) is a special two-hour episode of the Lifetime series staring Lorraine Toussaint and Annie Potts as childood friends in the civil-rights sixties trying to be dult friends in the more complicated nineties. Iere, Potts's Mary Elizabeth must face up to an ncle (Michael Pavone) who spews race hatred on n Internet Website. More violence, at least in the ere and now, than we're used to on this program, ut full of passionate conviction.

he Company of Spies (10/24; 8 to 10 P.M.; Showme) asks us to believe that when the North Koeans arrest and torture CIA spy Karl Pruner, the nly man agency director Ron Silver can think of either save Pruner or find out what he knows nat's so important—Soviet nuclear warheads, on neir way by freighter—is Tom Berenger, who rered to run a Thai restaurant in the nation's capal but returns to rub-a-dub with Alice Krige. ots of slam-bang, most of it moderately interestng, but what really distinguishes this TV movie is nat it's the only one I can think of in the last wenty years that is actually pro-CIA.

Lectures and Panels

exual Expression and Society"—10/19 at 8:15 P.M.: usie Bright, the former *On Our Backs* contribuor and author of *The Sexual State of the Union, exwise,* and *Full Exposure,* tells us about—you uessed it—sex. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. 212-996-1100); $20.

deo Activism: Television for Social Change"—10/19 t 7:30 P.M.: Innovative practitioners of "guerrilla elevision" Jon Alpert, Skip Blumberg, Dee Dee Halleck, Michael Moore, George Stoney, and Sara tewart talk about the radical potential of the ube. The Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 2nd St. (212-621-6600); $10.

ensation"—10/21 at 6 P.M.: Artists Richard Patterson and Fiona Rae, whose works are featured n the controversial exhibition, lead a discussion. The Brooklyn Museum of Art, 200 Eastern arkway (718-638-5000); $4.

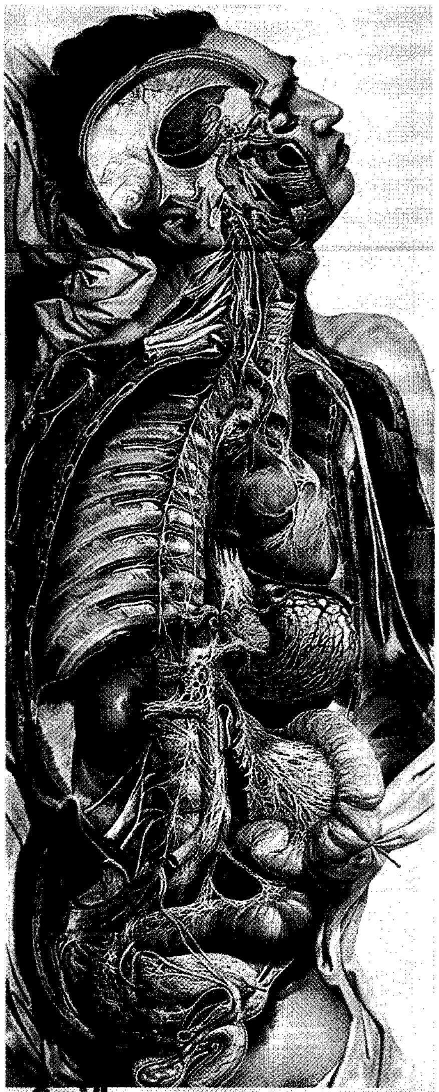
nest Hemingway: A Biographer's View"—10/20 at P.M.: Biographer Michael Reynolds discusses he author's life. The Mercantile Library, 17 E. 7th St. (212-755-6710); $5.

ends From Tokyo: Makeup as Fashion Statement and Lifestyle"—10/21 at 6:30 P.M.: Instructors and graduates from Tokyo's premier makeup school "From Hand" demonstrate body painting and traditional makeup and discuss new trends and their cultural relevance. Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015); $10.

"Politics Can Be Funny"—10/21 at 8:15 P.M.: Host Leonard Lopate talks with Christopher Buckley, Bruce McCall, and Calvin Trillin. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Evolution of Latino Communities"—10/24 at 2 P.M.: A panel with Dr. Sam Betances, Frank Bonilla, Angelo Falcon, Wilson Loria, and moderator Dr. Virginia Sanchez-Korrol discuss demographics, migration patterns, acculturation, assimilation, and other issues that affect Latin Americans. The Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-6272); $5.

Lauren Belfer—10/25 at 2 P.M.: The author of *City of Light* speaks with Barbara Hoffert, president of the National Books Critic Circle. The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-463-6806); free.



On View
The Body Dutiful

The nudes you'll see in "Seeing Is Believing: 700 Years of Scientific and Medical Illustration," opening October 23 at the New York Public Library, are not the sort usually found in museums, but they have a fascinating beauty all their own. At Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street (212-869-8089).

The Written Word

Marian Wright Edelman—10/19 at 7:30 P.M.: The president of the Children's Defense Fund reads from *Lanterns: A Memoir of Mentors.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Lynne Sharon Schwartz—10/19 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *In the Family Way.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 2289 Broadway (212-362-8835); free

Yusef Komunyakaa and Sharon Olds—10/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. NYU's Greenberg Lounge, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square South (212-998-8816); free.

Larry Dark, Sherman Alexie, Chaim Potok, Cary Holladay—10/21 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Prize Stories 1999: The O. Henry Awards.* National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-572-2642); free.

Dava Sobel—10/21 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Galileo's Daughter.* Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Faith Stewart-Gordon—10/21 at 12:30 P.M.: Signing *The Russian Tea Room: A Love Story.* The Russian Tea Room, 150 W. 57th St. (212-446-5101); free.

Umberto Eco—10/21 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his new collection of essays, *Kant and the Platypus.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (212-253-0810); free.

Marie Ponsot—10/21 at 8 P.M.: Reading from her poetry in *The Bird Catcher.* Pen and Brush, 16 E. 10th St. (212-475-3669); free.

Isaac Stern—10/21 at 12:30 P.M.: Reading from *Isaac Stern: My First 79 Years,* which he co-wrote with Chaim Potok. Barnes & Noble, 1972 Broadway, at 66th St. (212-595-6859); free.

"A Celebration of Italo Calvino"—10/22 at 7:30 P.M.: With Giovanna Calvino, Umberto Eco, Carlos Fuentes, and Maria Tucci. Cooper Union's Great Hall, 7th St. at Third Ave. (212-334-1660); $15.

Lucille Clifton and Galway Kinnell—10/22 at 7 P.M.: Reading from their poetry. Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566); $6.

Ib Michael—10/22 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Prince.* Barnes & Noble Upper East Side, 240 E. 86th St. (212-794-1962); free.

Jonathan Lethem—10/22 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Motherless Brooklyn.* Barnes & Noble, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope (718-832-9066); free.

Dani Shapiro and Mark Slouka—10/24 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Slow Motion* and *Lost Lake,* respectively. KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-358-1935); free.

tograph courtesy of the New York Public Library.

GAME WEEK

HOME ▨ AWAY

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES*	BOS FOX 8:00PM		▨ BOS FOX 4:00PM	▨ BOS FOX 8:00PM			
METS*		ATL NBC 8:00PM	ATL NBC 8:00PM				
JETS							OAK CBS 1:00PM
GIANTS	▨ DAL ABC 9:00PM						▨ NO FOX 1:00PM
RANGERS		▨ SJ ESPN2 8:00PM	PHI MSG 7:30PM		▨ PHI ESPN 8:00PM		▨ VAN MSG 7:00PM
ISLANDERS	MON MSG 7:30PM					▨ VAN MSG 7:00PM	
	10/18	10/19	10/20	10/21	10/22	10/23	10/24

* IF NECESSARY

Celia Gilbert—10/24 at 3 P.M.: Reading poetry from *An Ark of Sorts.* Posman Books, 1 University Place, (212-533-2665); free.

Fran Gordon—10/24 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Paisley Girl.* Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (212-925-4242); free.

Adrienne Rich—10/25 at 8 P.M.:The author of *Diving Into the Wreck, The Dream of Common Language, Your Native Land, Your Life,* and *Dark Fields of the Republic* reads from her latest volume of poetry, *Midnight Salvage.* Unterberg Poetry Center, 92nd St.Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100); $10.

Tours

"Historic Harlem"—10/23 at 1 P.M.: Stop at the Abyssinian Baptist Church, Striver's Row, and sites associated with Langston Hughes and Zora Neal Hurston on this trip through New York City's African-American cultural headquarters. Meet at the northwest corner of 135th St. and Lenox Ave. at the Schomburg Center (212-439-1090); $10.

"This Is Brooklyn: Flatbush"—10/24 at 2 P.M.: Join Andrew S. Dolkart, architectural historian and author of *This Is Brooklyn: A Guide to the Borough's Historic Districts and Landmarks* for a walking tour of Flatbush, including visits to the oldest church in New York City and the graveyard where the Vanderbilts, Lotts, and Lefferts are buried. Meet in front of the Flatbush Dutch Reformed Church, 890 Flatbush Ave. at Church Ave. (718-254-9380); $10.

"Fall Foliage in Central Park"—Through 10/31 at 10 A.M., 1 P.M., and 4 P.M.: Explore the history, design, and hidden treasures of our collective 843-acre backyard on a bicycle. The two-hour tours visit sites like Strawberry Fields, Belvedere Castle, and the Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis Reservoir. Meet at 2 Columbus Circle at W. 59th St. and Broadway (212-541-8759); $30 includes a bike.

Events

National Conference on Liberal Arts—10/20–10/22: Keynote Speaker David Hickey, along with presenters from 35 states and Canada discuss "How Art Creates Culture and Shapes Meaning." School of Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. (212-592-2625); $255.

Guggenheim Day—10/21: In honor of the museum's fortieth anniversary, a day of free admission, guided architectural tours, and film screenings. 1071 Fifth Ave. (212-423-3500); free.

22nd Annual International Vintage Poster Fair—10/22–10/24: With 35 dealers from around the globe. The Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (212-206-0499); $30 for the Fri. night preview; $10 Sat. and Sun.

ExpoSure—Through 10/24: Sites throughout hip-as-can-be NoLIta offer installation art, performances, and fashion. Call 212-625-9305 or log on to www.exposure-usa.org for a guide to events and locations.

Benefits

1999 Human Rights Awards Dinner—10/19 at 6 P.M.: Pakistani lawyers and sisters Hina Jilani and Asma Jahangir, Chilean Committee for Peace lawyer José Zalaquett, and Yugoslavian Humanitarian Law Center director Natasa Kandic are honored by emcee Tom Brokaw over cocktails and dinner. Chelsea Pier's Pier 60, 23rd St. at the Hudson River (212-666-5844); $500.

"Art Culinaire"—10/20 at 6 P.M.: The talents behind Unico, Le Bernardin, Patria, Café Boulud, Restaurant Daniel and Vong fix you dinner to benefit Lincoln Center. Kaplan Penthouse, 70 Lincoln Center Plaza at 65th St. (212-875-5460); $1,500.

Exhibitions

"Artist & Alphabet: 20th Century Calligraphy & Letter Art in America"—Through 11/19: The Society of Scribes celebrate their twenty-fifth anniversary with an exhibition of books, posters, advertise
ments, and other media that display letter ar
American Institute of Graphic Art's Strathmo
Gallery, 164 Fifth Ave. (212-452-0139); free.

**"The Italians of New York: Five Centuries of Strugg
and Achievement"**—Through 2/20/00: Revis
the public lives of prominent Italians in the cit
The New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th S
(212-873-3400); $5.

**"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theat
1910–1955"**—Through 2/27/00: An expl
ration of costume couture. Museum of the Ci
of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (21
534-1672); recommended donation $5.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Su
Report" (in the "Today" section of www
newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website ea
weekday. This week: Get busy with Hoove
Online: The Business Network; create a virtu
photo album and send actual cards to yo
friends; start your own portfolio for home d
sign; let yourself be seen with Beautyscene; a
then really live it up with iparty.com. And wh
you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, cli
around all our other great features, like select
articles from the current issue, extensi
archives, and our expanded "Cue" section, p
Web exclusives like daily event picks, "Fi
Words" for bibliophiles, Chris Smith's dispatc
es from the playoffs, and our helpful Subscril
Service Center.

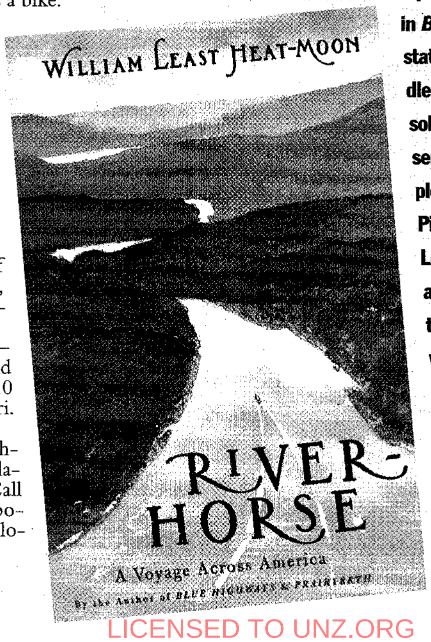
Sports

Fort Totten—Journey to the Army remnants that o
defended New York City's flank on the East Riv
This 30-mile ride across mostly flat terrain in B
side, Queens meets on Saturday, 10/23, at 9:30 A
in Kew Gardens (Queens Boulevard and Un

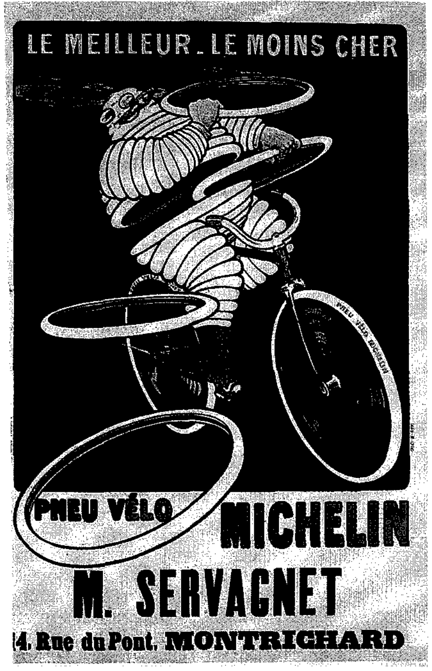
In Print

A Hull of a Trip

Despite his recurring nightmare about walking the ocean floor, William Least Heat-Moon's new book, *River-Horse,* chronicles his more-than-5,000-mile journey by boat from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. The author of the quintessential ode to the road, *Blue Highways* (which is being newly reissued), obviously knew a thing or two about travel if next to nothing about the sea. "Excluding my two years in the Navy, during which I spent most of the time below deck, I really haven't been on boats much," he says. "Ocean travel is the most arduous in terms of logistics; I planned this trip for seventeen months—you can't just jump in the van like I did in *Blue Highways.*" The other thing you can't do is run across a gas-station attendant, a waitress, or anyone else when you're in the middle of the ocean, so Least Heat-Moon—who is partial to journeying solo—had a co-pilot with him this time around. "I thought that the sense of desolation might do me in, so I took seven different people with me," one at a time, "and turned them into the character Pilotis in *River-Horse.*" While he hadn't set out to write a trilogy, Least Heat-Moon says that *River-Horse* and before it *PrairyErth* and *Blue Highways* form a completed set for him. "I can see now that the three books deal with three different modes of travel: by wheel, by foot, and by boat. Along with the feet of animals, these are all the ancient modes." So what's next? A donkey ride? "I have an article in the works about New York City," he says. "The unknown territory. The wilderness spots. And I don't mean Central Park." Catch William Least Heat-Moon at the relatively tame Barnes & Noble Union Square on October 26. ARIEL LEVY



Happening **Even the Michelin Man was elegant once upon a time. See who else was beautiful in the days before television at the 22nd International Vintage Poster Fair going on October 22–24 at the Metropolitan Pavilion, where you're apt to find the art and ads of Chagall, Kandinsky, Matisse, and Calder, among others. See "Events" for details.**



Turnpike at the Statue of Civic Virtue). There is no fee or advance sign-up required. Contact the Five Borough Bicycle Club at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or www.5bbc.org for more information.

ay Trips—Enjoy a scenic autumn ride to Glen Cove, Long Island, and the former estate of J. P. Morgan Jr. on Sunday, 10/24. Great views and climbs are guaranteed on this 50-mile, hilly trip. Meets at 9 A.M. at Cunningham Park in Queens (Union Turnpike at 196th Place). If off-roading is more your style, then you'll love a down-to-earth trip along Croton Aqueduct Trail to Tarrytown offered that same Sunday. Bring your mountain or cross bike for this 50-mile trip, which meets at 8:30 A.M. at the South Ferry. For more information on these and other rides offered on Sunday, call 5BBC at 212-932-2300, ext. 115, or visit www. 5bbc.org.

ult Tai Chi Workshop—Balance your chi energy in the serene setting of Central Park with Master Derrick Trent on Saturday, 10/30. This slow, graceful Chinese exercise will help you learn how to reduce stress, build flexibility and coordination, improve balance and range of motion, and develop inner awareness about yourself and your surroundings. The class, offered by the Central Park Conservancy, is free and is held at the North Meadow Recreation Center at 97th Street from 10–11:30 A.M. Call 212-348-4867 to register in advance.

atch & Release Fishing—The Harlem Meer is stocked with over 50,000 largemouth bass, catfish, golden shiners, and bluegills. Tuesdays through Sundays until 10/30, kids (under 12) can borrow free bamboo poles and get free bait from the Central Park Conservancy. Children must be accompanied by an adult to the Charles A. Dana Discovery Center at 110th Street, near Fifth Avenue, between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. Call 212-860-1370 for more information.

Smith *continued from page 104*

that fell from a van window became an $84,000 write-off—ultimately tripling the video's cost.

JONZE HAS BEEN TRYING TO JUMP TO THE BIG screen since 1995. His first feature was originally supposed to be an adaptation of *Harold & the Purple Crayon* using animation and live-action footage. But when a version of *Harold* scripted by writer-director David O. Russell was in preproduction, Sony-owned TriStar blanched at the budget and pulled the plug.

Harold never made it out of preproduction, but it launched Jonze's acting career when Russell created a part in *Three Kings* especially for him. Although his role as Private Conrad Vig—a hick sidekick to George Clooney, Ice Cube, and Mark Wahlberg—could have been mere comic relief, Jonze gave the often dislikable character warmth and nuance.

At first, not everyone on the set was a fan. "It's always worrisome when somebody says, 'I got a friend,' and you've never heard of them," says Clooney. "But within five minutes of meeting Spike, you just go, 'Oh, he's perfect for the part.' "

"He just enjoyed fucking around," says Russell. "For him, it was like riding a BMX bike off a ramp to see what it was like to act in a movie." Perhaps more important, *Three Kings* gave Jonze a chance to realize some of his youthful fantasies. "All the guys did their own stunts, but Spike did some of the craziest ones," says Russell. "The stunt coordinator gave him a picture of himself with this flaming car that looks like it's about to collapse on him. I think it made him very happy."

Nor was Clooney the only one Jonze won over. "In the first few weeks, the studio was flipping out at the dailies: 'This guy's a star!' " says Russell. "I kept teasing him: '*Die Hard* 5 is yours, big guy!' "

That's probably the last thing Jonze would want—although he isn't even saying that much. At the Harvard Club premiere for *Malkovich*, as a European television crew buttonholed Cameron Diaz, Michael Stipe, and Malkovich himself, Jonze sauntered in almost unnoticed. His Richard Koufey beard shaved, his hair combed into a mod-looking Caesar, he politely ran the velvet-rope gauntlet of grip-and-grins, then made for the buffet. And as the stars gravitated together toward the back of the club, Jonze stood inconspicuously between the raw bar and the D.J. booth, swapping stickers with a group of skateboarders.

"It's funny with him," says Jenkins. "I think he does have a master plan, but he never plays it like that. His agenda is never on the surface." ▬

NEW YORK MAGAZINE'S
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kids

Molecules... Myths... Magic Al

Happening

Toil and Trouble!

When the darker side of Shakespeare's imagination takes over Central Park's Belvedere Castle this weekend (as William Shakespeare's Haunted House), troubling vibes and fake blood will be everywhere: Hamlet and Laertes over there fighting a duel, Lady Macbeth with her marbles clearly lost (again), and, oh, Lordy, Juliet ready to plunge that dagger right into her chest.

Children's Events

. . . Or Not to Be Scared—Shakespeare's ghost confronts Macbeth, Hamlet, Caliban, and plenty of inner demons (see photo) at William Shakespeare's Haunted House, an interactive theater production put on in 45-minute performances—with brief breaks in between—by the Faux-Real Theater Company at **BELVEDERE CASTLE**, 10/23 and 10/24 from 1–5. Central Park at 79th St. (212-772-0210). ●●

Big Apple Core—The **BIG APPLE CIRCUS** is back in New York, where we like to think it belongs. This year's show, "Bello & Friends," puts funny man Bello Nock under the limelight. What makes this circus particularly appealing to little kids—besides the terrific acts, mesmerizing music, and Dinny McGuire's electrifying mustache—is that no one sits more than 50 feet away from the sawdust—which lies in a single ring. Acts include a daring teeterboard troupe from Bulgaria, hand-to-hand acrobatic team Julian Stachowski and Regina Dobrovitskaya, and Violetta Ignatova's performing house cats. The tent is pitched in Damrosch Park at Lincoln Center Plaza, 62nd St. bet. Columbus and Amsterdam Aves. Performances are 10/21 through 1/9/00. Tickets are $15 to $60 on weeknights and $28 to $60 on weekends and can be purchased by calling 212-307-4100. For further information, call 800-922-3772, or log on to www.bigapplecircus.org.

Czech Fest—"The Magic of Czech Puppetry" brings three performances to stages extra-large and extra-small—all performed in English. *The Fisherman's Clever Daughter*—a one-man show in which Vit Horejs plays violin and speaks in a dozen voices—is suitable for ages 4 and up; *Morgan Kara in Morgan Kara,* which incorporates free jazz, dance, and experimental music, is for children ages 6 and up. Best for anyone over 12, *Twelve Iron Sandals* takes the audience to five different floors of the building. Through 10/31. Tickets are $15, $8 for children under 12. Call for scheduled times. **BOHEMIAN NATIONAL HALL,** 321 E. 73rd St. (212-631-3518). ●

Building Blocks—"Marvelous Molecules—The Secret of Life," opening 10/23 at the **NEW YORK HALL OF SCIENCE**, gives a hands-on lesson in genetic engineering and asks visitors to guess which molecules belong to a cockroach, an elephant, and a piece of broccoli. 47-01 111th St., Queens (718-699-0005; www.nyhallsci.org); $7.50 admission, $5 for children and seniors.

Shock Value—*Shockheaded Peter,* a British import billed as a "junk opera," is an elaborately staged, ghastly Victorian melodrama. Strictly for kids over 12, it is based on *Der Struwwelpeter,* a creepy collection of cautionary tales that was a classic for decades in many parts of the world. With terrific music by the Tiger Lilies. Through 10/31. **THE NEW VICTORY THEATER**, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-382 4000); $10–$25.

Ragtime, Family Plan—Remarkable lyricist Lyn Ahrens will host a discussion about her work, in series for families, after the matinee of *Ragtime* c 10/24. **FORD CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ART** 214 W. 43rd St. (212-307-4550); $16 to $81.

"That's All, Folks"—The Looney Tunes Hall of Fan presents fifteen classic cartoons as they we meant to be seen: on the big screen. Openi 10/22 at **CINEMA VILLAGE**, 22 East 12th St. (21 924-3363).

Flight Patterns—Antidote to a cold, gray New Yor "The Butterfly Conservatory—Tropical Butte flies Alive in Winter" is a 1,300-square-foot oa of balmy weather, multicolored insects (that do bite), iridescent butterflies, and nonthreateni jungle noises. **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HI TORY**, Central Park West and 79th St. (212-76 5800; www.amnh.org). Tickets, which inclu museum admission, can be reserved and w specify times: $14, $13.50 for students and s niors, $10.50 for children.

Out of Your Gourds—This pumpkin thing (that's con ing up next week) has gotten way out of han Considering how little can be done with t pumpkin and how short its carved life span is, t folks at **WAVE HILL** would like to suggest an alte native. At CalaBASH, its annual gourd festiv find out why these things grow to look so fu ny, make a gourd hat or an entire gourd getu play gourd games, make a gourd musical instr ment, and jam along with Jimmy Cruiz and t Spirit Ensemble—on a you-know-what. 10/ and 10/24, from 1 to 4. West 249th St. and I dependence Ave., Bronx (718-549-3200); adults, $2 students and seniors; members ar children under 6 free. ●

Comic Trick—Magic Al pulls a live dove out of th air and levitates an innocent child. 10/23 ar 10/24 at 2. **CAROLINE'S ON BROADWAY**, 1626 Broa way, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100); $14

The Sound of Oz—Costumes are optional (at least f those of you in the audience) at "Halloween Wi ards: The Land of Oz," a **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIE** concert for kids ages 6 through 12. Visit Doroth and hear the orchestra play that familiar mus from the movie classic. 10/23 at 11 and 1. Ave Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-971-950 Individual concert tickets are $10–$35. Thr concert subscriptions—which would entitle yo to see *Amahl and the Night Visitors* in December—are $24–$90. ●

Ground Rules:

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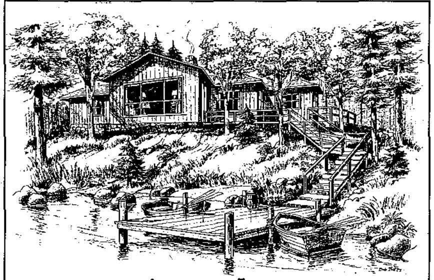

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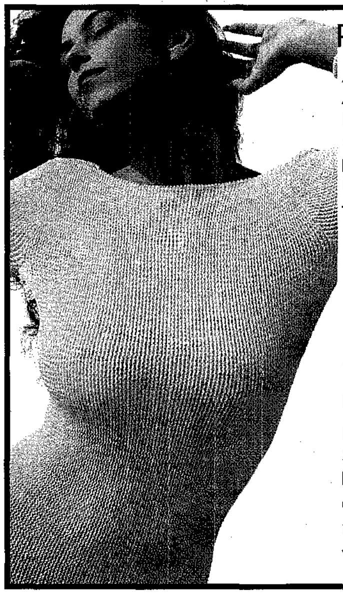

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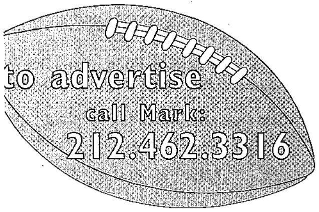

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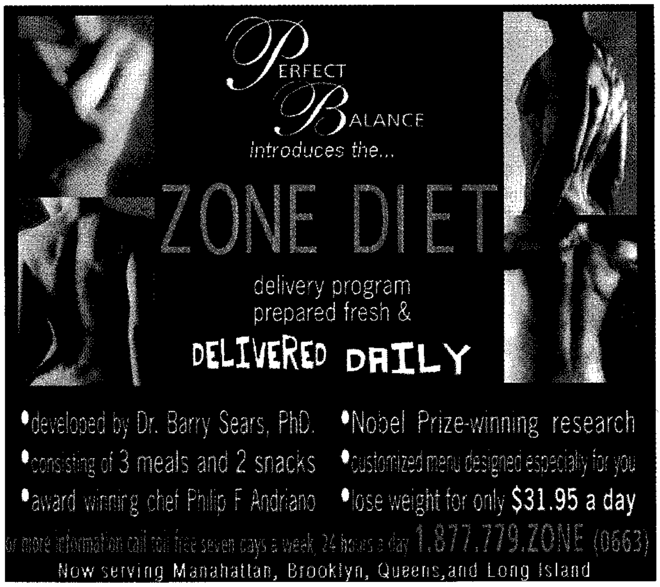

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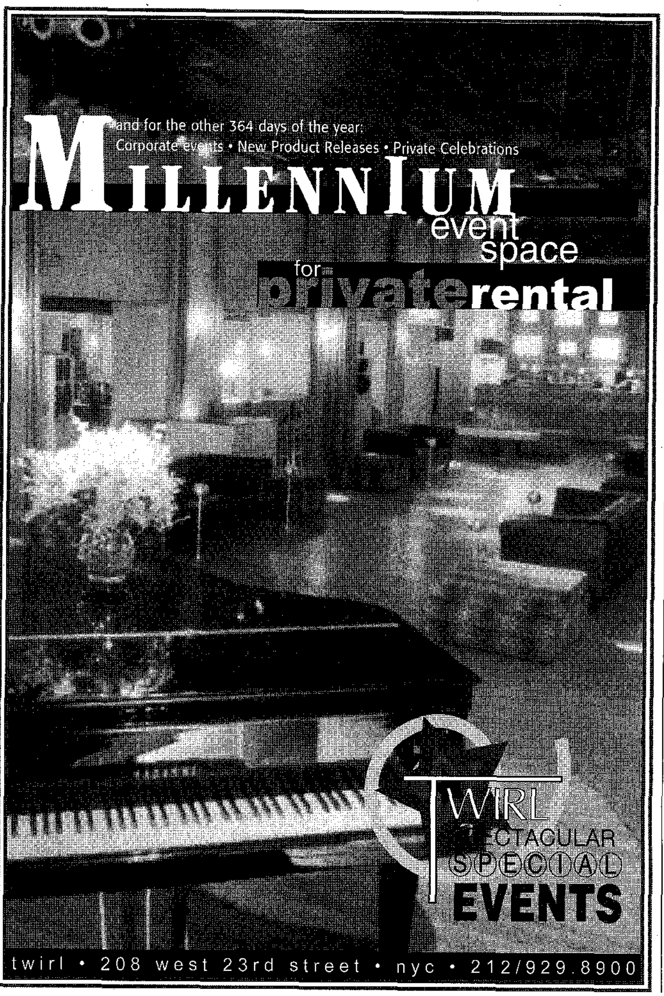
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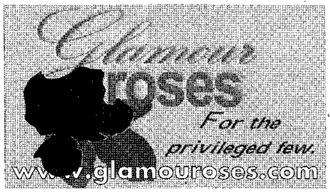
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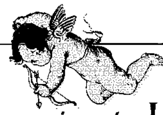

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Ace Of A Woman—Very fit, attractive, 42, teacher, single mom of one, sincere and giving; loves tennis. Seeks successful, athletic, energetic male professional, 40-50. Phone/photo a must. 1994 ✉☎

Whatever Will Be—Will be transformative. Attractive, mercurial female, 41, desires a close and deep bond with handsome and vital male, 35-45. 1991✉☎

Light My Fire!—Beautiful, charming, sweet, secure, sensual Jewish lady, 5'6", slim, with an enchanting laugh, seeking a sweet, dynamic, accomplished, self-made, affectionate Jewish man, 40-55, to create lifelong sparks with me. 2004✉☎

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Attractive, Sophisticated, Active—Accomplished woman, late 40s, who enjoys tennis, theater, dancing, travel and country weekends, seeks successful, secure man with sense of humor, to share many champagne toasts in the new millennium! Let's meet! 2002 ✉☎

Blond, Attractive, Vibrant—European female - no pets, no children - looking for professional gentleman, 40-up. No drugs. No smokers. Phone/photo, please. 1983✉

Seeing Is Believing—Pretty Jewish female, 31, 5'7", thin, blue eyes, blond hair, easygoing, with heart of gold - varied interests including football and basketball, as well as the arts. Looking for down-to-earth, good-looking Jewish male, 5'10"-plus, 30-38, financially secure, with great sense of humor. Please send note/photo/ phone. 1945 ✉

Petite Irish Blonde—Mid 40s, very pretty, seeks Italian/Spanish man who enjoys life to its fullest. 1960 ✉☎

Good-Looking Man—Creative, artistic, witty, affluent, good-natured, 60, 5'10". Landscape painting, museums, travel are my passions, but I need more... you. Only bright and pretty, please. Photo/note. 2007 ✉

Westward Bound—Truly beautiful blond, 34, seeks handsome partner - eventually relocate from NY. Photo. 1966 ✉

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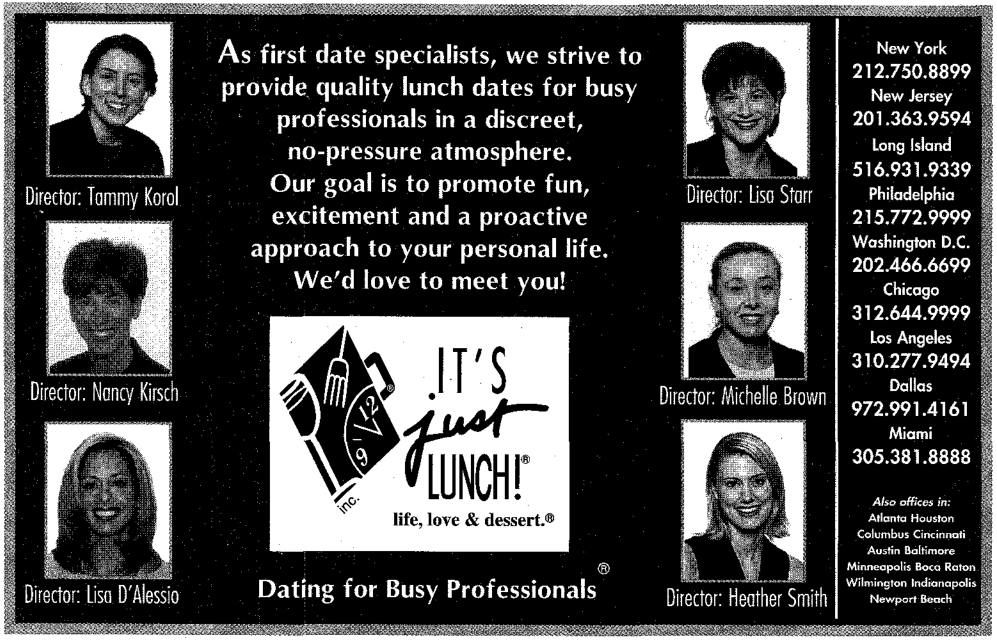
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Westchester—Divorced father seeking mother, professional, 40s. 1971 ☒ ☎

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Beautiful Westchester Woman—Seeking alpha male over 54 for passionate love affair. 1946 ☒

Boyishly Handsome Executive—Fit, funny, financially secure, 40s, romantic, physically active - with wide, eclectic, upscale interests. Well-groomed, neat, sensitive and sincere. Seeks very attractive soul mate, 35 plus, with broad interests, who loves to laugh, for long-term relationship. Photo required. 1949 ☒

Fragile, Attractive Lady—39, 5'5", with old-fashioned values, would like to meet an educated, financially successful gentleman, 43-54, who has a strong character and makes her feel like a woman. 2008 ☒☎

Gentle Male EdD—Black, 6', love the arts. Seeks cute, slim lady, any race, 37-47, with same likes. Kid okay. 1964 ☒☎

Very Handsome Architect—Jewish male, 42, 5'10", 175, athletic, seeks soul mate, slim, nonsmoking Jewish female, 19-36. Photo a must. Note/phone. 1955 ☒☎

Would Love To Be In Love—Accomplished, single white male, 44, looking to share life with a wonderful woman. I'm a great cook, tremendous spirit, multilingual, attractive, fit, fun! Love to travel, dine out, laugh and explore. Honest, communicative and emotionally available. Seek full intimacy with loving partner. Join me on a wonderful journey! Race not important. Note/photo (a must!). 1975☒

It Only Takes One—Warm, witty, wonderful, well-traveled woman, upbeat and upscale, 43 plus. Seeks same in Jewish male, 42-57, to enjoy fine food, cozy conversation and memorable moments. 1962 ☒☎

Take A Chance—Very handsome, single white male, Ivy-educated, successful investment banker, 6', 165, athletic, international traveler, 46 (looks younger), strong but sensitive. You are strikingly beautiful, good-hearted, intelligent and 27-38. We both seek a serious relationship. Take a chance - I am. Considerate note/clear picture a must (returned). 1969 ☒

Monmouth County, NJ—Successf
businessman, 6', 175, romantic, though
ful, athletic, upbeat, attractive. Seel
woman, 50s, with heart, who is happy wi
herself and is looking for a life partne
Must reside in Monmouth County, N
Photo/note. POB 32, Rumson, NJ 07760

Connecticut Doctor—Near NYC, see
attractive, imaginative, nonsmoki
woman, 28-40, for shared adventure
Please send note/recent photo. 1943 ☒

Intelligent, Romantic, Successful CEO
40, single white male, handsome, athlet
global traveler. Seeking sophisticat
Asian or Asian-American woman, 25-
for a warm, exciting, supportive relatio
ship. Note and photo appreciated. 1952☒

Attractive, Outgoing Blond—Jewi
woman seeks intelligent, warm man, 6
Enjoys dancing, travel, theater. 1944 ☒

Good-Looking Guy—34, 5'10", wh
male, financial professional, seeking
successful, sincere, attractive, intellig
single female. Recent photo/note, plea
Nonsmokers only. 1950 ☒

Seeking Professional Male, 38-53
Well-educated, attractive, petite p
fessional female with a zest for li
Hobbies: everything from cycling to anti
ing. Live an active lifestyle spending ti
between home in the country and vi
into Manhattan. If you are as comforta
walking in the MOMA as the CO Rock
and have a soft spot for a soulful ba
hound, write me. Photo, please. 1970 ☒

Handsome Executive—52, CT resid
Westchester business, down-to-ea
nonsmoking Jewish gentleman seeks lo
lady, 30-45, to share the future. En
golf, tennis and fine dining. Look
forward to your response. Note, ph
and photo, please. 1965 ☒

Nice, Pretty, Smart—Young 40s wo
(slim, successful, soft in manner/stron
mind), looking for a caring, commit
relationship with a special guy (4
who's intelligent, has sense of humor
fit, adventurous, passionate about his
love, job. Please send note/photo. 1984

Affluent, Generous Investor—
semi-retired, athletic, intellectual, fanta
masseur - loves John Coltrane, art
travel. Seeks head-turning compan
(25-38), to trust and share purpos
sybaritic life. Photo/note/phone. 1958

New York City Surgeon—Tall, eleg
Jewish, 60. Unusual hobbies, divorc
nonsmoker. Little baggage. Interested
like female, 45-49. Note/head and
photo, please. 1963 ☒

Wanted—Well-bred, generous Europ
man, 50s, city and country, for beaut
woman in 40s. 1941 ☒

"When To The Sessions—Of sw
silent thought"... Let's finish what Sha
speare started. Accomplished psycholog
former Columbia professor, rugged loo
5'11", 175 lbs, exceptional intellect,
fitness of much younger man, divorc
long marriage, adult kids. Seeks hig
intelligent, attractive woman, 35 plus, w
successful professional career. Warm
great wit and an abhorrence of exagger
ing personal qualities essentials in b
of us. NYC and suburbs. Photo and b
note a must. Will reciprocate. 1979☒☎

41, 6'2", Handsome, Successful Mal
Looking for that special someone fo
committed relationship, possibly mo
Photo and telephone number. 1956

ve Is Lovelier—Dynamic doctor, 1d, very pretty and petite, Jewish, seeks l-educated, attractive man, 50s, for enture and love. Loves Manhattan, all arts and physical activities. 1982 ✉☎

npled Smile, Positive Spirit—Witty, active, creative Jewish professional ale. Enjoys outdoors, photography and colate. Seeking gentleman, 46-55, non-ker, similar adjectives, for committed tionship. Photo/note. Thanks. 1996✉

You Love NYC?—And travel? And at restaurants? And a little bit of ts? Successful, good-looking Jewish , 43, looking for attractive woman to e some fun times. Note/photo. 1890✉

thday Wish—Single white male, active professional, turning 50 November, wishes to meet sincere, retentious, single white female friendship, love and marriage. ne/note. 1977 ✉

rald-Eyed—5'5", pretty, seeks warm, , cultured man, 56-64, of good acter and adventurous spirit. 1974✉

Wanted: White Male—Only men with Porsches or Mercedes need apply. Ages 45-60, 5'10" and over, please. I'm a 5'6", blue-eyed, blond female residing in Edgewater, great sense of humor and savvy. Picture, please - and write. 1967✉

Soul Mates—30, beautiful brunette, slim, dynamic professional - loves NYC, dining, sports, arts and travel. Looking to share love and laughter with her equal and best friend. Note/phone/photo. 1948 ✉☎

Spirited, Sexy, Shapely—Full of enthusiasm for life, love, culture, family, friends, Judaism. 50s, mom, business-woman - seeking loving man of substance. 1935 ✉

Executive, Active Athlete—42, seeks the companionship of an intelligent, energetic, attractive lady. Ivy-educated, divorced father of two. Living and working in NJ. I'm of European heritage, a convenient Catholic and an honest person. I don't smoke or use drugs. Love my business, kids, sports participation. Searching for a kindred soul. Photo/phone, please. 1939 ✉

Single, White Jewish Male, 48—Wishes to meet a pretty woman for marriage and family. Note/photo appreciated. 1938 ✉☎

Kind But With An Edge—Responsible but with an underlying irreverence, attractive, tall, thin, Ivy-educated woman, 33, seeks her match. Photo. 1986 ✉

Very Attractive, Smart—Sensitive and caring 50ish female looking to share the pleasures of life and love - and the insights and knowledge acquired along the way. Looking for a grownup, a man who combines intellect with integrity; a man who loves life and believes growing older is best when shared with someone special in a monogamous relationship. Photo/note appreciated. 1942 ✉

Sophisticated, Shapely, Gentle—Terrific athlete, excellent physical shape, very attractive, well-educated, cultured, well-traveled, stylish, tall Jewish lady. Seeking kind, cosmopolitan, successful gentleman (40-55). 4.0 tennis player/avid skier is a plus. Honesty/sincerity/kindness is your real advantage. 2000 ✉☎

Romantic And Charming Gay Woman—39, attractive (light brown hair and green eyes) and successful. Chinese food, theater and weekends away are among my great loves. I am equally at ease listening to your deepest secrets as I am saying or doing something so silly that you will laugh until you cry! You are a feminine gay white female, 30-45, looking to be cherished and loved in a true partnership. 2001 ✉

Attractive, Fit, Fun—Female professional, truly positive attitude towards life, love. Seeking warm, funny, intelligent, accomplished man. I'm a sweetheart. Are you? Photo/best between 40-50. 1987 ✉

Pretty Woman—Financially secure, slender, fun-loving mom seeks attractive, emotionally available man, 5'7" plus, for best friend/lover forever, 40s-50s. 2006 ✉☎

Good-Looking Man—Mid 50s, into fitness. Looking for fit, sensuous, slim counterpart for fun and good times. Must be spontaneous, with equal zest for life. No smoke. No drugs. 1980 ✉

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MARY ANN MADDEN #954

NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

ATDD—attention to deficit disorder, formerly Greenspan Syndrome.

Learjet lag—feeling of fatigue induced by flying one's own aircraft.

Gifford Johnson bar-Epstein virus—patients present with loud, insincere laughter.

Above, carpool tunnel syndrome. Competitors are invited to invent the name and brief description of one millennium malady.

Results of Competition 951, in which you were asked for brief smart-aleck reviews of familiar books, films, plays.

Report: Honestly, you lot. So mean, some of these. Negative is easy, comedy hard. Ars longa, vita herring. No need to dis a classic for the sake of a joke. Unless you're really silly. In which case, hey. Titles duplicated virtually verbatim: *Titanic*—That sinking feeling. *Love Stinks*—Ditto flick. *Eyes Wide Shut*—And keep 'em that way. *The Godfather*—Another mob hit. Happy new century, and don't forget about Thursday.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

HUDSON HAWK—The turkey has landed.
Charlie Hampton, Long Island City, N.Y.

MRS. BROWN—Victoria's Secret.
Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

THE LAST ACTION HERO—We should be so lucky.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to

ONCE WERE WARRIORS—There's something about Maori.
Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.

THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT—No, it's not what you think.
Charles Lubetkin, Springfield, N.J.

ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER—At Lenscrafters you can be fitted in about an hour.
Ivor Winiply, Glen Cove, N.Y.

And Honorable Mention to:

BLOOD WEDDING—Livin' la vida Lorca.
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

B. MONKEY—C-minus.
Vincent Gorman, Yonkers, N.Y.

FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH—Some assembly required.
Laura Shea, N.Y.C.

THE NEVERENDING STORY—It seemed longer.
Mike Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR LOVE OF THE GAME—Kevin Costner's back. But not his front.
David Eisner, N.Y.C.

PHAR LAP—Phar-phetched.
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

THE IRON GIANT—Ferrous Bueller's Day Off.
Russell Marlow, N.Y.C.

BAR MITZVAH—Drinks for everybody!
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE—Two thumbs off.
Jonathan Paul, Garrett Park, Md.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN—Two Thumbelinas up.
Carol S. Lyons, Arlington, Va.

EATING RAOUL—Two Tums down.
Elisa Falciglia, Reston, Va.

THE LEFT HAND OF GOD—One thumb up.
Jeannine Cruz, Dumont, N.J.

MISERY—Doesn't love company.
Connon Barclay, Hollans, Mich.

VOICES IN THE DARK—Lights!
Bro. Robert Flanagan, Oakdale, N.Y.

ALL TOO HUMAN, George Stephanopoulos—Fat Man and Little Boy, 1991–1998.
Casey Lunter, Buffalo, N.Y.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS—Mediocr
Denise Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

THE STRANGER—In bookstores today. Or yesterday . . .
Elaine Stallworth, Willow Grove, Pa.

HOW STELLA GOT HER GROOVE BACK—Vacation, vacation, vacation.
Monica Duffy, Queensbury, N.Y.

THE TANGO LESSON—Somebody forgot the acting lesson.
Tom Miller, Sawyerville, Ala.

NIGHT MUST FALL—But must it be so noisy?
Beverly Stainmis, Far Rockaway, N.Y.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Down to ten items, but adultery still on the list.
Louis Laccavole, Wethersfield, Conn.

THE DEAD—You better believe it.
Ed Stone, Great Neck Estates, N.Y.

FLETCH—Eccch.
U. Tippi, Penn Valley, Pa.

OUTSIDE PROVIDENCE—Beyond redemption.
Mrs. B. Gross, N.Y.C.

LES MISÉRABLES—This refers to the audience.
Selma Ellis, Glenview, Ill.

MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL—Killer apse.
Abigail Dobbs, Florence, Ala.

SABU AND THE MAGIC RING—Howdah succeed in business.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

BABE—To the manure born.
Raymond S. Kauders, Montesano, Wash

YENTL—Not a major Barbra.
Susan Klein-Wolfson, Westbury, N.Y

INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF THE WEALTH OF NATIONS—You've read the title, now read the book.
John Foshee, Austin, Te

THIS WOMAN IS DANGEROUS—This movie is trash.
Carter Joseph, Decatur, G

DR. STRANGELOVE—It's da bomb, stupid.
Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.

ANASTASIA—Anaesthesia.
Sarah Kathleen, Regina, Sas

RASHOMON—Episodic, inconsistent.
L. C. Ross, Long Beach, Cal
similarly: John N. Pavlou, Purdys, N.

THE ENGLISH PATIENT—A kiss after dying.
Keith Waldman, Cherry Hill, N.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE—Wishtar.
Jonathan Raksin, N.Y.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—Prozaic.
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.

THE FANTASTICKS—Boy meets girl, boy loses . . . oh, you know.
Patricia O. Simmons, Ann Arbor, Mic

WITNESS—Amish-mash.
Coeli Carr, N.Y.

THE LOST WEEKEND—Gulp fiction.
John Blumenthal, Rye, N.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SOLITUDE—Wouldn be enough to get me to reread this book.
Dr. Marc Feldman, Birmingham, Al

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN . . . —Attorneys at Law, Stratford Upon Avon.
William Santoro, M.D., Santa Barbara, Cal

DAS KAPITAL—It's the economy, stupid.
Dan McInerney, Providence, Uta

ATLAS SHRUGGED—So did we.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.

QB VII—Sincerely Uris.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Cal

MOBY DICK—Tale of a ne'er-do-whale.
Paula Doherty. Tiverton, R.

OTHELLO—The Moor's not merrier.
Jason Criss, Washington, D.

MIDWIVES—Anne, Jane, Anne of Cleves, and Howard. See the prequel, *Regarding Henry.*
Michael Rosenbaum, M.D., N.Y.

GRACE QUIGLEY—48 Hrs on Golden Pond.
Joel Darrow, Ramsey, N.

E PRACTICE—Excuse me, how do I get to
Carnegie Hall?
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

TON KOZO—What part of Noh don't
understand?
Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.

GENERAL'S DAUGHTER—Corporal pun-
ment.
M. E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

PRINCE OF EGYPT—Passover.
Steven Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

TOWERING INFERNO—The blaze the
ng.
James Welkie, Philadelphia, Pa.

V—The less Ed, the better.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

NIA TWAIN—The reports of her depth
greatly exaggerated.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

LAST EMPEROR—Déjà Fu.
Lauren Foley, Cranston, R.I.

T-À-PORTER—Clothes encounters.
Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.

RIED TO THE MOB—Looking for Mr.
mbah.
Michael Flitter, Elkins Park, Pa.

ILET—Mundane.
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

DREW CAREY SHOW—The seething
iance of Cleveland.
John Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

ING FOR DUMMIES—Aptly titled.
Eric Hyman, Fayetteville, N.C.

KE UP SCREAMING—Another day, anoth-
oller.
Deborah Zeller, San Bernardino, Calif.

IROPSHIRE LAD—Housman, pass by!
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

MOSQUITO COAST—Bug bomb.
Anita Planck, East Grand Rapids, Mich.

RNOON OF A FAUN—Bambi it's not.
J. Bickart, N.Y.C.

VOOD—But I wouldn't.
James J. Meany, Orangeburg, N.Y.

TING HILL—Much ado about Notting.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

TH PARK: BIGGER, LONGER & UNCUT—
s say the darndest things!
D. C. Capps,, N.Y.C.

KY'S—B-movie by, for, and about pigs.
Jan Streilein, Aiken, S.C.

GODFATHER—1. Not for kids: profanity,
ence, poor table manners. 2. Famiglia
es.
1. Bill Earls, Middletown, Conn.
2. Irene McInerney, Providence, Utah

s: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY**
to Competition Number 954, *New York* Maga-
, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999.
ail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH**
EET ADDRESS. Entries must be received by Octo-
29. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries be-
e property of *New York*. Results and winners'
es will appear in the November 22 issue.

Kunitz *continued from page 54*

Lake—Brighton, Solitude, Sundance, Deer Valley—offer terrain for any level of skiing. Of course, hard-core skiers will want to check out the radical possibilities at Alta and Snowbird, but even those areas have plenty of slopes for the non-daredevil. I usually go to Solitude or Brighton when Alta and Snowbird are buried under so much snow they can't open. Largely a gentle area, Park City does get steep and deep over in the less accessible Jupiter Bowl. This winter, I'll be psyched to try out Snowbird's newly opened 500-acre back bowl, Mineral Basin.

Unlike the other areas, Park City has numerous condominiums and townhouses for rent, and it maintains a huge force of ski-school instructors, making it especially useful for families. In addition, Bill Levitt's Alta Lodge, probably the last forties-era, picture-perfect ski lodge in the country, has been completely retooled for parents with children. As Levitt tells it, "We've put in a children's program, because so many people bring their little kids. It's nice—you come here with your kids and they eat separately. The parents get a break, so they love it. And the kids love it because they hated sitting there while the old folks were dawdling over their food." A throwback to the first generation of American skiing, the Alta Lodge reproduces in microcosm the close community of the Alta ski area.

I REMEMBER A MAGICAL MOMENT TWO years ago, when I finished a long day of making turns by gliding over to where the Alta parking lot normally is, only to find it had disappeared. Not until I encountered radio antennae and roof racks poking through the snow did I realize that a small avalanche had buried the lot—I was skiing over the tops of the cars.

Little Cottonwood Canyon is notorious for its avalanches; the avalanche-control team there is known to be the best in the country. They use controlled slides to prevent dangerous build-ups, but I guess this time they waited too long.

"Avalanches across the road are great," says my pal Steve, "assuming nobody's hurt. The road is closed and you're sitting inside with a huge grin on your face knowing that eventually the lifts are going to open again and the people who live down in the city, all the locals, can't get up. You're forced to ski all that virgin powder, over and over, all by yourself." That's the kind of blind commitment Alta inspires—even avalanches mean only one thing: more snow.

In Utah, natural disasters are just another excuse to ski. Ecstasy lies just a few hours west of Fifth. ■

NEW YORK MAGAZINE

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION (required by 39 U.S.C. 3685) for September 1999, of NEW YORK MAGAZINE, published weekly (50 issues per year) at 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022, and having headquarters and general business offices at 444 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

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2. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, counter sales, and other non-USPS paid distribution,	25,997.
(C) Total paid circulation,	450,930.
(D) Free distribution by mail:	
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(I) Total,	512,028.
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(D) Free distribution by mail:	
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(E) Free distribution outside the mail,	6,621.
(F) Total free distribution,	11,059.
(G) Total distribution,	457,318.
(H) Copies not distributed,	47,725.
(I) Total,	505,043.
Percent Paid and/or Requested Circulation	97.58%

I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Alan Katz
Publisher

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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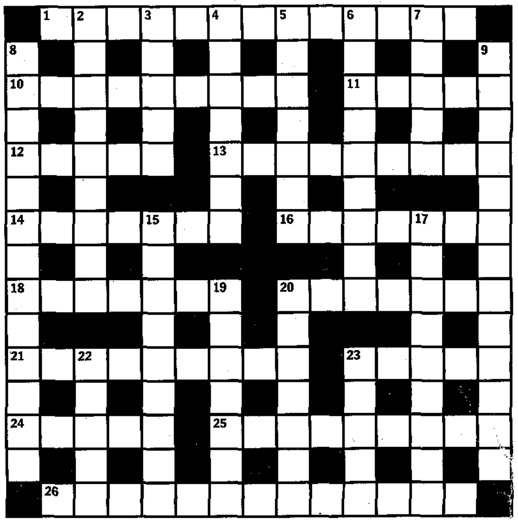
T	O	H	I	S			M	A	A		A	T	R	E	E		B	A	L	I
A	R	E	T	H	E	P	I	Z	Z	A	M	A	K	E	R	S		N	E	D
		B	E	E	N	E			T	O	E			L	A	M	A	S		
T	R	U		A	L	L	T	H	E	K	I	N	G	S	S	A	U	C	E	S
H	O	R	S		S	T	O	I	C		N	O	L			S	T	O	N	E
I	O	N	I	A			R	N	S			S	U	V		H	O	R	N	E
S	T	I	L	L		R	I	G			M	I	C	E			S	N	I	P
		N	O	D		K	E	E	B	L	E	R	K	H	A	N		S	O	S
E	R	G		E	R	O	S		R	I	N			I	T	I	S			
M	E	D	I	N	A			S	A	L	T		S	C	E	N	E	R	Y	
O	N	U	S		M	A	N	W	I	T	H	S	A	L	S	A	D	E	A	D
T	A	C	T		P	L	E	A	D		O	C	T	E	T		G	A	L	A
E	L	K	O		S	E	E	M	S		L	I	E	S			E	D	E	N

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1 What's laid, they say, with tokens could provide a meal. (5,3,5)
10 Called in? Not in to an ape. (5-4)
11 Displayed horsemanship round display of horsemanship. (5)
12 Culture keeps the French on the ball. (5)
13 Novelist entering department store in women's clothing. (9)
14 Dash into highway to point to her. (7)
16 Sound advice for local government. (7)
18 Site of Joshua's first heroic exploit. (7)
20 Receiver's crime. (7)
21 Perhaps he's brought in to disturb and cause a shakeup. (9)
23 Influence of third helping of alcohol on yob. (5)
24 Penniless highwayman in the city. (5)
25 'Shellfish eating hound'—artist's portrayal of evolution. (9)
26 Ship on the wave is a fairground attraction. (6,7)



DOWN

2 Nomad at length interrupts m party-goer. (9)
3 King in robe upset by cant. (5
4 Newspaper's report of recital.
5 Vigorous mounted policemen apprehending a large number.
6 One way and another get into temper with spirits. (4,5)
7 German entering ring has to footwork. (5)
8 Old play about 19 right-think people. (4,5)
9 Hundreds, sick, met coy doct for operation. (13)
15 Up late? Maybe not—*nuclear* energy's gone. (9)
17 Many proceeding according t plan to the meeting place. (9)
19 Person in charge if force is deployed. (7)
20 Spice Girl loves to embrace.
22 Muted, in Brahms' or Donize terms. (5)
23 Angry with the half-breed. (5

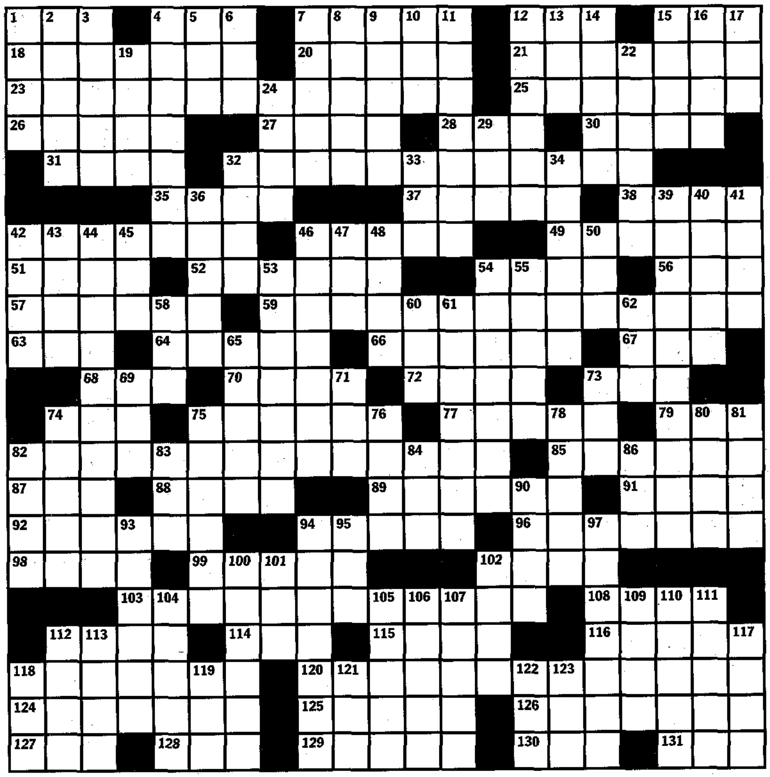
'Tony Mode': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

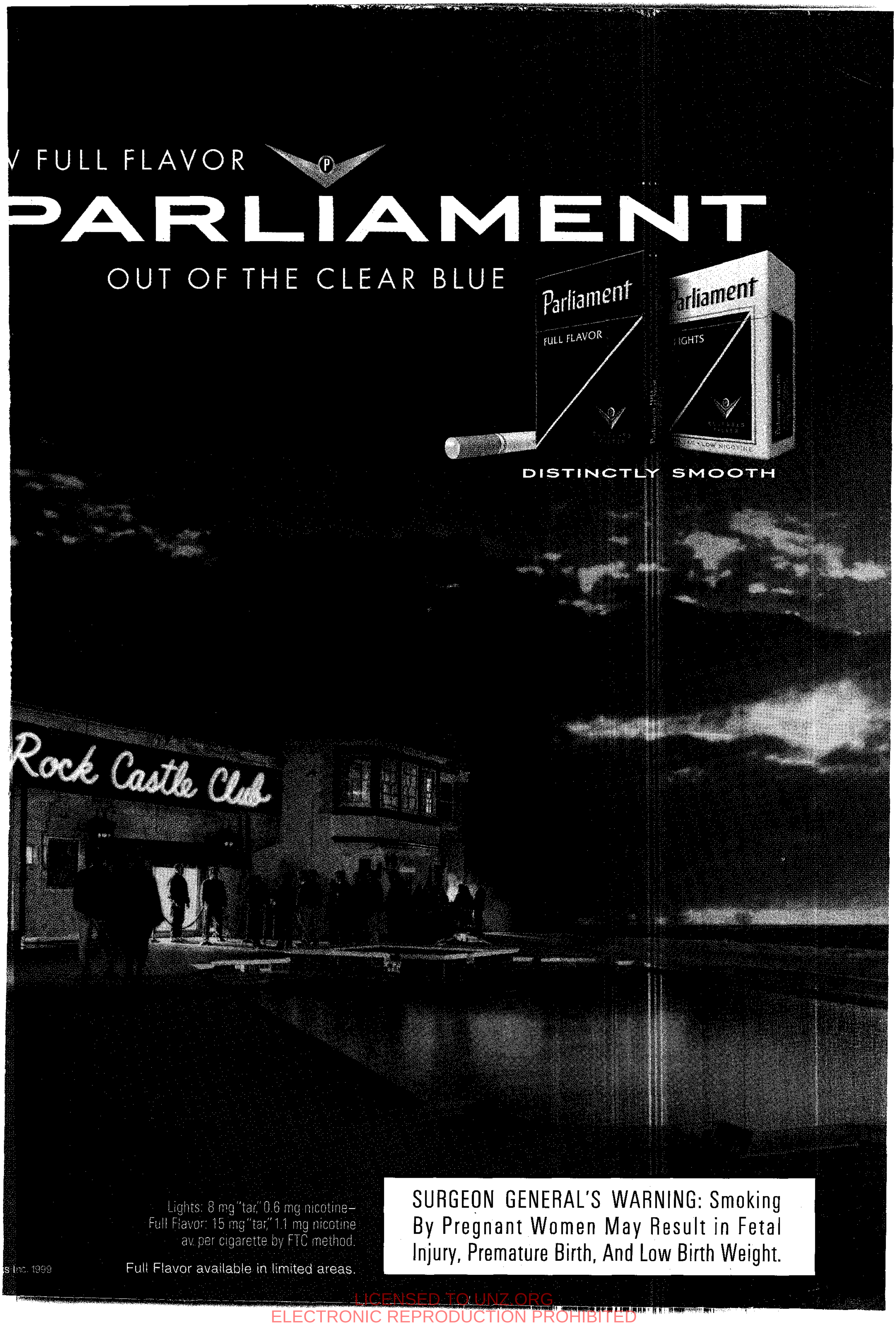
1 Mai's go-with, in a rum drink
4 B'way hit sign
7 Gangplanks
12 ——-Wan Kenobi of "Star Wars"
15 Wintertime "bug"
18 Animal with eight limbs
20 "Untouchable" Ness
21 Leaves the singles scene
23 Supreme Court Antonin
25 "Anthony ——"
26 Hunter constellation
27 Carry
28 Put-down from Scrooge
30 Memorable Burl
31 Amphora handle
32 "Mad" Anthony of the American Revolution
35 Bone up
37 Tubular pasta
38 Aide: abbr.
42 Dramatist Anton
46 Summons on a beeper
49 "—— King's Men" (1949 Best Film)
51 Perjurer
52 Stay behind
54 Apple discard
56 Wade's opponent
57 Make fizzy
59 TV's Tony ——
63 Couturier monogram
64 Brainy
66 Contaminates
67 G.I. tags
68 Place to tie a yellow ribbon
70 Pre-Easter period
72 Footway
73 Brest friend
74 Union merged with the C.I.O.
75 Pill-pushers
77 Lay new turf
79 Bigwig
82 Tony
85 Tell the story of
87 Sale notice: abbr.
88 Customs tax
89 Actress Mimieux
91 Poet's Ireland
92 Helmsley and Mitchell
94 Liberates
96 Oscar-winning Anthony
98 Sea gull's acquaintance
99 Meritorious Boy Scout
102 He loved Lucy
103 "Antony ——"
108 Sea phase
112 Marquand sleuth
114 Dedicatory words
115 Highest draft rating
116 Abstain from
118 Composer Antonio
120 Tony
124 "The Music Man" portrayer
125 Bitter to the taste
126 Caused to be late
127 Trinity member
128 Nog ingredient
129 Like a long-winded speaker
130 Pussycat's shipmate, in a verse
131 City-map abbrs.

DOWN

1 WW II Japanese leader
2 Honda division
3 "—— the bag!"
4 Popeye's veggie
5 Sinbad's bird
6 Keats form
7 Exploratory mission, for short
8 Having wings
9 Roger Bannister, for one
10 Luau menu item
11 Riding-academy domiciles
12 Certain Nebraskan
13 Michael Jackson album, 1987
14 Baseball's Monte
15 Arsonist's delight
16 Fewer
17 Put into service
19 Oklahoma Indians
22 Disclose
24 Pipe feature
29 Grain bristle
32 Donated
33 Playmate for Tarzan
34 Longs
36 Composer Ned
39 Violin-maker Antonio
40 Public displays
41 High-schooler
42 Former name of Down
43 Hurries
44 Anthony Eden
45 Thailand isthmu
46 Co-owner
47 Need a doctor
48 Pesky insect
50 Was the front-ru
53 Port ——, New Guinea capital
54 Satisfied as is
55 Sworn promises
58 Tongue-clicking
60 Siesta
61 Personal journal
62 Lower the lighti
65 Up in the riggin
69 Boxing great
71 Between bi- and quadri-
73 Drink that soun helpful
74 Kin of the birch
75 Extinguished, as
76 Eye sore
78 Nabisco best-sel
80 Pack —— (quit)
81 Corrals
82 Hay package
83 Approved vitami
84 "Hail!" to Caesa
86 Coin of Albania
90 "The Song of the Lark" heroine
93 As —— a pin
94 Seedy hotel
95 Vintage car
97 Hidden trap
100 Thespian's job
101 ——-Coat (floor brand)
102 Shoot-out cry
104 Streisand co-star
105 Standard & —— index
106 Writer Nin
107 Bedtime bear
109 "State Fair" state
110 Heavy wagons
111 White-feathered
112 Colleague of Dal
113 Microwave devic
117 Bookie's quote
118 Second-level exe
119 Kennel occupant
121 David Sarnoff's
122 Shakespearean f
123 Evergreen tree



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on pa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OUT OF THE CLEAR BLUE
Parliament
FULL FLAVOR
arliament
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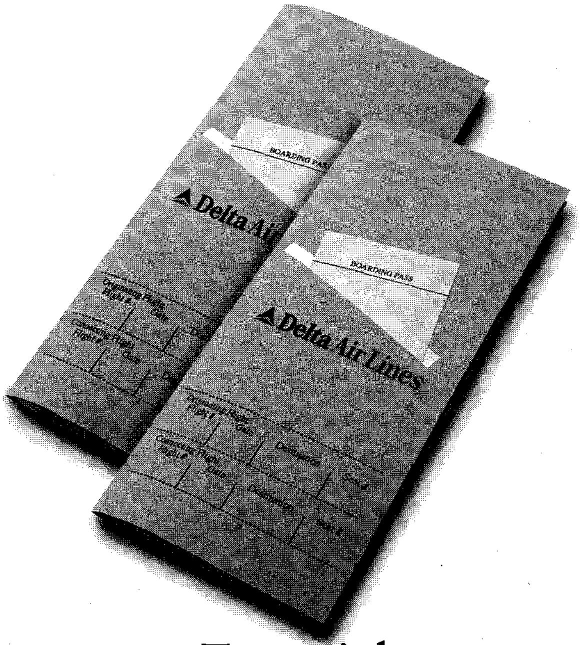

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